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THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the Spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.



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THE Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1866.

TO OUR READERS.

It is now six years since the first number of *The Spiritual Magazine* was issued. Its motive and aim were alike out of the track of ordinary journalism. Its conductors have not been professed *litterateurs*, and it was started with little promise of support, literary or otherwise. It was a commercial speculation only in the sense that its promoters had to calculate the probable loss on its publication which at the end of the year they would be called upon to make up. And as to reputation, they knew well enough that the only repute it was likely to bring them was that of being knaves, fools, and madmen. It may be asked, what then urged them to so unpromising an undertaking? and how has it succeeded? To this they answer, that they knew themselves to have a strong grip of a class of facts which involved as they felt the most momentous issues, and for want of a right knowledge and just appreciation of which, the most pernicious errors were extensively held, and were spreading fast among all classes of society. To record and establish these facts, to discuss their bearings, and to trace their consequences, seemed to them well worth any labour and any sacrifice that they might be called upon, and that it was in their power, to make. They were anxious to extend to others that knowledge which in their own experience, and in that of many others had proved so precious.

And we have fared perhaps better than we have deserved, certainly better than we expected. Our printer's bills have been punctually paid; and we have no dread of the Rhadamanthus of Basinghall-street. Our circulation though not large, has been steady and progressive. That our medicine has done some good to our brethren of the press is shown by the many little angry blotches of articles—eruptions on the skin as it were, into which our refractory patients have broken out, indicating a wholesome effort of beneficent Mother Nature to send out to the surface the corruptions which had been gathering in the centres of their life. Especially would we point as an evidence of the interest which

our humble labours have called forth to our list of contributors on the wrapper of the present number.

In this new series we hope to retain the valued services of most of our old contributors, and to enlist the support of new ones. It has been, and will continue to be our aim to present Spiritualism from no narrow or sectarian point of view, but, so far as we are able to appreciate it, in its own Christian, Catholic spirit. And while chronicling its passing events, we hope not to lose sight of those deep questions they awaken, and which have ever a perennial freshness and an abiding interest; that thus our Magazine may be not undeserving of after reference, and may take its place among those solid and standard works to which this movement has given birth. At all events, we feel sure that the result will be not the worse, but the better, for setting this before us for our aim, though our arrows may fall short of the mark. We rejoice to know that during the past six years the evidences of spirit-life have been more varied and wide-spread among us, and have been more generally recognised, especially by the educated and thinking men and women of our land who have gone more fairly into its investigation, than ever before. And it has been a pleasing part of our duty to chronicle the many valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism which these years have furnished.

We have no fear of exhausting the interest of our great theme, though we are painfully conscious how inadequately we are able to represent it. Ere entering upon our work, we looked anxiously around in the hope to see it undertaken by worthier men; but having now put our hand to the plough we do not mean to turn back; and if we have in any degree, established or strengthened any in the great faith of the immortal life and a present spiritual communion, and in all which that faith rightly understood implies, we feel how great in this respect is the privilege to which we have been called.

We can most truly aver that the magnitude of this faith, with its wide and varied applications grows upon us the more we think of them. And as the years come and go, and the shadows deepen on life's journey,—the new world, at first looming small and hazily in the distance, grows larger and brighter; and as we near it our eyes and hearts are gladdened to see the first beams of the morning sun fall on the peaks of the Delectable Mountains, and the balmy gales comfort and strengthen us on our way. And when we cross the separating river, no longer dark, but bright with the shining ones who troop to meet us, may you, and we, dear readers, feel as we pass through the gates of the golden city, that we have indeed entered upon an ETERNAL and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE ARTESIAN WELL OF CHICAGO, AND THE SPIRITS.

THE silly people—and they outnumber the wise ones in a vast proportion—are often asking what is the good of some of God's facts, which happened to be new to them for the moment. The *cui bono* part of our population goes whimpering about, repeating its cuckoo note, and looking very wise, whenever it comes upon something which it does not understand. The sweet Psalmist of Israel, whose very soul was penetrated not only with the mercy but with the power of the Creation, sings, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the Earth is full of thy riches," and we are told that when the Allwise and Allmerciful God looked upon His work, He saw that it was good. This, however, is not enough for them. It is not enough for them that in the vast range of discoveries hitherto made through human intelligence, nothing has yet been found which has not proved of ever-increasing usefulness to man, and that its usefulness is only limited by our knowledge. But still, with each new discovery, and before there has been time to develope its uses, these poor people wander about the vestibule, dropping their mournful words, *cui bono*. They are the very Herods of the time, striving to strangle the babes as they are born, and their parents have for the time to fly with them to Egypt to save their lives. All new truths, it seems, must be born, like the Christ himself, in a manger and an outhouse, for there is no room for them in the inn, which is fully occupied by these well-dressed stupid guests.

And yet it is well, and of God's Providence that it should be so. If the positions were reversed, and these poor creatures were born in mangers they would never get out of them, for there is no force of life residing in them competent to the operation; whereas truth has dynamics, which make it good for it that it should be born in the lowest place, and even amongst the animals, that they may have the occasional tendency, at all events, to rise, if it be only by the force of the vacuum which the truth leaves behind it as it ascends.

We have a very mean opinion of the *cui bonos*, and we almost fail to follow out our own statement of the case, for it is difficult to say what is the good of them, at all events in that peculiar phase of their minds to which we refer. It must be left to explorers of some future day to designate their uses. Perhaps some borer into the artesian wells of the soul, at some time in the long future may sink through the rocks which cover them, and tap a spring of pellucid flowing crystal which lies too deep for our discovery now.

Somewhat allied to these, too—for the various types of nature run pretty closely out of one another, according to the theory of development—are they who are always looking for tests, and seeking for a sign. It is interesting enough, and necessary up to a certain point, but these make it the business of their lives to be seeking after tests, and, however many they get, their appetites are only whetted for more. Like the children of Israel in their forty years of the wilderness, they want to be converted afresh every morning and every night. A pillar of cloud each day, and a pillar of fire each night—manna for breakfast, dinner, and tea—quails when they hankered after the flesh pots of Egypt—water when they murmured at the rock of Horeb—and shoes that waxed not old. They conquer, too, when Moses holds up his hand with the rod of God in it. Well did Moses understand the people who want tests, and how soon they forget them, when he said, "Fill an omer of it, to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness." And yet after this had been going on daily and nightly for forty years, and when the time was come when their pilgrimage was over, and they were about to enter on their promised land—on that great day when all was to culminate on Mount Sinai, and Moses reminded them of all that had been done for them; after the most solemn adjurations, amidst thunders and lightnings and the thick cloud, and when he had brought them out of the camp even to meet with God—when "Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire, and the whole Mount quaked greatly"—when they were so near that, "the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish"—when the decalogue had been given to them, and Moses had gone again up the Mount, and remained for only forty days instead of forty years—then they shewed the true value of tests.

"When the people found that Moses delayed to come down out of the Mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods which shall go before us; for, as for this Moses, we wot not what is become of him." And they wanted another god so much, that they sacrificed even their jewellery to him—"the golden ear-rings in the ears of your wives and your sons and your daughters"—and then they made them into a golden calf, and built an altar, and worshipped and danced around it. Well might Moses, when he came down with the tables of stone in his hands, and found them dancing naked round the calf, break the stones in his rage that his people were so utterly unfitted for such knowledge. Where were their tests then, when they had expressed themselves in this act of poetic justice? Surely they must have fallen upon stony ground,

like the minds of those who are always looking for tests in our day. Colenso himself can hardly snuff out a story like this by arithmetic. It is a tale of the human soul, true to-day as it was thousands of years ago. It has the verisimilitude of man in it, and can be recognized at once, and applied by each one of us to fifty of our acquaintances, though we may fail to apply it to ourselves. What matters it whether or not shoes are made now of those enduring materials—we had almost said whether they ever were made so or not. The story loses none of its humanity for want of such a test as an old shoe.

Our readers must by this time be wondering what all this has to do with an Artesian Well at Chicago. Perhaps it may have a connexion with it notwithstanding, for it has all come into our mind when we sat down to give them an account of how this well was found. There have been many tests before this given to the world, and its appetite only grows the more, the more it devours. Artesian wells have often enough before been sunk into the depths, and it is only thus that the living waters have ever sprung gushing through the soul of man; but no sooner does one spring through, but we forget it and begin looking for another—and so, obedient to the murmurings of these Israelites, here, in mercy, is another for them. We shall notice with interest how long it will last them.

We find this last test in a little book, the title of which is—*"History of the Chicago Artesian Well—a Demonstration of the Truth of the Spiritual Philosophy: by George A. Shufeldt, jun., Chicago. 1865."*

Chicago is the newest and most go-ahead city of the world. Water is, of course, one of the first necessities of its inhabitants, and one can hardly imagine that of the teeming thousands of its people, there is not some one who would not have been overjoyed if he could have discovered an unfailing spring of what is said to be the finest water in the world, in quantity sufficient for all the town. It remained, however, undiscovered, until now it appears in the form of a test of Spiritualism, and it will elicit from the *cui bonos* and from the test-seekers the observation, "Well, that is very curious indeed," and then we suppose they will relapse into the *cui bono* and test state again.

MR. ABRAHAM JAMES.

The author tells us that—

The medium through whom the revelation of the existence of this water came, (Mr. Abraham James), was born in Pennsylvania. He is of Quaker origin, and was unfortunate enough in early life to be deprived of even the rudiments of a common school education. As he himself expresses it—"his father, instead of sending him to school in the winter kept him laying stone walls." Later in life he has been employed by different railway companies in the West, sometimes as conductor, at other times as pilot, earning only ordinary wages. It is known to

me to be a fact that he is entirely ignorant of any language except the English; that he does not know the meaning of a single French, German, Italian, or Spanish word. He is a simple-minded man, perfectly truthful and upright in his character, unostentatious, and seeking no publicity or notoriety, and he pursues his own way in the world, a natural honest man. His mind is as free from a knowledge of the sciences as that of a child of five years. He has had no instruction in drawing, and, in his normal state, has no knowledge of the art. There are hundreds and thousands of people here among us who know him well, and who can testify to these facts. Now, with a full knowledge of this man—his antecedents, education, and history—I know it to be a perfect impossibility for him, in his natural state, or unaided by the higher powers, to do what he has done and what he is doing every day of his life.

GEOLOGICAL SPIRIT-DRAWINGS.

Here on this ground, and in the rooms of this building, can be seen, by all persons who choose to visit the spot, some of the most elaborate and beautiful pencil drawings in the world. A series of geological pictures, illustrating the formation and stratification of the earth's crust—some shewing the simple strata of the formation in this vicinity, which were drawn before the drill was even started, and which were demonstrated to be accurate and truthful by the descent of the drill for over seven hundred feet—other pictures show great caves and caverns in the rock, created either by vast upheavals, or by erosion—the action of water upon soluble rocks. The floors of some of these caverns are composed of great masses of the most beautiful fossil shells, which, in their shadings and perfection, are evidently the work of a master hand. The elaborate character of this shell-work, which runs through all these geological pictures—the millions of accurate pencil strokes necessary to complete them, and the very short time in which they were executed—are matters of great wonder and astonishment to all who have seen them. Many of these drawings are on full-sized sheets of paper, 26 by 40 inches, and cover the entire surface; they were completed in from three to nine hours each—the latter being the longest time given to any one picture. Mr. James has also made many smaller sketches illustrating the same subject, *viz.*, the fossils of earth. These latter are perfect gems of beauty, and all of his work seems to be geologically correct, and is so pronounced by those who understand these matters. By reference to standard works on geology, I find their accuracy proved to a demonstration. A greater work than all is now on exhibition here. It is a diagram of this stream of water, fifteen feet in length and twenty-six inches in width. It is understood as a clairvoyant view of the stream from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its outlet on this ground. It may be called a "bird's eye" view. It exhibits on a general scale the principles of artesian wells, and demonstrates the manner in which water finds its way through the rocks and sands of earth, and finally rises to the level of its fountain head. This picture is composed of six sheets of drawing paper, each one of which was finished separately, and without any apparent reference to the others, by the medium, and they were joined together afterwards, when they were all found to match exactly and make one complete work. This was the labour of only sixty hours. Persons familiar with the subject say that no ordinary artist can do the same amount of work in many weeks.

A PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There has been recently added to this collection a full-length portrait of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln; this also is a work done through the same medium. The sheet of paper on which this likeness is drawn is seven and a half feet long by four and a half in width; it exhibits the President, life-size, as standing upon a rock, the broken chain of African slavery beneath his feet, and in his left hand the scroll of American liberty. This picture was put upon paper in about twenty-four hours, and is in itself a remarkable production, even of the power through which it is claimed to be received.

THE MEDIUM AT WORK.

A not less wonderful part of the matter is the manner in which the work is done. The medium labours in an uncenscious state, with from two to six

pencils, and with one or both hands. The pencils are placed between the fingers, and the hand moves with a rapidity which troubles the eye to follow, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time, and it makes no difference whether it be in the dark or light; indeed his best pictures are made in a dark room. I have frequently bandaged his eyes, and held a paper between his face and his picture, and it made no difference; the pencils did their work equally as well as when his eyes were free and there were no obstructions.

There is another theory illustrated in these works, i. e. the medium draws a square or a circle to accurate measurement, without other implements, than the mere pencil, and this with the right hand or the left.

AN INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

Mr. James has gone further than these physical manifestations of the spirit-power. In common with hundreds of others who can verify the facts here stated, I have for the past two years heard through him a series of discourses on all conceivable subjects, political, scientific, and philosophical, which would not disgrace the greatest intellects that ever lived. With equal freedom and facility he discusses questions of political economy and political science, geology, chemistry, medicine, astronomy, the philosophy of life, the structure of the earth, and all of the physical and natural sciences.

A distinguished professor of the science and a State Geologist, after listening to a discourse from Mr. James on his subject, remarked, that "I have met a man who knows more about geology than I do."

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

I have also heard him speak fluently, and with an evident knowledge of the whole in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and an Indian tongue, and I am confident of the fact that he is, in his natural state, wholly ignorant of any other than the English language. There is neither deception nor fraud about this man. He is beyond all question above suspicion. He makes no exhibition for money, gets no money out of it, and lives a retired and secluded life. Now what is it? Upon what hypothesis can this seeming mystery be solved? These things are facts, hard, stubborn, unyielding facts. Let those who do not believe as I do in the intelligence which operating through this instrument, performs all of these wonders, solve the mystery. It is not for me.

GEOLOGISTS DENY THE EXISTENCE OF WATER OR OIL.

The revelation of the existence of water and oil underneath this ground, where geologists declared they did not exist, and the proof of the truth of that revelation, by actual boring into the ground, the result of which can now be seen by all, in the perpetual, never-ending flow of this splendid fountain, is the great fact to which we point, as conclusive proof of the matters which are here alleged.

HOW THE REVELATIONS WERE MADE.

It was some time in the summer of 1863—in July or August—two gentlemen from Maine, Mr. Thomas J. Whitehead, and Mr. A. E. Swift, visited Chicago on private business of their own. They were strangers here, ignorant of Chicago, of its soil, surface and surroundings, and bent wholly upon matters foreign to the subject and substance of this narrative.

These gentlemen happened to be of the Spiritual faith, and met many times in a circle formed by themselves, Mrs. Caroline Jordan, a writing medium, and Mr. Abraham James. Attention was first attracted by a communication in writing given through Mrs. Jordan—that a matter of great importance and significance would soon be made known; and, in pursuance of this intimation, it was shortly thereafter written, with an explanatory preface, to the effect that great doubts prevailed in the human mind as to the reality and truth of the spiritual communion, many persons altogether disbelieving in the existence of any of the alleged phenomena; hence, that a practical test or demonstration was necessary, in order to place this fact beyond the possibility of cavil and dispute; and then the revelation came: *That beneath a certain tract or piece of land, near the city of Chicago, Petroleum existed in large quantities, and could be obtained*

by the ordinary process used for that purpose. And it was further declared and stated that underneath this ground would also be found a well or stream of the best, purest, and healthiest water known anywhere, which would rush to the surface with great force and power, and was in quantities sufficient to supply the people of this city for all time to come, and that this water would be found and used for that purpose. No very great degree of attention was paid to these statements until after many earnest repetitions of the same story *and a specific location of the land was made.* The medium, Mr. James, was taken to the ground, was there entranced, and, in that state, selected a point for boring the first well; and at that precise spot this well is now flowing 600,000 gallons per day of the best and purest water in the world.

THE AUTHOR JOINS THE CIRCLE.

About the time of the occurrence of these matters, my attention was called to it by Messrs. Whitehead and Swift, but not then understanding the object of the communication, and thinking that it was a mere search after money, which I knew was never sanctioned by spirits of truthful character, I declined to have anything to do with it, and for the time I paid no further attention to it. But, as these gentlemen were persistent in their efforts and evidently honest in their faith, I was finally induced to attend the circle, which I did for the purpose of learning more definitely the character of the communications and the probable truthfulness of the matters referred to—and here, for the first time, I heard this revelation in full, and its objects and purposes explicitly stated, and being convinced that such objects and purposes were for the accomplishment of a great good, negotiations were opened for the purchase of the land. This purchase being consummated in the month of October, 1863, the drill was shortly thereafter started, in pursuit of the facts which had been thus revealed. The one fact—the water—has been found; the other will come in due season.

Many times during the progress of the work—I may say many hundreds of times—these things were repeated and insisted upon by different spirits through the same medium. A diagram was made showing the location of the water, and the workmen were advised to be on the look out for it only one or two days before it was finally reached.

PETROLEUM.

As to the existence of oil beneath this ground, we who have carefully watched the descent of the drill and studied its products, have no doubt of the fact—for we see it every day and every time the sediment comes to the surface. We were told that the oil was to be found in quantities below this water some fifty or sixty feet, and, when the proper time arrives, we shall demonstrate the truth of this assertion, or prove its falsity. At present our business is with the water, and our efforts are directed to the one result, *i.e.*, to make this the largest and most magnificent fountain of pure cold water to be found anywhere in the world.

NEW ILLUMINATING POWER.

It has been also frequently stated, through the medium, that the Petroleum and gases from this ground, and their products, would be used for the purpose of illuminating the streets and houses of this city, but as this statement may seem extremely problematical to many, I simply give it as it came, and leave the future to prove or disprove it.

The gas now made from coal, costs from two dollars and a half to four dollars per thousand cubic feet. It can be made from Benzine—a product retained in the refining of petroleum, for less than one quarter the price of ordinary coal gas—and it will yet be done. This question has been already opened, and a number of machines have been constructed to convert atmospheric air into illuminating gas, by simply passing it through or over the surface of Benzine, and these machines work successfully. One city, La Crosse, in Wisconsin, is now lighted in this manner, and several large factories in the East are lighted in the same way. Among many others, a part of the United States Armoury at Springfield, Massachusetts; and Parker Snow and Company's factory at West Meriden, Connecticut. Other cities, towns, and villages, will follow the example, and soon the cheapness and utility of this method will supersede the old one,

and coal gas will pass out of existence. A new machine has been recently introduced in the West, which for simplicity of construction and practicability appears to be unequalled. It consists simply of a series of shallow pans, placed one above another. These pans are partially filled with Benzine; the pans are connected, and from the lower one the main gas-pipe issues. Here the inventor avails himself of a well-known law in Natural Philosophy—that the gas is heavier than air—calls it to his aid and makes it do his work. This is all the machinery there is; the burner is opened, the current of air commences passing downward and over the fluid, and by the time it enters the pipe, is sufficiently charged. This operation continues until the Benzine is consumed, when the pans are again filled. This machine can be placed anywhere in a dwelling house, and makes gas for less than fifty cents per thousand feet.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

In December, 1863, the boring was commenced, with a diameter of five inches. In January following, the well was lost at a depth of sixty-five feet—the tools getting fast at the bottom. Another was commenced in February, 1864, and the work progressed slowly and gradually until November, when the water was struck at a depth of seven hundred and eleven feet. And this water is now flowing to the surface, with a head of about eighty feet. There are no striking geological peculiarities found in this boring.

The alluvial formation or deposit around Chicago is about one hundred feet in depth; *at this particular point, however, by a natural upheaval of the earth's crust, the rock is thrown to the surface*, so that, instead of sinking the usual oil-pipe, common to the boring of Artesian wells, *the drill was started in the rock itself directly from the surface*; and, with a single exception, the boring was continued through the rock all the way down.

The first thirty-five feet is limestone, *saturated with and greatly discoloured with petroleum* to such an extent that the rock will burn as freely as coal; and frequently, in blasting, petroleum in quantities of one and two gallons have been thrown out with a single charge of powder. Immediately underlying this is a stratum of what we call here Joliet marble, one hundred feet in thickness.

Below this marble lies a stratum of conglomerate of sand and flint about one hundred and twenty-five feet in thickness. This band was marked by the occasional presence of iron pyrites, and with one trace of copper. The drill went through it very slowly. Wherever crevices appeared in this rock *strong indications of oil were found*. Beneath this conglomerate we entered the shale, a blue clay or unformed rock, which separates the upper and lower silurians. This band is one hundred and fifty-six feet thick, characterized by no special peculiarities; but *it was saturated with petroleum*, the sediment coming up like putty, thick and greasy. A test by distillation afforded a small quantity of oil, and naptha in abundance. Gas now began to escape and signs of oil were abundant. After this the drill penetrated the upper surface of the Galena limestone; and where this shale rests upon the underlying rocks, at a depth of five hundred and twenty-seven feet, *the largest quantity of oil yet seen was found*. The drill and drill rods were covered so thickly that the oil ran from them in considerable quantities.

At five hundred and thirty-nine feet the first regular band of sandstone was entered, and *here again oil was visible* in quantities sufficient to produce satisfaction. This sandstone is seventy-one feet thick, and shows oil through the entire stratum. At six hundred and eight feet another band of limestone containing flint and sulphurets of iron was struck. It was very hard and the progress through it slow.

At this point the well was in constant commotion from the action of escaping gases—the water at times fell thirty and sixty feet and then suddenly rose to the surface. Shortly after this the water commenced overflowing the well. The quantity was small, but sufficient to carry up with the sediment from the bottom, and hence from this point, the chippings of the drill being washed away and lost, we had nothing by which to determine anything further in relation to the geological formation.

THE WATER GUSHES FORTH.

The drill continued to go down until, at the depth of seven hundred and

eleven feet, the arch of the rock was penetrated, and the water suddenly burst forth. This was about the 25th November, 1864. The water flows at the rate of about six hundred thousand gallons per twenty-four hours, through an orifice four and a quarter inches in diameter at the bottom. The temperature is fifty-eight degrees F. and is uniform. It is clear as crystal, as pure as the diamond, free from all animal or vegetable matter, and from any injurious mineral substances, and its composition is such that it is better adapted for drinking purposes, and for health, than any other water known.

Taking into account the low temperature of this water, the great depth from whence it comes, its head, or the force with which it comes to the surface, and the quantity discharged, it may be said to be the finest Artesian well in the world. There is no well known which discharges so large a quantity of pure healthy cold water. There is one well—that of Passy, near Paris—of large bore, which furnishes more water; but it is warm, and can only be used to supply the Bois de Boulogne, and for irrigating purposes. The water of the well of Grenelle, also, is unfit for other than mechanical uses, and this is true of the majority of deep wells in this country.

Immediately after reaching this water, we proceeded to tube the well through the thirty-five feet of surface rock, which was much broken by the commotion and upheaval. To that end a four-inch pipe was inserted and driven down forty feet, until it reached the solid marble. This tube, or pipe, is now carried twenty-five feet above the surface, and out of the top of this pipe the water flows into a flume, and is conveyed to the water wheel, twenty feet in diameter, which is used as power to drive the drills and machinery for other wells which are now in process of construction.

We have a power which is as nearly perpetual motion as can be got. The water flows on and on in undiminished force and undiminished quantity—the water flows and the wheel revolves. We are now engaged in boring a well, which, when completed, will be fifteen inches in diameter, and will discharge ten and a half millions of gallons per day. When that is done we shall rim out the other well to the same diameter, and will then have a quantity of water equal to twenty millions of gallons per day.

THE QUALITY OF THE WATER.

The water is perfectly, chemically pure—free from all animal and vegetable matter—and consequently not obnoxious to the charges of disease and death which now lie at the door of the present Chicago Water Works. When this water is once in common use, erysipelas, boils, and eruptive diseases, will disappear, and that bane of our Western cities, low typhoid fever, will be abated in Chicago. The advantages which attend upon this present comparatively insignificant well of water are too great to be reported here. Let it be sufficient to say, that there are in the not distant future, blessings connected with it which cannot be paid for in dollars, nor rendered in detail upon paper.

This living well of water will be the poor man's friend for all time to come, and the doctor's enemy for eternity.

BORING FOR OIL.

Shortly after reaching the water, as above described, we sunk another well to the depth of about forty feet, for the purpose of finding oil. This well will eventually go down to the depth of fifteen hundred feet, if necessary; but at present it is stopped to test the surface rock and to see if any oil can be obtained from it. This well has been pumped for about three weeks, and about seventy-five to one hundred gallons of petroleum secured. But this surface stratum of fossiliferous limestone, before mentioned as being saturated with petroleum, is so broken and distorted by the upheavals that it seems to be impossible to exclude the surface water and produce a vacuum below, so as to draw the oil into the well from the seams and crevices. That oil exists here, and can, with perseverance be obtained, there is no manner of doubt; eventually that question will be decided by actual experiment.

LOCATION OF THE LAND.

The tract of land on which this well is located is forty acres in extent, and

lies at the city limits of Chicago—at the corner of Chicago and Western avenues—three and one-half miles from the Court House, or centre of the city. Buildings of all kinds are gradually approaching it, and the onward course of the great city of the West will soon surround it. The elevation is thirty-one feet above the level of the lake, *and it is the highest ground within the corporation limits*; the water has a head of at least eighty feet above the surface of the ground, giving one hundred and eleven feet above the lake, thus warranting an ample head for all practical and useful purposes.

WHAT THE SPIRITS PROMISE.

There is also a promise on record, of the spiritual intelligence who made this revelation, that the main object and design of this work, not being to put money into the hands of one or two or more individuals—nor for the mere accumulation of wealth by particular persons—that the day will come when the funds, to be derived from this source, will be applied to charitable, benevolent and educational purposes, and for the spreading and dissemination of the principles of this simple and beautiful philosophy.

That, on this ground, a great and magnificent temple will be reared to the Supreme Intelligence of the universe, whose portals will ever be open to the entire human family, and where all, casting aside the old creeds, forms, and theologies, may enter the vast halls of mind, and learn the eternal truths of God. Free schools and colleges will grow up about it, in which the children of poverty may enter, and receive that education and instruction which will enable them to advance their condition in life, and to contribute to the general welfare and progress of the country in which we live. Hospitals will be erected for the sick and destitute, and schools of the arts and sciences will be established to promote that intellectual culture which goes so far towards that refinement which is indispensable for a great people.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The following are among the principal wells of the world:—

The Grenelle well, at Paris, depth 1,806 feet, flows 500,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours—temperature of the water 82 degrees F., and salt—used only for heating the hospitals.

The well of Passy, in the same basin, and about the same depth, is the largest well in the world—two feet in diameter and discharges 5,660,000 gallons of water per day.

The Belcher well, at St. Louis, is 2,199 feet deep, and discharges 75 gallons per minute. Water 73 degrees F., highly impregnated with mineral substances, and has a strong odour—useless for any except medicinal purposes.

The Kissingen well, in Bavaria, is 1,878½ feet in depth and four inches in diameter. Temperature 66 degrees F.—discharges 750 gallons per minute.

The well of Munden, in Hanover, is nearly 2,000 feet in depth; other particulars not known.

Two wells at Charleston, S. C., are 1,250 feet in depth, each discharge about 1,200 gallons per hour; water salt, temperature 87 degrees, F.

The well at Jackson, Mich., is over 2,000 feet deep—no water, and is now abandoned.

There is also a deep well at Columbus, Ohio, and another at Louisville, Kentucky; and hundreds of others scattered over the United States, which, however, have no special public significance.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Dublin Review* is the quarterly organ of the English Romanists, and we find in the September number of it, the first great public avowal of the truth of modern Spiritualism by the heads of any class of Religionists. Honour is due to the Roman Catholics for being thus the first to cease breaking themselves against the rocks of fact; but it is a wonder why they did not find it out and proclaim it long ago, for it has been a fact all the time, both when they ignored it, and now when they admit it. There is a great disbelief in miracles at the present day, but there is hardly a greater miracle than to see a mass of people who profess to believe in the Bible, and whose religion is utterly based upon it and upon the miracles it relates, deny the whole range of analogous facts which are not only found throughout all history, but are actually occurring constantly in their midst, and are supported by ten times the testimony of those in the Scriptures. Such a power of rejecting facts by the human mind is of itself a miracle and greatly to be wondered at.

But we know enough of the mind to be sure that such an absurd position cannot last for ever, and so when we commenced the work of placing the facts before the public, we were able to predict that they would prevail. The prediction is now fulfilled in the case of the large body of Roman Catholics, so far as the public admission in their great organ can be taken as evidence, that the facts have become too big and too patent to be longer ignored. It was likely to come first, too, from the Roman Catholics, seeing that they have kept on hand so large a stock of winking Madonnas, apparitions of the Virgin, miraculous healings, and chapels of Loretto. We have often reminded them of the relationship between us, though they have shewn no alacrity in claiming our acquaintance. One reason for their backwardness, perhaps, was that we have not looked on their so-called miracles as proving the correctness of their dogmas, but only as evidence that there exists an innate power in human nature, which for want of a better term is called mediumship. According to their ideas, mediumship amongst Roman Catholics becomes saintship, and everywhere out of their body it becomes devilship.

We predicted also that in this country, the belief in Spiritualism would go through the phase firstly of admitting the facts, and secondly of attributing them to the devil. Into this groove the *Dublin Review* quietly walks, and talks to us from the ruts which wall it in on each side.

The September number contains not fewer than three articles

to which we refer our readers. The first, "Spiritism in the Modern World," argues for all the facts as earnestly as we have ever done in these pages. It admits them all, and shews the stupidities of scientific men who deny them, and it analyzes the reasons which are at the bottom of their ignorance and their wilfulness. It acknowledges the all-pervading power and variety of the manifestations, and the easy way in which they adapt themselves to all classes of minds, and herein it sees both the greatest danger, and the reason for the rapid spread of Spiritualism. Characteristically, too, it attributes its birth as a natural offspring of Protestantism, of which the primary assertion is *the independence of man's reason*. This assertion, which it finds so wicked, has two extreme, and both of them fatal, consequences. "Either man will lack subjective evidence of the supernatural, and flatly deny its existence; he will be a Materialist, a Rationalist, a Pantheist, according to the mode and degree in which error has developed itself in his mind, or he will possess subjective evidence through the influence of the spirits of darkness, and then he will become superstitious; he will be a visionary, a spiritist." These are neither of them very comfortable horns of our dilemma, but the way out of them is simple enough. By his very condition the Catholic is shielded from this peril, for "he does not believe because he sees, but because the church attests to him that God has revealed to the world the truth which he believes." Only become a Catholic and your medium becomes a saint. Only believe on the assurance of the church, and then you will believe, and the facts will add nothing to your assurance. The recommendation shapes itself at once into a platitude, for it ignores the patent, blatant fact that it is not given to all men to believe in the Roman Church, and we trust in God that it never will be; and assuredly that will be the last church that will ever wish or insist, or allow that its followers shall deny their reason in order to follow their faith. There will in every true church be a holy marriage between reason and faith, which will make it no longer possible to separate the two greatest powers of the soul. There is a truth, however, in this, that the solifidian dogma of Protestantism, and its other hardnesses, have been a part of the cause of the pendulum having swung too far in the other direction, but it has already attained its greatest divergence, and will now have to travel back again a portion of its journey.

The Romish Church, which is devoured by the dogma of its infallibility, and of its being the only true church, cannot see this; and it is driven by its position to find outside of it none but devils either *in esse* or *in posse*. The mere fact of supernatural visions, predictions and healings occurring out of its body, determines their origin to be diabolic, and they are able to draw an easy

geographical line outside themselves, beyond which is hell, whilst within is heaven.

Their arguments, therefore, are both simple and absurd, and do not accord with either every-day fact, or with the common sense and observation of mankind. Neither can they accord with the justice and the love of our Heavenly Father.

The *Dublin Review* sees in the spread of the belief in spiritual phenomena a proof that the "last times" are upon us. We should be very glad if that were at all likely to be true, for the "last times" are only the beginning of the first times, and the new birth is sadly needed, though we fear we shall have to wait some time for it yet, and when it does come, it will not be through the portals erected by Roman Catholics.

With their ideas, it is not surprising to find that the writer promises, in a future article, to prove that his church has the inheritance which gives it the power over hell, and that it will be able to reduce these manifestations into order. The first step towards this, however, must be taken after it shews that it understands their nature and origin, and that so far from belonging to any particular church, they are generic in man, and that they must be ruled and judged of from their intrinsic values, instead of being attributed wholesale to either God or the Devil, according as they may happen to come from the inside or the outside of a particular church organization.

Our readers will remember the startling and eloquent description given some time back in our pages by Mr. Howitt, of the miracles of healing and feeding the people performed by Jean Baptiste Viennay, the Curé d'Ars, near Lyons. A translation has recently appeared from the French of M. Monnin, *The Spirit of the Curé of Ars*, and in noticing this book in the same number of the *Dublin Review*, the writer forgets what he has just been writing against Spiritualism, and tells of the height of sanctity of the good Curé "who attained such a mastery over the powers of nature, in the region of inanimate matter, and his state of sublime perfection." He is to be made a saint; and we are told "The Holy Father (the Pope) has expressed great interest in the beatification of the Curé of Ars, and has desired that his cause may be introduced to the Roman congregation as soon as possible." The performance of miracles is essential to the manufacturing of a saint, and truly there are plenty in the case of the good Curé, but there is not one of them that is not common to the inquirers into modern Spiritualism. In the same article are mentioned the names of Ignatius, Francis Xavier, and Teresa, all of whom exhibited amongst other strange powers that of being lifted, like Mr. Squire and Mr. Home, and many others, into the air. Why in one case should the fact betoken

a heavenly and in the other a demoniac power? Are they not equally the evidences of a power generic in the soul which proves no doctrine? To hold otherwise is running into needless contradiction; and yet this good Catholic cannot see how untenable are his pretensions. We, on the contrary, are the students of a subject which we have at least had the wit to make large enough to cover and include all the facts which appear in every religion, and which are common to all history, both before and after Christianity was divinely given to men. There is Christian Spiritualism, and there is the contrary; but we judge of them, each by its own intrinsic evidences, and we find a great mixture in all. None are altogether and finally good, and none altogether and finally bad. Our inquiry is into the whole subject, and not into a part of it; and if some proceed from hell it is just as necessary to investigate them and prove their hellship, as to search into Roman miracles, and find the divine value of a winking Madonna, or of the transport from Nazareth to Loretto of the house in which the Divine Child was born.

We have now touched upon two of the articles, and proceed to the third, which is a review of Mousseaux's *Les Mediateurs et les Moyens de la Magie*. It is written in the same style, and will not detain us. The devil again is at the bottom of all that is not Catholic, including Magnetism and Somnambulism in the list. "The history of all times exhibits to us the idolatrous pontiff (the devil) as the principal agent in the production of preternatural phenomena, but above all in the character of the curative and divining medium. Satan has his religion and worship, the counterfeit and caricature of the divine." We have met before with the strange, grotesque dogma of the Roman Catholics, that the healing of diseases is one of the worst signs of the devil, and here it is produced again in the fullness of the writer's absurd prejudices. We sit in wonder as we read his next words, "The medium even has his holy counterpart in those occasional (Roman) ministers of God's healing mercy, whom He has from time to time invested with powers above nature." There is a permanent example of this sort in the cures operated by St. Hubert's intercession on cases of the most incurable of maladies—for instance, cancer, insanity, but especially of hydrophobia. The priest of the church of St. Hubert, in the province of Luxembourg, in Belgium, has been the permanent 'mediator' (we will not use the desecrated appellation of medium) for many centuries of these wonderful cures, and St. Hubert's shrine is still visited from all parts of Europe." This is enough to take one's breath away. A succession of priests for centuries, have been the mediums for curing hydrophobia and other diseases through the intercession of St. Hubert.

How is it that St. Hubert was not a child of Satan, he having in himself this devilish power of healing the sick, in common with the other modern mediums? It is passing strange to find Christian and educated gentlemen thus expressing their ideas, and that their madness should only attack them when they write on religious subjects. What a blinding power has dogmatism!

CHRISTMAS.

The trees are leafless now and bare,
 The sky an ashen grey,
 The snow lies heavy in the air,
 No sunshine glads the day.

The wind is keen and piercing cold,
 We gather round the fire,
 And tell again the tales of old,
 And pile the Yule log higher.

We tell of many a gallant deed,
 On land, or far at sea;
 Of shipwrecked men in sorest need,
 Of prisoners set free:—

We tell of sprites of guilty men
 That wander o'er the earth,
 Doom'd for to haunt the scenes again
 Where fearful crimes had birth.

And then we pause awhile, and muse
 On Christmas Days gone by,
 And that first Christmas Day's glad news—
 "Glory to God on High!

"On earth, to men of peace, good-will:
 "The Saviour Christ is born!"
 And Ages shall re-echo still
 The Angels' song that morn.

T. S.

SPIRITES, FUSIONISTS, AND RE-INCARNATIONISTS IN FRANCE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

DEEP in the heart of Germany; deep in a German forest, in the golden month of September, I was lying in a lovely glade, beneath the shadow of the grand old beech trees, my head pillowed on a mossy rock, with a splendid pile of purple grapes (price twopence a pound), lying at my side, and within arms-length of them my wife and daughter, seated on the grass, deep in some new and fascinating Swiss books. It was a situation just such as made the Cid Ruy Diaz exclaim:—

O! pleasant is the greenwood,
Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures,
And many a spreading tree.

For miles around stretched the glorious old woods over valley, hill, and mountain; on one hand, into the Black Forest; on the other, into the Odenwald. Quiet villages here and there, with their few and simple inhabitants, embosomed in silence, was the only life, except of bird and butterfly and happy four-footed creature, lapsing streams, and the sough of the mighty Tannen pines—

Nature's ceaseless hum,—
Voice of the desert never dumb.

It was the realization of Cowper's wish—

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness;
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more!

As I lifted my eyes occasionally from my book, as some cautious salamander, gorgeous in his black and gold, stole from his concealment, I gazed along the solemn brown shade beneath the sun-twinkling canopy of the beech-wood; amongst projecting rocks, behind which you might image an Undine peeping, or her great protector Kühleborn, waving his mysterious white beard. But instead of these children of fable, two ruddy squirrels unwitting or unmindful of our presence, leaped and sported together in many a charming bound and twirl of their bushy tails. A family of jays, brilliant as with a shower of jewels all over them, came noisily demanding in their own language, what we were doing there? Had we guns? had we traps, those torture-engines of Englishmen? And they cried indignantly—"Shame! shame!"

N. S.—I.

B

Near us in the denser thicket, was heard a quaint call of "Gau! gau!" And a cautious answer of "Hau! hau!" from the Birkhühner, or wood-grouse. And it was difficult to imagine that I had ever been in the Hanover-square Rooms, and seen rowdy stock-jobbers raving and rioting against the poor innocent Davenports because they wished to shew them a few "transactions" that paid no per centage. It was most delicious in that charming "Wald-einsamkeit," as the Germans call it, to imagine one's self there hermitizing for ever—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Suddenly, however, recollecting a French letter received that morning, I drew it from my pocket and opened it—"Rat, tat, tat! ran-tan-tara! rattle, battle, bang!" "What a hubbub! all the spirite journals of Paris in a fiery tantrum, vapouring and cutting capers over my poor devoted head." Monsieur Howitt had made an onslaught on their beloved Re-incarnation in the London *Spiritual Magazine*. Monsieur Howitt had been trying to shut and bolt the door to prevent any poor rogues who wanted to be back again from the other world, getting into fresh bodies here. Monsieur Howitt had laughed at the idea of having a toad for his grandfather, and a newt for his great uncle. Monsieur Howitt had falsely accused M. André Pezzani of sympathising with this funny doctrine of men originating in invisible water whirligigs, called infusoria, and progressing by genealogy through lizards, fish, tadpoles, and monkeys into men, and M. André Pezzani, author of *La Pluralité des Existences de l'Ame*, demanded "imperieusement" my retraction. Alas! for my "Wald-einsamkeit" and my hermitizing—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." How soon and how rudely one's dreams are broken!

And all these vials of wrath had been poured on my devoted head by a Mr. J. Mitchell, Englishman, but French spirite, and advocate of Re-incarnation, of which he proclaimed, in one breath with my vast erudition, my ignorance, and of which, certainly, I wish to remain ignorant to all eternity. This Mr. J. Mitchell, in *L'Avenir*, July 22nd, 1865, expressed his astonishment to see my name attached to an article condemnatory of his beloved Re-incarnation in the *Spiritual Magazine* for that month. Truly, there was great reason for Mr. Mitchell's astonishment, for my name *not* being attached to the said article, the ability to see it there was the greatest miracle of the present age. On the authority of Mr. Mitchell's amazing clairvoyance all this hail-storm of execration had been let loose on me. Mr. Mitchell, indeed, in the next number of the *Avenir* confessed that he really had not seen my name appended to this article, and that it really was not there, but the mischief was done; I was cruci-

fied in Paris, whilst I thought I was luxuriously lying in a German wood feasting on magnificent grapes, twopence a pound.

Now, I think we could not have a more edifying example of the *légereté*, the gay *nonchalance* with which our French neighbours assume facts, or assume doctrines without the slightest evidence. There is just as much evidence of the doctrine of Re-incarnation as there was of my name appearing to the article in question, just as much and no more. An English correspondent of the *Revue Spiritualiste* in the last number, says admirably:—"Vos Français sont toujours les mêmes: têtes légères, passant d'un excès à l'excès contraire, ne sachant pas plus examiner quand il s'agit de nier que quand il s'agit d'affirmer."

Well, this being the case, it is not worth the while to repeat the arguments of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* against Re-incarnation—there they stand—nor is it worth while to reply to the squibs and crackers of the spirite journals. But M. Pezzani demands a rigorous recantation of my assumed offence in dubbing him an advocate of reptile ancestry; declaring that "ni dans ses nombreux ouvrages, ni dans ses derniers, ni dans aucun numéro de *L'Avenir*, il n'ai traité cette question." Perhaps the writer of the article referred to would have been more correct if he had said, that M. Pezzani sympathised with M. Xavier and that school than fully avowed himself. He tells us that he has nowhere treated that question, but he does not deny his belief in it. He does not say, like the editor of *La Vérité*, "let Spiritualism go and hang itself before I will believe such degrading doctrine." For my part, indeed, I cannot see what else M. Pezzani does believe. Let us see.

In *L'Avenir* of the 15th of June, 1865, M. Pezzani, in a long article, "*Le Ciel du Spiritisme*," tells us that the human soul commences as a *monad*, and commencing at one extremity of God's creation proceeds progressively to the other: that it advances and developes itself by *fusion*, and with every fresh fusion it acquires *rayonnements*, or radiations; meaning, I suppose, that it acquires faculties and additional consciousness. When it has arrived at *fusionnement solidaire* it obtains fresh *rayonnements*, and real thoughts, and perceives and fuses, or *fusions*, with other spirits. "Plus on mont, plus la monade acquiert de rayonnements." It then proceeds through "tous les mondes de la creation, dans tous les univers infinia." If it pass through everything and everywhere and commences as a mere monad, of course it passes through all animals before it reaches the condition of man. "Mais quoi! dira-ton," says M. Pezzani, "monter, toujours monter, toujours *se transformer*, toujours passer par des myriades de morts?" But he assures us

that such is our fate. Now if there be any sense in this, M. Pezzani fully indorses the reptile ancestry of M. Xavier, and that of the spirit Eraste, of our having to pass through innumerable deaths and all the worlds in the universe. By the doctrine of fusion it passes through every possible thing. The language of M. Pezzani is precisely the same as that of M. Xavier in his articles in *L'Avenir*, "Comment les animaux progressent." The progress of the soul is by the same *fusions* and *rayonnements* through an ascending series. See M. Xavier's Article I., *L'Avenir*, June 1st, 1865. "Si, dans chaque rayon du règne animal," &c. . . . "Pendant que le double besoin de l'incarnation et de la reproduction les rapproche instinctivement, les analogie les rassemble par groupes divers selon leurs affinités, et dans chaque de ces groupes viennent se fondre les dissemblances les moins prononcées. C'est de cette fusion que naît l'informité du type pour chaque espèce," &c.

Now if M. Pezzani uses this very language of M. Xavier, and contends for the human soul passing through the whole extent of the universe from a monad to an angel, from the very lowest scale of life to the very highest, where is the difference betwixt M. Xavier and himself? As to the extravagances of Eraste, M. Pezzani embraces them all. He commends the statements of Eraste as excellently put. He says, we have already existed not in ten, "tourbillons, or vortices," but in "milliards de mondes," thousands of millions of worlds. After such insane extravagances, why should M. Pezzani so *imperieusement* resent being supposed to believe in "*les hommes fuitres, les hommes-moustiques, les hommes-têtards?*" If he does not believe in them, he has made himself ill understood. If he does not approve of this doctrine, why does he continually appear amongst this class of writers? Why mix himself up with them, and pat them on the back, as he does? "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you who you are"—is a proverb good as it is old.

But the fact is that M. Pezzani, like M. Xavier, is a Fusionist, and this language is the jargon of Fusionism—that of a class, I was assured in the South of France, far more numerous than the Spirites. These phantasmagorians teach that commencing in a monad, or indivisible point or atom of spirit, the human soul is carried onward in a succession of tourbillons or vortices, which, impinging one on the other, propel the monad from stage to stage of development. At every fresh stage or impingement of tourbillon on tourbillon, the monad develops by radiation, and by fusion with other developing monads. But the question is, how these fusionizing and radiating monads advance to full human beings, as we are assured that at every stage they must have a body of some sort, and M. Xavier's

insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds offer the only apparent solution of the difficulty—the only bridges between the monad and the man. In fact, it is the express doctrine of the founder of Fusionism, M. Tourriel the master and Gamaliel of M. Pezzani, that we ascend through the aquatic, mineral, atmospheric, vegetable, and animal kingdoms into men.—See Tourriel's great work, Part III., chapter iii.

Let a common-sense Englishman digest all this if he can. We have congratulated ourselves that Spiritualism would sweep away the whole system of German metaphysics, and replace it by a system of psychology, proceeding strictly on the Baconian plan, and advancing step by step on an ascending scale of solid and tangible facts. But here we have a French so-called philosophy which at once plunges into the infinite profound of bottomless speculation, where there is not a single nucleus of fact to rest upon. "Within the lowest depth a lowest still;" a region of vapours and phantasies, airy, elusive, impassable, and more dark and hideous than the images excited by twenty nightmares. How much simpler, how much more sublime the philosophy of Moses, "And God breathed into the nostrils of the man, the breath of life, and he became a living soul." There we have the scriptural origin of man, immediate, complete, and without any need of monads and tourbillons.

In the *Avenir* of November 2nd, M. Pezzani thinks he has silenced M. Piérart, by asserting that without re-incarnation all is chaos and all is injustice in God's creation. In this world there are rich and poor, oppressed and oppressors, and without re-incarnation God's justice could not be vindicated. That is to say, in M. Pezzani's conception, God has not room enough in the infinite future to punish every wrong, and redress every wrong, without sending back souls again and again into the flesh. M. Pezzani's idea, and that of his brother Re-incarnationists is, that the best way to get from Paris to London is to travel any number of times from Paris to Calais or Boulogne and back again. We English think the only way is to go on to London at once.

In a word, I so far agree with the writer of the article in the *Spiritual Magazine* of July, that the doctrine of Re-incarnation is, in my opinion, merely the desire of re-incarnation in certain sensual minds. There are minds, and too many of them, who prefer this world with its sensual enjoyments infinitely more than any idea of a purely spiritual and intellectual world. They feel an unconquerable repugnance to being dismissed out of the earthly body into a world which appears to them so thin and airy, that they think it a bad exchange for this world, abounding with its rich *cuisines*, its roast beef and turtle, wine, tobacco,

and all the lusts of the flesh and the eye. That is the root and ground of all ideas of re-incarnation. Like Plato's gross ghosts, who hang about tombs and charnel-houses, and can rise no higher, they hang about the sensual luxuries and bodily comforts of this condition of existence, and desire earnestly, if they must leave them, to get back again into them as quickly as possible. "The wish is father to the thought." As to M. Pezzani's notions of God's injustice without re-incarnation, if souls were re-incarnated a score of times, injustice between man and man, riches and poverty, oppression and wrong, all the enigmas of social inequality would remain just then as now. The compensation lies in the future, as pointed out in the case of Dives and Lazarus; and if re-incarnation availed, the souls of the criminals who were swept away by Noah's flood, would not have remained all those ages cooped up in Hades for the coming of Christ to preach to them. They would have been incarnated over and over, and if re-incarnation could cure them, would have been long ago cured and sent forward. That fact is itself demonstrative of the folly of the notion of re-incarnation.

One of the best consequences of this discussion is, that it has brought the Lyons Spirite journal, *La Verité*, to disavow the doctrine of men originating in lower animals totally and energetically. M. Edoux, a man equally learned and amiable, says (*La Verité*, August 13th, 1865) Moses says, (Genesis i., 26 and 27) God created man in the image of himself; not in that of a beast; and that he repeats this three times as if he foresaw the unhappy efforts of men in later times to cast darkness on this point where the light shines so luminously. "But," adds M. Edoux, "if you think animals are your brothers, be at least consistent, and don't cut their throats, in order to eat them—that is absolute cannibalism!" Rather, he continues, than have insects, newts, toads and monkeys for his ancestors, he would say, "Let Spiritism go and hang itself." And this he puts into capitals.

It is consoling to see that the large body of the Spiritists of the South of France remain uncontaminated by the animal doctrines of *L'Avenir*. That it is only the little coterie of that journal, the Messrs. Xavier, Pezzani, D'Ambel, &c., who amuse themselves with such fancies.

There is another fact of the very highest importance connected with the Spiritists of the South of France. In *La Verité* has appeared a very able series of articles, twelve in number, under the title of *L'ÉGLISE NOUVELLE*. In these articles it has been asserted that inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church has violated all the grand commands of Christ to his church—the love of your neighbour, the freedom of worship and conscience;

inasmuch as in violation of these commands, it has endeavoured to crush freedom of opinion, to put into chains the human mind; to suppress the Gospels; has persecuted and tortured and spilled the blood of the saints, and has not in the present enlightened times renounced its past errors and crimes, but has continued to endeavour to ride on the back of humanity and chain up all intellectual and spiritual progress, it declares that it has ceased to be a church of Christ—that no persecuting church can be a church of Christ. The Spiritists, therefore, propose to form themselves into a new church, which shall not be called the Spiritist Church, Spiritism being only a movement in the divine education of humanity, a phase of revelation in the general church of Christ. They will not call the new church the *Catholic*, because that name has been for ever desecrated by Popery, but the Universal Church, open to all sincere followers of the Saviour of Mankind. We shall see how this great design will be carried out. Meantime, it is a noble idea, and must be regarded with ominous apprehension by the Catholics of France. It bids fair to carry away with it the great mass of the population of Middle and Southern France, withdrawing it from the rule of the Catholic hierarchy, and rising up, a colossal institution, before it.

In noticing these movements in the Spiritist camp in France, we should be doing a great injustice if we did not refer to the zealous, eloquent, and unremitting exertions of M. Pièrart in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, to expose and resist the errors of the Spirites to which we have alluded. M. Pièrart, and that section of the spiritual body which thinks with him, deserve especially well of the English Spiritualists for the stanch manner in which, at all costs, he and they have maintained what we believe to be the genuine principles of the Gospel. The doctrine of Re-incarnation, of man's origin in the lowest grade of animal existence; a doctrine utterly opposed to that of the Bible, which says that God created man originally as man, and every kind of beast as beast, reptile and insect, M. Pièrart has persistently, through eight volumes of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, resisted and denounced as at once false, unfounded on any evidence, and most pernicious to the character of Spiritualism. Such, he tells us, in the last number of this review, has been his reward for his advocacy of the truths in which we believe and sympathise, that he has been compelled to retire from Paris to the woods of Villiers-sur-Marne. Even the Davenports, whom he was the first to introduce to the notice of the French public, and for whom he paved the way by continual notices of their *séances* and manifestations in America and England, whilst sending tickets of admission to their *séances* in or near Paris to almost every editor of a journal, have not only omitted to send one to the editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*,

but have not even called on him. This is what ought not to have been, and is a cause of just censure on those young men. Notwithstanding, M. Pièrart most generously has devoted the whole of his last number of the review to the proceedings and defence of the Davenportes against all their enemies and calumniators of the Press, especially against M. Edmond About. He takes the ground that, having been unworthily treated by the American brothers, he is not likely to flatter them, but he treats them as justly as if they had treated him justly. This is noble conduct, and most unlike what we commonly see in members of the Press in this country, who are ever ready to avenge bitterly any slight or personal ill-treatment. Besides this very praiseworthy proceeding, M. Pièrart has for some time been writing a series of important articles in his review, such as the "Marvellous Practices of the Eastern Nations," "Studies on the Familiar Genius of Socrates," on the "Miraculous, or Divinely Permanent," and on the "Rock of Golgotha," demonstrating the truth of the origin of Christianity. We shall take an opportunity to make our readers acquainted with these valuable articles. But in the meantime, we cannot but remark, that a journal like the *Revue Spiritualiste*, which is the almost only organ in France for the defence of purely Christian Spiritualism, and the bold and able opponent of the heresies of Re-incarnation, and of the monstrous and degrading theory of the origin of man in the region of reptile life, deserves the patronage of English Spiritualism. Such a journal ought not to be suffered to languish in neglect, whilst the heretical journals are supported by a very numerous public. The organ which maintains principles dear to every English Spiritualist, should enjoy the benefit of English sympathy. Its cause is our cause, and the purchase of a large number of this review in England would at once extend our knowledge of what is doing on the Continent, and invigorate the true Spiritualism in France, which cannot suffer without re-acting on the same vital question here.

In closing this article, we cannot but regret that at this early epoch of the history of Spiritualism, there should be such serious causes for dissent betwixt different bodies of its votaries. In all questions which vitally affect humanity differences of opinion are certain to arise, but it is the duty of every friend of truth to protest against palpable deviations from principles attested by historic fact. Mr. Mitchell in his article in the *Avenir*, accuses the *Spiritual Magazine* of endeavouring to contract the ground of spiritual belief as much as possible, and to avoid the philosophical side of the question. These are words of which the meaning requires to be clearly settled before a verdict is taken upon them. The English Spiritualist takes his stand on Chris-

tianity as the only religion which is based on a thoroughly authenticated history, authenticated both by its earliest adherents, and by its direct opponents the Jews in their cotemporary account of Jesus and John the Baptist in the *Toldoth Jeschu*. Taking their stand, therefore, on this authenticated religion, they place its revelations paramount to the communications of all or any lower spirits than those of our Saviour and his Apostles. To this test they rigorously bring every communicating spirit, and no pretences of "philosophy" will cause them to swerve from this test. Every Spiritualist knows that spirits will tell us all kinds of things—to the Jew, Judaism; to the Mohammedan, Islamism; to the Mormon, Mormonism; to the Pezzanis and Xaviers the wild speculations which they dignify with the name of philosophy. But if these gentlemen and others had adopted the sound and reasonable rule of the British Spiritualists, and "tried the spirits" by the touchstone of Christianity, the world would have already been spared much worthless seed which is clearly sown by the Evil One, to damage and scandalize the progress of spiritual truth. There is no spiritual philosophy which can bear any comparison with the divine philosophy of Christ: and the truest friends of a sound Spiritualism are those who stand by it, and reject all the vain babblings of "philosophy falsely so called."

What are the fruits which this serpent doctrine of Re-incarnation have already begun to produce in the South of France? There the extraordinary medium, Hilaire, having run away with his neighbour's wife, it is stated that the unhappy husband appealed to their great leader, Kardec, to use his influence to bring back the fugitive wife, with the money which she and her paramour had carried off. But the answer is stated to have been from Kardec that he could do no such thing, as the husband was, no doubt, thus punished for a similar crime in some former state of existence!!!

M. Piérart, in his able article on the Rock of Golgotha, comments with just indignation on a doctrine pregnant with such fruits:—"Two currents of a deplorable nature at the present time draw the Spirites to the side of that ultramontane Catholicism which has petrified and perverted Christianity, and which stupefies souls devoted to it. On the one hand, a blind Materialism, on the other an erroneous spiritualistic bias, originating a false route, carrying its victims two thousand years backwards, and resuscitating the desolating principles which sterilized and threw into atrophy the ancient societies. In a word, it changes, corrupts and distorts the true Christian principles. In the South of France a people has only re-awoke to a religious life in order to embrace a principle of death. There a tribunal has lately heard the doctrine enunciated, that it is

necessary to tolerate theft and adultery, because these crimes can only happen as the punishment of like sins in a former existence. There we see poor workmen of that Gallic race so full of mind, of activity and enterprise, laid asleep in the enervating doctrines of fatalism and predestination. In the places where Pothinus, Irenæus, and Blandinus maintained so courageously the vivifying principles which overthrew Paganism and its iniquities, we see the deceitful doctrines of Brahminism reviving and propagating themselves. The artisan of Lyons, bending incessantly at his severe labour which enslaves and enfeebles him, beholds as the climax of his sufferings, the path of the last hope of progress, of every possible alleviation of his wretched destiny, closing before him. The earth, divided into punishers and the punished, must for ever remain for him a hell of expiation. He comes to regard himself as the chastised of God—he knows not why! That great spiritual movement which has arisen in the middle of this century, he beholds for him retrograding, and wheeling backwards from the light of Christianity to the religious darkness of antiquity. What an aberration!

“Away, then, with these doctrines destructive of progress, negative of the spirit of life which ought to reign in humanity! Away! and it is high time; for seduction and blind error are arising and spreading themselves on all sides like a leprosy, which it will soon be too late to attempt to cure. They go on originating fanatic impulses, made obstinate by the force of ignorance and the absence of a critical spirit. And no one calls attention to the danger! and we ourselves stand nearly alone and unable to vanquish the hydra. But we shall at least have done our part. Our warnings have been heard from time to time, and if they remain without response, we shall at least enjoy the consciousness of having performed a great duty.”—*Revue Spiritualiste*, Tom VIII., 6th Livraison.

Regretting the wide departures in France and in America from the Christian standard, we still, however, have faith that Spiritualism will be purified from its errors, and made more and more capable of accomplishing its great mission, the routing of the Materialism and Sensualism of the present age. If we are compelled to speak the stern words of truth in the ears of those deluded by Spirites, who mislead and disserve and scandalize, we yet desire to do it in a spirit of love and charity. “To err is human,” but to speak the words of warning to the erring in friendship is yet the duty of every true son of truth. Hostility to false principles is not necessary hostility to those who hold them. People may be as sincere in their errors as others in their truths. We are bound to reject the errors, but we can still hold

out the hand of friendship to their maintainers. Mr. Mitchell thinks a former statement of mine, that we are all going to the same goal though by different routes inconsistent with, what he supposed, my article of July. There is no inconsistency whatever. The English Spiritualist sees in the infinite future, and the infinite love and wisdom of God, power and means enough to bring us all eventually, however widely we diverge at present, into one fold and one focus. We only regret that people should be sent roundabout ways by fantastic doctrines, when they might travel by the safe and direct path of Christianity; and that these wild and bottomless theories of the Spirites, the Fusionists, the Monadites and Animal-origin-ites, should enable the enemies of Spiritualism to attack it through such follies. All these notions, however, are no part of a sound and healthy Spiritualism; they are but parasites, funguses and Jews-ears on the great spiritual tree, which may be rent off, and will be rent off in the progressive future of truth, without any damage to the tree itself. We repudiate the parasites—we stand by the tree.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A SPIRITUALIST.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

IN its broad, literal, and modern sense, a Spiritualist is one who believes in the manifestations of disembodied spirits to men still in the flesh; but this definition gives no idea of the character of the believer, or of the significance and value of his creed. It includes the Shaker Celibate and the Mormon Polygamist; the African Obi-man, the Hindoo Fakir, and the Christian Saint; the sensual Idolator, and the pious Mystic. It may mean only "table-turning and spirit-rapping;" and it may mean the communion of the devout soul with its Creator. It may be, that even in its rudest, its lowest, and most perverted forms, the belief in Spiritual Powers, and an Unseen World which every man is destined soon to enter, is better than *no belief* in spiritual existence—no belief in aught save the animal body and its material surroundings. It raises its possessor above the brutes—above the animal nature and appetites common to both; and it contains within it the possibility of expansion, of correction, and of indefinite progress. But between Spiritualism in its lowest types and its highest ideal, how vast the chasm that is to be bridged over!

If then we employ the word *Spiritualism* as a common generic term, to designate all these diverse beliefs and moral

states, it is the more necessary to discriminate as to their several orders and varieties; and if we take the name of Spiritualist, to define the sense in which we are so, and the mark at which we aim, in order to clear away the fog and mist of obscurity and vagueness which have gathered around it, so that our position may be clearly seen, and that we may not be confounded with others with whom we possibly have little in common but the name.

Every Spiritualist should, at least, consider for himself where he is—where he wishes to be—in the ascending, or descending scale:—the *kind* of Spiritualism he is working for, in what direction and whither it is conducting him. This duty will, I think, become the more apparent, if we glance for a moment at some of the different senses in which the term “Spiritualism” is now commonly employed and understood among us.

Our newspapers, and the public in general, shew clearly in what they think Spiritualism chiefly consists, in calling it “Spirit-rapping;” and they evidently have little or no conception of it, other than this term implies. Even among Spiritualists there are some who understand by Spiritualism only a somewhat wider range of phenomena—the direct manifestations of spirits through human media. M. Kardec and his followers, in this view call themselves “Spiritists,” and with this limitation of their creed, rightly so. To others, Spiritualism means attending *séances*, witnessing spirit manifestations, and receiving communications from spirits. To others, Spiritualism means the doctrines and the supposed general scope and tendency of the body of teachings put forth by spirits, or by those who believe in the reality of communion with them. And yet, again, to others, it means not only the outward phenomena of spiritual agency, but the facts of spiritual influx which belong to the inward consciousness, and whatever conclusions are fairly deducible from these phenomena and these experiences; and which they deem cover a wide field, are of great significance, and admit of varied application in relation to subjects of momentous interest.

Spiritualism, in short, has different meanings, and is variously regarded by individuals according to their several characters and states. Here, as elsewhere, “The eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing.” The man accustomed to regard things from the external, will see only—and will care to see only—the outward manifestations of spirits; while the philosophic thinker will look beyond, and seek to discover the principles and internal truths to which they lead. He will try to gain from them new insight into the affinities and laws of spirit and matter, and their bearings on the speculations of philosophy and the theories of science; which he may, perchance,

conclude will need to be rectified, to meet the new facts and the evidence of a "new force" which reasonable men, attentive to what is going on around them, are beginning to take note of and consider. Again, to the student of human nature and human history, Spiritualism, regarded as a body of facts, will show a new element in some of the difficult problems and obscure passages which these studies present, and which may go far to their solution. To the physician, it will bring new light on the causes of insanity and disease ;—to the artist, on the sources of inspiration ;—to the jurist, on the value of testimony ;—to the theologist it will supply new demonstrations of the great truths of religion, and conclusive answers to the most formidable objections brought against it ;—indeed, he will see that, more or less directly, it bears upon all the great questions of theology and metaphysics,—Providence, Moral Freedom, Temptation, Punishment, the Future Life, Intuition, Illumination, Inspiration, Prophecy, Miracle, Prayer. As in most subjects, so in this, the earnest student will find that the more carefully and thoroughly it is investigated, the more does its horizon open towards the Infinite.

But Spiritualism has other interests than those merely speculative, however great and absorbing these may be. It is something more than a theme for the exercitation of the intellect, and the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. In its full and true sense, he alone is a Spiritualist who strives to bring his life into entire harmony with the great truths which its facts demonstrate ; in whom they are outwrought in the character, and their effects made visible in the home, in business, in social intercourse, in times of trial and of suffering, and in the daily affairs of common life. Such an one, so far as he realizes Spiritualism, as it is embodied in him, is all of a piece, without shoddy, of the same web and woof throughout. He is not the creature of Time, but the heir of all the ages to come. He knows that the life that now is shapes that life that is to be, and to endure through the evermore ; and he cannot regulate his conduct by merely temporal considerations. He has a higher ground of action than worldly prudence. He subordinates desire to duty, his lower perishable appetites to the nobler spiritual faculties which alone are his true permanent endowment. Whatever opinions may cling around the surface of the intellect, in the central point and core of character, the true consistent Spiritualist is thus Christian—Christ-like ; working out his highest ideal through all the varied uses of a well-ordered life.

While then, Spiritualism, in its elementary sense, is simply a recognition of the facts of spirit-manifestation, followed out to its consequences, it has to the open, discerning, and truly catholic

mind, important lessons in science, art, philosophy and history ; and in its ultimate issue, its crowning development, it coincides with the highest Christian aspiration and endeavour. It is the life of God in the soul of man. To realize this, to aspire after this communion and blending with the Divine, is (in my judgment) to be a Spiritualist indeed :—a Spiritualist of the truest, noblest type ; and here Spiritualism, in its moral, its religious, its divine aspects, in its lessons and its influence, is open alike to all :—the lowliest as well as the loftiest minds may be taught, consoled, strengthened, purified by it ; made fitter, not only for the present life, but for that fuller, that eternal life for which God created man in his own image.

P R A Y E R.

A DISCUSSION STATED.

THE Prayer ordered to be read against the threatened visitation of cholera, caused recently a controversy in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on "Prayer."

The *Gazette* maintained that, "to pray for the abatement of pestilence was not philosophically absurd," and the argument briefly stated was this—"Laws are unchangeable in their operations, but these operations vary according to the varieties in the combination of laws. We, who are mere mortals are perpetually interfering with the operation of physical law by instituting fresh combinations : that is seen every day in the means by which we live. And since the Almighty permits us to modify the action of physical law *directly* with our own hands, there is reason for believing that the same modifications may be obtained for us *mediately*, by asking Him to effect them by His own power." Professor Tyndal, their chief opponent, replied in two letters, to the effect that prayer was a Pagan method of meeting a difficulty ; that "science shews that certain consequents follow certain antecedents with such undeviating uniformity, that the association between antecedent and consequent has become inseparable in thought," so as to make "the ideas of prayer, and of a change in the course of natural phenomena, refuse to be connected in thought." "Would," he says, "the suppliant voice of a whole nation have atoned for the bad engineering, or caused a suspension of the laws of hydraulic pressure in the case of the Bradfield reservoir?" Another correspondent, on the side of the *Gazette*, maintained that prayer could only be reverential if made for certain ends. Thus to pray for a rise in consols would be obviously profane.

THE KNOWN EFFICACY OF CERTAIN PRAYERS.

To those whose one resort in doubt and trouble is prayer, and who by habit know not how to take any step of moment without reverential up-lifting of the thoughts to God, the unchangeableness of scientific law cannot be more certain than the mental efficacy of prayer, and its need to brace and encourage the mind under difficulty. They cannot mentally regard themselves apart from prayer. The effort to do so is an effort to transplant themselves out of God's paradise into the desert. They must, moving in the world, disrobe themselves. They must reduce themselves to orphanage. Upon the nourishing power then of the prayers "encourage, enlighten, guide, strengthen, enable me to bear," I need say no more, nor need I more than hint at the fact that such prayers in the calmness and trust produced are themselves a shield against cholera and all disease better than most medicine. But prayer is not confined to such desires alone.

OTHER PRAYERS INEFFICIENT FROM WANT OF FAITH.

"I believe," says Professor Tyndal, "that water will wet, that iron will sink in it, that fire will burn, that the sun will rise to-morrow, and hold that no prayer at the present day will alter such facts." And yet Christ worked miracles, and promises all who believe on Him, that they shall do greater things than He did. That, then, we cannot work miracles, may surely arise from want of belief, for if we believe in Christ perfectly, our natures enter into unbroken unity with his, and we then use all our gifts, as indeed we then live for the blending of heaven with earth, and for this alone; a blending to be worked out by us, not by retirement, but by bringing into contact with the world our heavenly side, though it may thus become scarred and gory. For myself, when I search my own soul I perceive that I am not holy enough for the gift of working miracles. Want of trustworthiness in men is surely the cause of this harsh unchangeableness in physical law, and to bow down before it even in our case now, is to yield ourselves to our own unworthiness. If I cannot use manifest miracles with their open glory in God's service only, I will not however, cease to pray, being assured that God will hear and answer, veiling the answer from my certain knowledge, if by thus withholding from me all power of self-glorification, all power of abuse is also withheld. The unchangeableness, therefore, of physical law may be, as the *Gazette* practically maintains, but in seeming. To Spiritualists, indeed, aberrations from it are of known daily occurrence, and if thus common with

them, will they not one day be equally common with all the prayerful?

A FUTURE UNION IN THE POSITIONS OF THE GAZETTE AND
PROFESSOR TYNDAL.

The unchangeableness of physical law is I say but in seeming. I should rather say that physical law is itself the expression of a higher law, of which our knowledge is most imperfect. Cholera leaves its deadly trail wherever filth invites it, but filth itself is the vile clothing of an evil spiritual nature, either social or individual, and to make a man sink down on his knees and deplore his own filthiness is surely the wise way to deal with him, forcing him first to remove the tolerance of filth from his soul, when its removal from the body also will soon follow; and though differing from Professor Tyndal by thinking that the humiliation alone may lessen the power of Cholera—did we not feel all his assurance that it can never be destroyed till filth is removed—how inoperative would the mental teaching be, because no outer action would be then induced in us to seal our humiliation and commence our repentance. So far we can see, but the rule of spirit over matter extends far beyond.

To our Lord, I do not doubt, his miracles would be no wonders, because he was operating in the sphere of that higher law into which it is the duty of each of us to endeavour to climb; to him they would be the natural external forms of the spiritual states he produced; * a growth from them as certain as that of a plant from a seed, and so will it be with men when at one with God; nay, if indeed at that time men's doings are to remain as much seemingly their own as they now do—and we have every reason to think that entering into our birthright, the heirship of God, can but increase our feeling of ownership—it cannot but be so; and the miracles worked by the men of that day—sensitive and rulers over spiritual state as they must be, and observant of the outer effects inner changes produce—will, rather than miracles, resemble to them the wonderful discoveries of the external men of our day—the electric telegraph, the steam engine, the railway, and the thousand inventions by which man is already recovering his rulership over nature—and such men living at one with God in Christ are essentially prayerful men, and yet their prayerfulness, rather than in direct appeal, will shew itself in inability to endure anything at variance with God—filth and every other

* I consider that the main source of vitality in modern Spiritualism arises from its upholding as it does, amid intense obloquy, the necessary influence of mental state over physical manifestations.

accompaniment of disease—and in the immediate removal of these hot-beds by the multiplicity of their miracles or inventions which will rule and train nature to become an outer form of their union with God, and thus the positions held by the *Gazette* and Professor Tyndal, dissolved in the solvent of holy desire, will become a one. We are, however, far from this state now, and meanwhile what? Where we cannot see our way from whatever cause, we must anew take our humble place, try to recover the lost union—Pray. And the prayer? Against cholera, of the kind “Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me, nevertheless not my will but Thine be done,” and if the humility of soul this prayer indicates be genuine, it will flow into all the knowledge we possess, and will urge us with tearful eye and abasement at our own remissness, to purge, scour, and cleanse with all our skill and all our inventiveness.

PRAYER, WITH ALL ITS INEFFICIENCY, ONE ELEMENT THAT GOVERNS THE FUTURE NOW.

I believe, indeed, that to the eye of God certain consequents will always follow from certain antecedents, yet in foreseeing the future, spiritual states must previously be grasped, and foremost among such antecedents is the reverential or prayerful attitude of man—that attitude which is the acknowledgement in man himself that he recognises his true position towards God in God’s creation, and works so far therefore in order instead of out of order.

EVERY ACT OF MAN EVEN NOW THE ANSWER TO PRAYER.—
IN THE GOOD OF PRAYER TO GOD; IN THE EVIL OF
PRAYER TO THE SOURCE OF EVIL.

And all men pray—the good to God, the evil to the devil. The mental world finds types and images in the physical, and God, the soul’s sun, draws forth prayer, as the physical sun draws forth vapour and emanations from the earth—nothing living, indeed, can escape the power of its respective sun. These vapours are unobservable during the growth and labour of the day, but shew external signs become noticeable, as rising mist when evening approaches, just as the inarticulate yearning of the soul towards God—whose existence has been the life of the day’s action seen by God in its aspiration, though not seen by man—takes articulate and outer expression when darkness threatens the mental world. We cannot escape this universal law, but inarticulately, if not articulately, we each breathe forth prayer in every desire; prayer that is good, wholesome and health-giving, so far as it is full of trust and reverence, bad, foul, and among evil emanations, the

source of disease, so far as it is full of self-conceit, self-exaltation, or self-aggrandizement.

NO PRAYER OF THE GOOD IRREVERENT.

And as to reverence in prayer. There is no irreverence in prayer for a rise in consols, if such a rise be desired for unselfish ends. He, indeed, who labours or transacts business from a desire to be the best and most useful possible in the sphere in which God has placed him, and looks on material success as indicative only of such well-doing, cannot be irreverent in any prayer, for success to him means a proof that he is excellent and useful, and a desire for excellence and usefulness is a desire to become a son of God.

How still Thy voice, our Father!—Considerate!—Aye, yet we abased, see in the stillness the tale of our unworthiness. We do not rest here, but open-handed willingly receive all we are fitted for, and full of trust, wait on Thee for the hour when our delight in Thee shall merge all lesser feelings in itself, and make us broad, clear-headed, gentle-hearted, true prophets, one with Thee as thou art one with Him from whom all breath is drawn.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

MR. L——, OF NEW YORK.

My friend, Mr. L——, of New York, whose recent visit to London I mentioned in a former paper, has returned home, and I have received a letter from him with some extracts from his diary recounting the incidents of several *séances* which he had prior to his leaving for Europe, but which have not been recorded in this journal, and one of a very interesting character he has had since his return to New York. It will be seen that the phenomena are as marvellous as any that I have yet mentioned, and that those occurring at the last sitting were witnessed by his friend Dr. Gray, the well-known physician.

The curious coincidence to which Mr. L—— alludes in his letter to me, and which he made the subject of a spiritual test, arose from the following circumstances.

Estelle's family were travelling in Europe in 1851, when Mr. L—— joined them at Baden-Baden. The principal rooms of the hotel being occupied when they arrived there, they were accommodated in a small cottage detached from and situated in

the garden of the hotel, and there it was that Mr. L—— first made proposals of marriage and gave the ring of betrothal to Estelle, who shortly after became his wife.

Being in Switzerland during his recent visit to Europe in the summer of last year in company with his sister, he telegraphed to Baden-Baden to secure apartments at the same hotel at which he had stayed in 1851. Upon their arrival the house was crowded with visitors, and he had allotted to him the identical bed-room in the cottage which Estelle had occupied before their marriage fourteen years ago. Mentioning the incident to me upon his return to London on his way home, I suggested that he should at the earliest opportunity make it a test, and he now relates the result in the following letter:—

“New York, Nov. 20th, 1865.

“My dear Mr. Coleman,—You will no doubt be interested to learn that my first spiritual manifestation, since my return from Europe, was in my own house, in the presence of Dr. Gray, and resulted in the tangible, real, visible presence of my wife in my own room, where there could by no possibility have been any other persons than Dr. Gray, the medium, and myself. This was on Friday evening, November 10th, 1865. The atmosphere was moderately electrical, cold and overcast. The medium and Dr. Gray having called to see me, we determined to have a sitting in a room upstairs, there being no persons in the house but the servants who were three flights below. The door was carefully locked, and, after seating ourselves at the table in the middle of the room, I turned out the gas. In about fifteen minutes a spirit-light rose from the floor on the side of the table opposite to the medium, and after describing a semi-circle over and above the table three times consecutively, it rested upon Dr. Gray's head and disappeared. The medium and myself were then requested to stand up. Upon our doing so, the light again made its appearance between us and the window, pressing us back a little, as though to give it more room. Vigorous rustlings succeeded this movement, and the next instant the figure of my wife stood before us holding a single flower in her hand, with every feature radiant, and vividly visible. She was dressed in white gossamer, which enveloped her head, a transparent veil falling just before her right eye, but thrown back. The veil was subsequently removed altogether. Her dress or robe was carefully plaited around the neck, but with that exception it was loose and flowing. It was of thicker material than that about her head, and seemed to be of the texture of silk and gossamer. As Dr. Gray was seated during this time (we standing between him and the spirit) he saw only the light and drapery, as she came and glided away, which she did five or six times during a period of about three-quarters

of an hour. For some cause, unknown to me, the spirit could not on this occasion remain visible to me when Dr. Gray approached. You will, perhaps, remember a suggestion you made to me in London, that upon my return I should make certain interesting circumstances which occurred to me on the Continent the subject of a spiritual test. I am happy to say, that it has been done with a most satisfactory result.

"I had mentioned the circumstances to no one on this side the ocean. At a second *séance*, two days after that which I have just described, I applied the test, as follows:—I wrote two questions without the medium's knowledge. The questions and answers were as follows:—

"My dear Wife,—I desire you this morning to write me a word about your appearance on Friday night last. Also something in reference to the interesting circumstance now on my mind, which occurred on the Continent during my late visit to Europe."

"Answer (written on a card by the spirit).—'My dear Husband,—I was most happy to come to you in form in our own house. It gave me joy greater than words can express. The next time I wish to wear a different dress. One entirely covered with violets and roses so that you may perfectly see their color. I was with you at Baden-Baden, and saw your thoughts of me while there. I was very near you—as near as at the time when I there promised to be yours for ever. I was near you when this thought came. I heard the echo go forth from your heart and my spirit was drawn at once to your side. Sacred memories are attached to that place. Do you remember, dear Charles, how happy we both were then? Be happy now, for I am ever near you.—ESTELLE.'

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*First Evening*.—Cold and clear. A bright fire was burning in the grate. I turned the gas down partially, but still sufficient to make all objects distinctly visible. I then opened the table about six inches in the middle, placing a large musical box across one side, and the table cover across the other, leaving an opening of about six inches square in the centre. After a few minutes a white fleshy hand rose pointing its fingers upward through this opening. A snow-white envelope encircled it from the wrist downwards. It was natural in shape, size, and colour. A few moments elapsed, when the hand again made its appearance, but now held a flower which with its stem was about three inches in length. I reached out my hand to touch it, and the instant it came in contact with the flower there was a snap like the discharge of electricity. By request I now turned up the gas, making the

room fully light. The hand again rose, holding the flower, which it placed upon a sheet of white paper which I had placed next the opening. I lifted the paper and examined the flower, which was to all appearance a lovely pink rosebud, with green leaves. Miss Fox took it in her fingers and held it up for examination. It was damp, cold, and glutinous. As expressions of dissatisfaction from the unseen agents of this wonder were here manifested, she replaced the flower upon the paper, when the hand rose, seized, and took it away instantly. Various flowers of different sizes, shapes, and colours, were presented. One was a small white flower like a daisy. By raps it was said, 'Obey directions; you wither the flowers by your touch.'

"Second Evening.—Foggy and damp, conditions unfavourable. A very fine light made its appearance, demonstrating or illustrating the method of making the raps—the light was in the form of a cylinder, with its usual accompaniment of envelope. It was placed in my hand to test its weight. On closing the hand, and pressing it, I found that the shell or surface gave way and became indented. I received by visible raps, the following message:—'It is true that this communion brings to you blessings in your daily life. Value these rare blessings, for there are few whose souls have been breathed upon by us. There is a life within a life; mortal and immortal; perishable and lasting. They walk side by side; the one is made of changes and cares; the other is hallowed by peace and hope; smiles and tears form one; eternal bliss and happiness the other.'

"Third Evening.—Cold and clear. The spirit-light soon rose divided into two, and discovered before us standing the beautiful spirit-form of my wife, so often described. She was vividly visible, but differently dressed from her usual style, apparently typical of something which I did not understand. A kind of turban was wreathed about the head, of gossamer and gold, sparkling with bright points like diamonds, her head resting upon her right hand. After remaining visible for some time we crossed the room, where she again appeared similarly dressed. The shining head-dress was entirely new. After she had disappeared the light floated about, as answering questions by rapid circular motions. The light then rose near to the ceiling, describing revolutions the reverse of its previous motions. At times these revolutions described circles of six to eight feet in diameter. I asked that the light might pass around us, which was immediately done with great rapidity. A large roll of drawing paper was taken up during these gyrations, and carried with the light. The light itself, as well as the envelope, was heard occasionally to strike against the table or ceiling with considerable force as it passed about.

"*Fourth Evening.*—Cold and overcast, with threatened storm. Shortly after the gas was turned out heavy rustlings were heard, a brilliant electric light rose, and the well-known countenance of Dr. Franklin beamed upon us. No words can convey an idea of the calm peaceful serenity, the dignity, the spirituality which shone out from that face. Although I have so often before seen it, yet on this occasion I was more than ever impressed, for his every feature was radiant. The light was very powerful, rendering him distinctly visible. He appeared in four different parts of the room, and each time differently draped or dressed. My hat, which had been left upon the bureau, was worn by him a portion of the time, and then taken from his head in full view, and placed upon mine by the spirit. Immediately afterwards, while my hat was still upon my head, he was seen wearing a three-cornered hat, a ruffled shirt, white neckerchief without collar, his grey hair behind the ears. He was enveloped in a dark robe, which passed down by the side of his face, partially shielding that side, and was drawn across his breast about six or eight inches below the chin. This mantle I examined both by sight and touch, and found that it resembled in fabric rather coarse dark flannel or worsted stuff. Beneath this his dress was perfect, the cravat and ruffler were spotless white, and the vest and coat real, for I pulled aside the mantle with my own hand. His face was like the crystallization of expression, the expression changing during the intervals of invisibility. The formation being instant and temporary, no doubt lacks the nerves and muscles of the human physical organization, and hence can of necessity only exhibit one attitude or phase of expression, for each crystallization (or naturalization) during which the features and expression are *en permanence*.

"*Fifth Evening.*—Snow and rain. The spirit (or electric) light first appeared suspended about two feet above the table, when we were requested to notice it carefully. Descending, it struck the table with a metallic sound, like two tumblers striking together. It was cylindrical in form, about three and a half inches in height, and a little less in width or thickness. The spiritual envelope (or covering) was thrown over it like a handkerchief, the illumination shining through and giving it the appearance of a glass globe or lighted lantern covered with gossamer. We were particularly directed to notice the order now. The envelope was then partially withdrawn and disclosed a cluster of the most exquisite illuminated crystals which can be imagined. It seemed like a mass of diamond points of about three inches, cubic shape. These points of light were very brilliant and beautiful. The envelope was now withdrawn entirely—the cluster rose reaching a point distant about a foot from our eyes, when the vehicle of

light was inclined towards us, and discovered to be a hollow tube—the crystals forming the outward wall, while in its depth at the bottom, inside, was a ring or circle of light, dark at the centre, but very brilliant on the outer rim. This vessel was then inclined towards us quickly, and raised again to a perpendicular. Rings of luminous vapour escaped in the direction of our faces, and were found to exhale a most exquisite perfume. This was frequently repeated, the vapour remaining luminous for some seconds after it was thrown off, and while floating through the atmosphere. This odour can scarcely be described—it was as evanescent as ether, peculiarly exhilarating and delightful. Descending again, the envelope was thrown over the cluster, when a single brilliant point of light appeared on the envelope, traversing it in all directions, and appearing precisely like the focus of a burning or sun glass. The room was filled with odour from this source. There was no perfume on the outside of the vessel, but it escaped in profusion from the inside. We followed this light through the room, and passed around it constantly, seeing and smelling the illuminated vapour as it was thrown off in rings and clouds.

“NOTE.—Every manifestation varies from the preceding one. No two sittings ever result in exactly the same phenomena.

“*Sixth Evening.*—Atmosphere clear. A bright coal fire and gas burning, the latter about half turned off. Opened the table about the width of six to eight inches. Soon a white female hand rose through the opening; answered my questions by significant movements. It touched my own hand, took hold of my fingers, &c. I placed my handkerchief upon a large musical box on the table. The hand rose, grasped it, and carried it away. This hand was at times amorphous or clumsily shaped. Again it would appear perfect or more nearly so. At times the fingers were widely spread, seemingly stiff, and moving with difficulty—again, flexible and natural. It was fleshy in colour and to the touch, but unnaturally white. I did not see it beyond the wrist. I had frequently by the spirit-light seen that the formation ended at the wrist. There was no envelope or covering, such as generally accompanies these temporary formations in the spirit-light.

“*Seventh Evening.*—Weather clear and cold. At the conclusion of a message a light rose from the floor, discovering to us the spirit of my wife standing before us in all her beauty. My hat was asked for, to shield the light, I held it with the opening towards the spirit, the light being shaken quickly inside the hat (by the spirit), threw out brilliant radiations until her face was radiant. A delicate veil of gossamer (white) depended from above her forehead, which we took in our hands for examina-

tion. I held it myself before her face, found it transparent, and of such delicate tissue that it heightened her beauty and made her seem still more ethereal. We now crossed the room to a sofa. The spirit said (by raps) "*I wish to recline on the sofa.*" Loud rustlings and movements were heard, when we found that a sofa-pillow, forming one end of the sofa, was in the process of being detached, and afterwards we saw it placed on end in the corner of the sofa, against which she was now seen reclining. We bent over and examined with great care her face and dress. The dress was white, a narrow ribbon was across her forehead, over which was a small white rose. A bunch of violets over her left temple and a pink rose behind her ear. Her hair fell loosely, so that I took locks of it and placed it over the white robe, which I also took hold of and examined carefully. It was neatly trimmed, with a narrow ruffle and plaited in front. Some very interesting experiments were made after she had disappeared. We stood in the middle of the room, the spirit-light hanging suspended in front, swinging like a pendulum. I noticed it was like a glass tube, or piece of crystal, about two inches in diameter, six inches long, and was suspended in its envelope like a bag. This bag was luminous some four to six inches above the top of the crystal, fading into a darker material. By my request it was placed in my hand (on a level with my chest) and while I was in the act of holding it, a hand about two feet above took hold of the rim of my hat which I had on my head, and I noticed that the bag in my hand was held by the hand above. This light was then placed upon the rim of my hat, and allowed to remain there whilst I moved about the room. It felt solid and heavy—say from one to two pounds in weight. Subsequently I made a very careful examination of the light, which at my request was placed in my hand, and removed again at my bidding. It was hard and flint-like, with the appearance of liquid electricity, or light flowing inside in livid coruscations. The hand which held the light thus suspended above, at the same time took off my hat, and both the light and the hat were raised and lowered by the same agency. I noticed that the envelope became coarse and dark in proportion to its distance from the reservoir of electrical light. This was made to revolve, shewing that it was propelled by a hand invisible, but holding that portion of the bag which was dark. The revolutions were rapid, describing a circle the entire circumference of the room, with such rapidity and effect that it seemed a continuous wheel or circle of light.

"*Eighth Evening.*—A card was privately marked by myself. The spirit-light came upon the table covered with its envelope. The card was by request placed upon the light, where it remained for about half a minute. I then took it in my hand and found it

was covered on both sides with writing in large letters. On one side I read as follows:—

“‘There is great joy in the Future for you. Be not too much absorbed in business.—ESTELLE.’

“After reading it, I again placed the card upon the light for the same length of time, and upon re-examination found the writing had entirely disappeared. I replaced it, received other messages, and saw them disappear in the same manner several times. The last writing was particularly distinct, and upon its disappearance I retained the card, which had not been out of my sight for one moment during the manifestations, found my private mark upon it, but no other mark or sign of that which I had read. The writing appeared to be in pencil, but there was no pencil in the room at the time.

MR. SOTHERN AND THE MIRACLE CIRCLE.

The Glasgow papers having reproduced the “Miracle Circle” article which appeared in my last Paper on Passing Events, Mr. Sothern who was performing in that city at the time, felt compelled to notice it, and the following letter from him addressed to the *Evening Citizen* is sufficiently remarkable to merit a place where it may stand “to point a moral.” After a long preamble and apology for “excavating from the gloomy obscurity of their original source the mis-statements of spiritual writers,” and reciting “the main count in the indictment” against him, he proceeds to give the following history of his own most discreditable conduct in connexion with the MIRACLE CIRCLE OF NEW YORK:—

“The ‘actor named Stuart’ is now better known as ‘the actor named Sothern.’ Following sufficiently illustrious precedents, I used an assumed name when I entered on my profession, and I only resumed my own by the advice of my friend Mr. James Wallack. The ‘party of Spiritualists’ was *not* composed chiefly of ‘actors and actresses.’ It would have been none the worse if it had been; but in reality it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high position in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity and interest, joined in a thorough, practical, and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of ‘Spiritualism.’ We were quite ready for either result: to believe it if it were true; to reject it if found false; and in the latter case I at least resolved in due time to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing not only all the wonderful ‘manifestations’ of the professional ‘media,’ but other

effects still more startling. We simply tried to reproduce the appearances and the results which we had heard of, and read of, and seen—and we succeeded. Pushing our practice, and experiments further, we attained the capacity to execute feats much more remarkable than those presented at any of the 'spiritual *séances*.' An American gentleman and myself took the part of the 'media;' the rest of the company assisted; and I do not hesitate to say that we outdid everything ever attempted or accomplished by Home or the Davenports, or any of the other more notorious spiritual exhibitors.

"Not the least of our discoveries was that the whole thing was a myth. We did all that the Spiritualists did and more; but we were our own 'agents,' and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences had we had the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement book, and to make appointments. People came from all parts of America and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronised. The only difference was, we didn't charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment, being free, was liberally supported; and when I add that the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that 'The Miracle Circle' was much favoured and warmly encouraged. The indulgence of our love of fun cost us some money, but yielded us an immensity of pleasure. To speak colloquially, it was an expensive but extensive 'sell.' We did put pens under the table, and get signatures of Shakspeare and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we did produce spirit-hands and spirit-forms; people did float in the air—at least we made our audience really believe they did, which was quite sufficient for our purpose and theirs. We exhibited phenomena which was startling enough in all conscience and we made our visitors believe in their reality. How we succeeded in doing this—how we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only fancied they saw and felt—how we produced results the causes of which were not apparent to the physical senses of the spectators—how, in fine, we did things which must have seemed to be, and what many of our visitors believed to be supernatural and miraculous—I do not intend to explain. We *did* them: how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. Yet professional and paid

'media' came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over 'the spirits!'

"I have been told by many scientific persons—even in this city where I am now residing—that I am a 'wonderful psychologist.' It is extremely pleasant and very flattering to be told that. Perhaps I am a 'wonderful psychologist'—I hope I am; but I doubt it. At all events—whatever psychological or quasi-spiritual powers I may possess—I have never exhibited them in public; I have never made money by displaying them; I have recognised the difference between performing an interesting and amusing delusion to entertain myself and a private company, and swindling the public by taking guineas from people for shewing them, as 'spiritual manifestations,' feats which I could perform by physical and mechanical forces of my own.

"I do not know the Messrs. Davenport; I never saw them but once, when I paid some 15s., I believe, and came away powerfully impressed with the conviction that either their supporters and believers were mad or that I was, and yet with a comfortable belief in my own sanity. I had nothing to do with their memorable exposures in England and France.

"The object of this writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* has been to represent me as having exhibited 'spiritual manifestations' in America, and of having exposed them here. I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the 'manifestations' and did exhibit them, but they were not 'spiritual,' and I did not exhibit them, in public, nor for money. I therefore consider myself free from the imputations of having obtained money under false pretences, encouraged idle superstitions, or perpetrated blasphemous burlesques of sacred things. I look upon every Spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that, I have proved it. I have done all that they can do, and more. The history of 'Spiritualism' in this country and America is, on the one hand a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, and irreligion: and on the other, of fraud, and impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. I do not say that there are not 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' but I do say that, as the result of such a practical investigation of 'Spiritualism' as I believe few other men have made, I must honestly and fearlessly denounce it as a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle.—

Yours, &c.,

"E. A. SOTHERN.

"Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Dec. 6, 1865."

A correspondent sent me the letter to which I made the following reply:—

“ 51, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater,
“ London, Dec. 9, 1865.

“ Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken in sending me Mr. Sothern's letter to the *Evening Citizen*. It is well that Mr. Sothern does not deny the statements made by me in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and that he admits the part he played at the “Miracle Circle” in New York, where he was only famous as Mr. Stuart the wonder-worker.

“ It is to be regretted, for his own sake, that Mr. Sothern has not had the candour to proclaim these facts before: and it remains to be seen whether his present version of the proceedings carried on at the Miracle Circle “for more than two years” does not produce a flat contradiction from some who took part in them.

“ Mr. Sothern's anomalous admissions and affected indignation at the conduct of those whom he designates “impostors,” “swindlers,” “idiots,” &c., are a curiosity in their way, and prove that his fame as the great exemplar of a certain type of humanity is well earned.

“ Mr. Sothern says ‘that people *did* float in the air;’ ‘that we *did* produce spirit-hands, and spirit-forms; that we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only believed that they saw and felt,’ that ‘things were done which many visitors who came from all parts of the country believed to be supernatural and miraculous;’ that ‘we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies;’ but how these impostures were and still are accomplished by him he does ‘not intend to explain,’ and that he forsooth ‘looks upon every Spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot.’

“ Now I am not disposed to accept Mr. Sothern as an authority upon this subject. I am not inclined to believe that four millions of persons, including ‘the most intelligent men in America,’ and hundreds of thousands in Europe who believe in spiritual manifestations, are either knaves or imbeciles. ‘This is a thing no fellah can understand.’ But what Mr. Sothern *really* believes, and what I do not, is of small importance. He asserts that he is not a medium for spiritual manifestations, but he does not venture, though he encourages the inference, and allows others to say it—that *he is only a juggler*, and this is the point at issue. I repeat, that *if the conditions* under which he and Mr. Addison perform their ‘miracles’ for the amusement of their private friends are truly stated by themselves, their performances are *not* accomplished by legerdemain. The *phenomena* are *real*, and the power they possess to produce them is the same power that the Davenportes, and many others, including a townsman of yours,

possess, be that power what it may. Until, therefore, Mr. Sothern and Mr. Addison distinctly assert, and undertake to prove it to the satisfaction of a committee of gentlemen, that their pretended exposures of what they call 'the Davenport swindle' are not 'sells,' as Mr. Sothern elegantly expresses it, practised upon their own friends, they must both lie under the imputation of having acted a most ungenerous and unmanly part in pandering to the prejudices of the public, and misleading the press to do a great wrong to the American youths, who, notwithstanding the great excitement which their *honest* exhibitions has created in this and other countries, have never yet being convicted of fraud.

"The Davenports are, however, again in London, giving private *séances*, and Mr. Sothern, if he dare, has still the opportunity of unmasking 'the swindle' if he can, and thus allowing the public to decide *who* are the impostors in this controversy.

"I do not object, if you wish it, to your publishing this letter; and if Mr. Sothern ventures to make the distinct assertion—which you will see he will not do—that he cheats the senses of his auditors by an adroit conjuring trick, which can be taught and practised by an expert, I shall be able to show that that at least is not the explanation which 'the American gentleman' gives to their exhibitions at the *Miracle Circle* in New York.—I am, &c.

"BENJAMIN COLEMAN."

It will be seen from this letter that I am still of opinion that Mr. Sothern and his *confrère* Mr. Addison are mediums—that the phenomena, like the Davenport manifestations, are produced by an occult power possessed by them, and consequently that the phenomena are not and cannot be effected by jugglery, and which *they* do not say they are, but which the editor of the *Star* pretends to believe them to be, and thus finds a justification for the course he has pursued by the false and one-sided advocacy he has taken up in the Davenport controversy. The editor of the *Star* having reproduced Mr. Sothern's letter, I called upon him, and asked if he intended to publish my reply, expressing at the same time my conviction that he would not—and of course he did not. Mr. Sothern's letter, he said, was interesting because it *was* Mr. Sothern's; overlooking the fact that the moral delinquencies to which this actor unblushingly pleads guilty, are disgraceful to himself and to all who abet him in his present and past conduct in these matters.

Here is a man who, whilst denouncing in hypocritical and canting language Spiritualism as "a blasphemous burlesque of sacred things," and every Spiritualist as "either an impostor or an idiot," confesses that for "two years" he practised the grossest impostures on the credulity of his auditors, amongst whom were

some of "the most intelligent men in America," by making them believe that they were witnessing something that was "supernatural and miraculous," when the whole thing was "a swindle," got up and continued from his "love of fun," and which "yielded him an immensity of pleasure." If his statement of the part he played be really true, does he not confess himself a blasphemer of "sacred things;" and if it be not true, does he not exhibit a "cowardly terror" of the consequences of confessing himself a medium in this country, where Spiritualism is as yet an unpopular belief, whilst in America, where the belief in and knowledge of spiritual phenomena is universal, he aimed only to be considered as the prince of miracle-workers?

Such conduct is indeed a wicked trifling with "sacred things." The most "impudent chicanery and blasphemous indecency," practised by a man who cannot believe in the Spiritualism of the Bible, or he would not insult a Christian community by confessing himself a practical joker of the most reckless character, and canting about "religion" in the same breath.

According to this man's moral code, it is "blasphemous indecency" to impose upon the credulity of your fellow-man if you take money for the exhibition; but it is a highly meritorious act if you do the same thing "for fun." We shall see, however, where this remarkable confession will land Mr. Sothorn. We shall see whether public opinion will suffer him to stigmatize Spiritualism as a "wilful self-delusion," and "all mediums as swindlers," without being compelled to prove it.

By his own admissions Mr. Sothorn has acted very wickedly, for how stands the case. For two years he carries on, at a great expense to himself, his imitations of well-known and accredited phenomena, and which there is of course a possibility of imitating to some extent, and in this way he hoaxes a great many observers—some of them Spiritualists and some not—into a belief of spiritual powers. His wickedness is shewn in his leaving the matter there, because to have made the hoax complete, he should not only have undeceived them as early as possible afterwards, but he should have laid the whole mode of operation before the public, in order to put them on their guard for the future, as well as to undeceive them as to the past. He should have done this especially when he visited the Davenport exhibition. But he does neither, and never for eight years has taken a single step to give his dupes the benefit of his knowledge. He has therefore, on his own shewing, done them a serious injury, and even now, though he says he intended at a proper time to undeceive the world, after the lapse of eight years, he does not feel that the proper time has come to expose the counterfeit coin which he says he had palmed upon them. Until he not only does this in print, but shews

before Spiritualists that his words are true, by performing his feats before them, he has done nothing, for of course no one can believe what such a person says, after the account which he has given of himself.

I say, therefore, let Mr. Sothern perform his tricks, surpassing those of the Davenports, before a committee properly selected, so that his words may be proved. I utterly disbelieve him, or that it is possible for him to do what he says he can do, in the presence of half a dozen intelligent Spiritualists. But if he can, let him do it at once, and he shall have at all events the credit of doing what all our best conjurors in both London and Paris have hopelessly failed in. It will still leave Spiritualism untouched until it be proved that the mediums do the same things in the same way, and not through an occult power. In the meantime, whether he succeed, or whether he fail, his own character and conduct, upon his own shewing, must become a heavy burden to him. Mark the result, and then decide *who* are the impostors in this controversy.

MR. SOTHERN IN A NEW CHARACTER AT THE HOLLOWAY CIRCLE.

There lives at 129, George's-road, Holloway, a very respectable, quiet, inoffensive, and humble couple named Wallace, man and wife, who are, I am told, good test mediums. Some few months past, Mr. T——, an earnest and highly reliable man, a Spiritualist, made an appointment at the request of Mr. Addison with the Wallaces to hold a *séance* at their cottage; and accompanied by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Toole the comedian, and two or three others, they assembled at the Wallace's, and took their seats in the usual way around a circular table.

The table moved about, despite the efforts of Mr. Toole to restrain it. Mental questions were correctly answered; tippings, rappings, and all the usual manifestations which accompany this class of mediumship were taking place, when at length Mr. Sothern, who was very serious throughout, turned pale, and falling from his chair in violent convulsions, put an end to the *séance*. He foamed at the mouth, barked like a dog, bit his own fingers and attempted to bite others. He tried to beat his head against the floor, and exhibited all the symptoms of a raving madman. Mr. Sothern's friends were much alarmed, and wished to send for a doctor, but Mr. T——, believing it to be a case of "evil possession," begged them to leave their friend to him. They anxiously enquired if Mr. T—— had ever seen such a case before. He said he had, and he believed he could exorcise the evil influence. Then placing his legs astride their prostrate companion, he lifted him from the floor, and solemnly commanding

the evil one to leave the man, Mr. Sothern, in an exhausted condition, with moisture streaming from his nose, and inflamed eyes, was taken out to the fresh air, and as soon as sufficiently restored, he was led in feeble condition to the carriage which awaited him, and drove away with his friends.

The facts as I have stated them being indisputable, what is *your* explanation, Mr. Sothern, of this extraordinary exhibition? Were you, on that occasion, practising upon your companions an "extensive sell" by re-producing appearances which you "had heard of, and read of, and seen?" Were you "making them believe *they* saw what they only fancied they saw," and that you did *not* roll upon the floor, and foam at the mouth and bark like a dog? That all was deception, done for the purpose of annoying two humble and inoffensive people, *whom you had sought in their obscure dwelling and paid for their trouble*, merely for the purpose of exposing their "self-delusion, imbecility, fraud, impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency?" Were you only indulging your "love of fun," and giving yourself an "immensity of pleasure" by such an idle, worthless, and degrading exhibition of histrionic power? Or were you indeed under an irresistible influence, known to the initiated, which you could not control?

You have already frankly confessed the impostures which *you* say you successfully practised for "two years," upon some "of the most eminent men in America," at the "Miracle Circle." Will you now explain to your friends and sympathizers the meaning of that crowning act of your achievements, performed before some of the least eminent persons in England, at the Holloway Circle?

THE WINTER SOIREEs.

MISS HARDINGE has delivered seven Addresses at these private gatherings, which have been attended by the leading Spiritualists and others, who have been attracted to the full extent of the accommodation which the Rooms could afford, to hear this noble and highly-gifted woman. Each successive Address has only created a higher interest in the unparalleled beauty and force of Miss Hardinge's eloquence. The last Address on "Hades" was a masterpiece of touching pathos and powerful illustration.

Miss Hardinge is to speak for the first time in public on Saturday, the 13th January, at 3 o'clock, in the Great Hall at St. James's, Regent-street, when we hope there will be a large attendance to welcome her.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

MR. SOTHERN AT THE MIRACLE CIRCLE.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Sothern's celebrated manifesto against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, it has gone the round of the press. Numbers of very shallow thinkers have seized upon it, and have sent copies to their friends, who are believers in Spiritualism, as a triumphant exposure of their presumed "self-delusions," whilst Mr. Sothern has, no doubt, chuckled over the "extensive sell" he was practising upon a whole community of Englishmen and women, in the hope that he might thereby continue to sustain his popularity as an actor. The infatuation which has led this person for months past to parade his real or pretended occult powers in private society, whilst he has publicly denounced other mediums as "swindlers and impostors," and the audacious character of the letter which he addressed to the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, is, to my mind, the plainest proof that he is being lured on by "spirits" to his own inevitable destruction in the social scale, and that the Almighty Ruler works in this mysterious way to establish His truths in the hearts and minds of an unbelieving generation.

Mr. Sothern's letter, it will be recollected, was a reply to the MIRACLE CIRCLE article, in which I gave a history of his proceedings as a miracle-worker in America, and in that letter he attempts to throw discredit upon my account of the MIRACLE CIRCLE, and says: "Nobody, I suspect, will be perverted to a belief in Spiritualism by reading the mis-statements of spiritual writers. The object of the writer," he continues, "in the *Spiritual Magazine* has been to represent me as having exhibited

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spiritual manifestations in America, and having exposed them here." "I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the manifestations, and did exhibit them, but they were not spiritual." "The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that. I have proved it," &c., &c.

How, when, and where, I ask, has Mr. Sothern *proved* anything that supports his daring assertions? He could only prove them by showing the *modus operandi*, and explaining it. But so far from doing anything so honest, so simple, and so obviously necessary to entitle his statements to the slightest respect, he coolly declines to explain anything. "We *did* them," he says; "how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare." He charges thousands of innocent people, his superiors in every way, who possess only the same power, it may be, that he himself possesses, with being cheats and swindlers; and all who believe in the reality of phenomena produced by them "as either impostors or idiots;" and yet he declines to give an explanation. This absurd and mendacious mode of dealing with a grave and important truth, or a so-called "delusion," is eagerly accepted by the uninformed multitude as a complete exposure of Spiritualism; and Mr. Sothern, under a spiritually-influenced "self-delusion," like the ostrich in the desert sticks his head in the sand, in the comforting belief that no one sees him, that no one will follow him, and that he will, at least, make capital for a time by "out-Barnuming Barnum," "the Prince of Humbugs," who was at one time his employer, and from whom he no doubt learnt the art of imposing upon public credulity.

Credulity is the common cry made by the sceptical against Spiritualists, whose faith is based upon demonstrable facts. What then must be the intellectual condition of the masses; what the strength of the opposition of those who eagerly adopt the testimony of such a witness to satisfy their prejudices? Credulity, indeed, of the most humiliating character, is the fitting term to apply to those who take the word of a self-confessed impostor, in preference to the testimony of the most intelligent and honoured men on both sides of the Atlantic! Mr. Sothern speaks of the mis-statements of spiritual writers, but the *only* mis-statement, according to his version, which I made, was in asserting that the MIRACLE CIRCLE was composed chiefly of actors and actresses. He says—"The party of Spiritualists was *not* composed chiefly of actors and actresses—it would have been none the worse if it had been!—but in reality it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high positions in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity, joined in a thorough practical and exhaustive investigation of Spiritualism." "We were quite

ready for either result,—to believe it if true ; to reject it if found false ; and in the latter case I at least resolved, in due time, to expose it.” “For more than two years we held weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing not only all the wonderful manifestations of the professional media, but other effects still more startling.” “Professional media came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over the spirits.”

According to this veracious Barnumite, the Miracle Circle was absolutely composed of twelve professional men of high position, *not* actors, and these twelve men of high character carried on the gross deceptions described by Mr. Sothern, “for more than two years,” and though “they had jolly little suppers” and an “immensity of pleasure” in “selling” the numerous persons who came from all parts, including “some of the most intelligent men in America,” they ultimately came to the conclusion “that the whole thing was a myth;” and the history of Spiritualism in America and England is, in Mr. Sothern’s opinion, “a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, irreligion, fraud, impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency.”

The questions which arise upon a calm consideration of Mr. Sothern’s very bold statements are—Could professional mediums, who were themselves deceivers, be deceived by Mr. Sothern’s impostures? Did these twelve gentlemen of high professional positions, ever make a public or even a private declaration of their convictions, after their thorough and searching investigations?

Is there any record of their verdict to be found anywhere? Is it possible that twelve intelligent men should require two years to discover a myth which they were themselves performing? Is it likely that twelve men of high character ever lent themselves to such gross impositions as Mr. Sothern attributes to them? and what is to be said of Mr. Sothern himself, who resolved in, what he calls, due time to expose it, and who, whilst declaring that men like Judge Edmonds, Dr. Gray, Professor Hare, Governor Tallmadge, Professor Mapes, the Honourable Robert Dale Owen, and many others of “*the most intelligent men in America,*” are either “impostors or idiots,” that “he knows it and has proved that these things are not done by spiritual or supernatural means,” and yet, as I have said, still declines to explain anything!!! Surely, of all the gross impostures to which this person pleads guilty, none is so great as this most impudent attempt to impose upon the credulity of the British public, influenced, as I can only conceive him to be, by the most sordid motives and a “cowardly terror” of the consequences to his popularity as an actor. Mr. Sothern’s letter I now fearlessly

stigmatize as an impudently audacious and untruthful document, and I am about to offer evidence, daring Mr. Sothern to controvert my statements if he can.

The Miracle Circle was *not* composed of twelve gentlemen of "high position in their respective professions." The members of that celebrated circle were, as I originally stated, composed chiefly of actors and actresses, and those, too, belonging to a theatre of the least repute in New York. Here are their names :

JOHN BRIDGMAN, *an actor at Barnum's Museum !*

THOMAS HADDAWAY, *an actor at Barnum's Museum !*

DOUGLAS STUART (now E. A. Sothern), *an actor at Barnum's Museum !*

BENJAMIN WOOLF, *sen., Leader of the Orchestra at Barnum's Museum !*

HENRY ISHERWOOD, *Scene-painter at Wallack's Theatre !*

Mrs. BENJAMIN WOOLF,

Miss ORTON, *a ballet girl at Barnum's Museum !* and

BENJAMIN WOOLF, *jun !*

Mr. Sothern was the promoter of this circle, and was thought by some to be a most powerful spirit-medium, both for writing and for physical manifestations. But by others, and especially by the leading Spiritualists of New York, he was then denounced as a mean impostor (such as he now admits himself to have been), having, possibly, some mediumistic power, but mixing up with it a great deal of charlatanism. He aimed, however, in a country where mediumship was common, and where very extraordinary manifestations were witnessed in all parts, at establishing his fame as a miracle-worker, and he never disclaimed the honour of being a medium at any time.

At the Miracle Circle Mr. Sothern always presided, and the usual directions for forming it were professedly written by the spirits through his hand. Hundreds of persons stood upon the list for admission, but not more than twenty visitors were permitted to be present at each sitting, and they were selected according to the spirits' dictation by Mr. Sothern writing out their names automatically.

The meetings were held at Benjamin Woolf's house, in Elm-street, on every Sunday evening, and records of their proceedings were kept by Mr. Isherwood, *which are still in existence*. The room was carpeted and nicely furnished. The walls were hung with pictures, which Sothern and Woolf assured their visitors had been painted by the spirits of Rembrandt, Guido, and others.

The *séances* were conducted in the most open manner ; every visitor being permitted to make, according to the statements of some, a thorough examination of the table and general arrange-

ments of the room. *The gas* WAS GENERALLY BURNING THROUGHOUT THE SEANCE. THERE WERE FEW DARK CIRCLES; the results were wonderful. The following are the incidents of one evening, as described to me by a visitor, himself a non-professional medium, whom I will call, John Smith.

Mr. Sothern was seated at the head of a long table, Mr. Benjamin Woolf, jun., who was also considered a good medium, sat at the other end.

Mr. Sothern, spiritually influenced, wrote: "John Smith, put your hand under the table." My informant said: "I did as desired, all other persons' hands being visible, and resting upon the table."

"An envelope was immediately placed in my hand by the invisibles. I opened it and found enclosed a neat water colour drawing, I was told to replace it in the envelope, and to hold it under the table. I did so, when it was taken from me in an instant, and again returned to me. Upon opening the envelope again, I found, to my surprise, that the drawing had vanished. I knew that it was the same paper on which I had seen the drawing, a few moments before, for I had secretly torn a piece from the corner. The room was lighted, the fire and gas were burning, and none of the persons had moved from their seats. I was then told to throw my pocket handkerchief under the table, which I did, in a few seconds it was returned to me, tightly knotted and strongly perfumed with *Eau de Cologne*. I was assured that there was no such perfume in the house, and if there had been, the manifestation would have been none the less curious.

"I then witnessed a very extraordinary fact—a sheet of foolscap paper, and several letters addressed to persons present, came fluttering from the ceiling and they were dropped upon the table. The sheet of paper was covered with writing, and purported to contain translations from Homer, and it was signed "Ben Jonson." My informant, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Sothern, added that Mr. Sothern was never known to have expressed a doubt of these things being produced by spirits, nor has he ever declared publicly in America that he was not a medium; on the contrary, he was too proud of the celebrity which it gave him, for he had none at that time as an actor at Barnum's Museum. When he obtained an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, a Mr. Stewart was the acting manager, and he objecting to the probable confusion which would arise from two of the name, though not spelt the same, Mr. Sothern changed his to that of his own family name.

Mr. Sothern's letter, it appears, soon found its way to America, and its tenor is thus commented upon by *The New*

York Sunday Times, the writer in which seems to have been well acquainted with him.

"**LORD DUNDREARY A MEDIUM.**—Mr. Sothern, the actor, celebrated as the original personator of 'Lord Dundreary,' and who is now living in London upon the handsome competence accumulated by his 'hit' in the Dundreary rôle, has published a letter ridiculing 'Spiritualism' as a gross imposition. He relates his very curious experience in this city when, under the *nom de plume* of Stuart, he sustained a leading part in a 'miracle circle.' We remember Mr. Sothern very well when, as Mr. Stuart, he played the 'walking gentleman' at Barnum's Museum, and was considered hardly worth his meagre salary of fifteen dollars a week. We also remember the same Mr. Stuart when, as a small actor at some place of amusement here, he professed to be a mesmeriser. He created quite a sensation by admitting the truth of an accusation brought against him, by a certain young actress, that he had * * * * *† after placing her in a state of mesmeric influence. We were all well acquainted at the time with the 'spiritual circle' at which he was the 'operator,' and of which young Mr. Wolf, son of Wolf, the Museum orchestra leader, and now husband of Josephine Orton, late the heroine of 'Arrah-na-Pogue' at Niblo's, but then a ballet girl at the Museum, was the writing medium. Andrews, the actor,‡ was an 'outside medium' in the same 'circle,' and used to paint some very fine landscapes which he asserted were produced under the immediate inspiration of the spirits of Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo, and so on. Mr. Wolf was an uncommonly skilful impostor, and readily produced a variety of chirography as the *fac similes* of the handwriting of departed people. Mr. Sothern was the least gifted of the entire company of simulators. He was a good-looking, gay, vivacious, 'fast' young man, whose pretty wife continually won the sympathy of those who were witnesses to her husband's * * * * *.† Mr. Sothern, therefore, boasts entirely too much, of his 'fame as a medium,' for, in justice to spiritualism, (in which we admit that we have no faith) we must confess that he never *was* a 'medium' of any importance, all his tricks being transparent, and the collusion between him and his confederates self-evident. Possibly he thinks it safe, at such a distance from the scene of his folly, to magnify the success of his fraud; but there are too many persons in New York cognisant of the facts to let his self-complacency go undiscredited."—*New York Sunday Times*, December 31, 1865.

† I have omitted these passages, which relate to matters into which I do not desire to enter.

‡ Perhaps the same Mr. Andrews who is mentioned above as being present at the house of Mr. Addison.

MR. SOTHERN IN A FARCE AT THE MAIDA-HILL CIRCLE.

The well-known mediums, Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Marshall, reside at 7, Bristol-gardens, Maida-hill.

I have known these persons, mother and daughter, for more than ten years: they are not educated women, but they are respectable in their conduct, unobtrusive in their manners, kindly in their dispositions, and, before they were so much sought after by persons in search of spiritual evidence, extremely industrious; obtaining their livelihood as workers in hair, which trade they have abandoned only, since the younger Mrs. Marshall became fully developed as a spiritual test-medium for physical manifestations. Many hundreds of visitors of the higher classes of London society, who have become familiar, through the Marshalls' mediumship, with spiritual phenomena, will, I am sure, attest all that I say of them.

One morning in the month of July last, Mrs. Marshall received a telegram from a Captain Stuart, announcing that he and a party of friends would visit them in the course of that day, and about the appointed hour Mr. Edward Sothorn, under the name of Captain Stuart, Mr. J. H. Addison, "the medium *malgré lui*," Mr. John L. Toole, the comedian, and another, all strangers to the Marshalls, arrived at the house, and expressed their desire to have a sitting. Selecting the largest of two round tables which stood in the room, the four visitors took their seats, and showed by their manner that they were not strangers to the subject. The rapping sounds were profuse, and, amongst other evidences of an invisible power, the table was raised clearly from the floor.

Mr. Sothorn conducted the *séance*, and as each manifestation occurred, he undertook to explain how "the trick" was accomplished; and to show how easily a table could be raised, he and Mr. Toole placed their feet under its base, and actually succeeded in raising it, though somewhat clumsily, from the floor. It was then suggested that a sheet of paper and pencil should be put under the table, Mr. Sothorn asking that the name of one of those present should be written upon it. In an instant his request was complied with, and the name EDWARD was found written upon the paper, in a bold, legible hand. Mr. Sothorn, like Mr. G. A. Sala on a former similar occasion, of his going *incognito*, declared that the "guess" was a failure. No one of the party he said answered to that name; then putting the paper and pencil again upon the floor, he said he could, with a little practice easily write a name by holding the pencil between his feet. This he tried in vain to do; after many efforts he could

do no more than make scratches by rolling the pencil under the sole of his boot.

Mr. Toole then went to a distant part of the room, and wrote a number of names upon a paper, requesting the spirits to rap at the name he wanted, which was done at the name JOHN, his own name.

Finding that the test experiments were becoming too strong for them, Mr. Toole then commenced the enactment of a scene, which, I have no doubt, was the express object of their visit. He affected to be overcome with the astounding character of the manifestations. He felt faint, and begging for a glass of water, upon its being handed to him, he was so violently agitated that he could not hold it, and let the glass with its contents fall to the floor. Mr. Sothern looked reprovingly at the medium and said, "I was afraid something of this kind would happen." Mr. Toole then threw himself upon the ground, called despairingly for his "Eliza," bellowed, kicked, tore his hair, and went through as close an imitation as he could, of the scene at the Holloway Circle, where his friend, Mr. Sothern, was, or pretended to be, possessed by an "evil spirit." "Ah," said Mr. Sothern, addressing the younger Mrs. Marshall, "you see what you have done; he's clean gone out of his senses." Mrs. Marshall and her husband in their innocence, really believing that the poor man was very ill, got a pillow, laid his head comfortably upon it, bathed his face with vinegar, and were about to send for a doctor, when Mr. Sothern prevented them, and said they would rather take his friend away. Mr. Sothern then asked for a comb, to put Mr. Toole's dishevelled locks in order. Mr. Toole snatched it in a wild manner from him, combed his hair straight up on end, went to the glass, and turning to his friends, with a wild stare and lachrymose tone, appealed to them to look what "a miserable fright they had made him." Mr. Sothern soothed his injured feelings, and begging him to come away with them, turned to Mrs. Mary Marshall, in a serious remonstrative manner, as if to impress her with the enormity of her conduct, in producing such sad results, and asked her what he had to pay for all this? "Our usual fee," said Mrs. Marshall, "is 5s. each; but as the *séance* has been disturbed by this unfortunate event, I would rather not make any charge." Mr. Sothern, however, having succeeded in cheapening their claim, generously threw down half a sovereign for the party of four, and led his afflicted friend away. A few days afterwards a large poster was sent to several of the tradesmen in their neighbourhood, enclosed in envelopes,—“With Mrs. Marshall's compliments, at No. 7.—Please shew the bill.”

The butcher and greengrocer put the posters in their windows, and kept them there for some days, when one of them calling for orders, asked Mrs. Marshall how long he should keep

the bill in his window. This circumstance, together with the facts which had transpired at the Holloway Circle a few days before, coming to their knowledge, they were for the first time made aware of the imposture which had been practised upon them by four persons in the garb of gentlemen, who left behind them a paper, upon which is written a test question, which may serve to show the intellectual character of the party, *viz.*: "How many beans make five?"

The poster is another evidence, supposing it to have emanated from one or all of Mr. Sothern's friends of a similar kind, and it also serves to shew the *animus* by which they were actuated against these unoffending people. It runs thus—

SPIRITUALISM.

PROFESSOR SOLFERINO, CHAMPION MEDIUM & SPIRITUALIST,

Begs to return his sincere thanks to the nobility, gentry, &c.
He has constantly in stock a large assortment of

TRICK HANDCUFFS, COFFINS, ROPES, GUITARS,
MECHANICAL TABLES, &c.

His celebrated Davenport Noiseless Boots still continue to give
great satisfaction.

PROFESSOR SOLFERINO also offers to Ladies, his celebrated Marshall Genuflection Crinoline, especially adapted for Table Rapping, concealing mechanism, knocking down china, &c., in the dark. Used in connexion with his Loaded Kid Boots, the most startling effects can be produced on weak-minded people without fear of detection.

Persons of the highest respectability constantly on hand, prepared to swear and testify to anything required of them. Moderate swearing, 2s. 6d. per hour. Very hard swearing, 5s. (oaths extra.)

Graveyards and Tombstones thoroughly searched and examined.

Sole Agent for Mustapha's far-famed Phincoen Vanishing Fluid, 32s. 6d. per quart bottle; Grimshawe's Patent Eye-Corroding Powder, for non-believers, 15s. 6d. per pound packet.

Apply at the Blue-tailed Fly, after Three.

The foregoing, though not all which the placard contains, will be sufficient to enable the reader to form an opinion of the wit and wisdom of this interesting document. To me, it appears to have special reference to Mr. Addison. I know that it was he who sent the bills about, and he is the only person I have heard of, who performs with handcuffs and coffins (or boxes), and who may possibly use noiseless boots and mechanical tables to produce "the startling effects" which have been attributed to

his wonderful performances. But that of course would be an imputation on Mr. Addison's honesty and truthfulness, for he has over and over again assured his puzzled auditors, "upon his honor as a gentleman," that he "does *not* use trick hand-cuffs, nor false-bottomed boxes, and that he is *not* assisted by any confederacy whatever." And hence it is, that relying upon his honor as a gentleman, I have been led to look upon him as a MEDIUM, possessing occult powers, rather than suppose him a CONJUROR, which implies and indeed necessitates the use of accessories which he distinctly disclaims. It is true that if my view should prove the right one, it would place Mr. Addison's conduct to other mediums or persons possessing the same gifts in a very shameful light; but this, as I have said before, is the tom-fools' knot, with which he and his friends have so dexterously bound him, and from which I don't think he will ever extricate himself. Recollecting the incidents which occurred at the HOLLOWAY CIRCLE, when Mr. Sothern rolled on the floor and barked like a dog, it will be naturally supposed that Mr. Toole's exhibition at the Maida-hill Circle was of the same character, and that both were merely rehearsing a part for some special occasion when they had to appear before a distinguished circle of "self-delusionists," for which purpose, they thought it worth while to travel to two extremes of the Metropolis, paying sixteen shillings to the Wallace's, and ten shillings to the Marshall's for permission to roll about their floors and conduct themselves like lunatics, to see what effect they could produce, I suppose, upon poor Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and the unsuspecting Marshalls.

But I am not disposed to do either of these celebrated actors an injustice, and I therefore think in Mr. Sothern's case he was "possessed by an unclean spirit," which was exorcised, as I have before stated, by a gentleman who was present, and which perhaps would prove that Mr. Sothern is a medium. But fearing that this untoward incident would be bruited about to his discredit as the great exposé of "blasphemous indecencies," he was anxious to cover his dilemma, and the happy idea occurred to him of getting up a scene at the Marshall's "as a blind," when his good-natured friend, Mr. Toole, undertook the rôle in the farce, for the first and only time on those boards, before a very small and very undistinguished audience. What *could* be Mr. Sothern's object in making a buffoon of himself at Holloway, and inducing Mr. Toole to conduct himself like "an idiot" at the Marshall's, if my surmise of the two exhibitions be not the true explanation? He had, according to his own showing, become a proficient in the art of simulating spiritual manifestations. He had given the subject "an exhaustive investigation," and had discovered "that it was

all a myth" years ago. Then what in the name of common sense *could* be Mr. Sothern's motives for *seeking* these humble inoffensive people at all?

But having done so, what possible object could he have in rolling about the floor and barking like a dog, as he did at Holloway, if, as his friends still say, he were only hoaxing Mr. and Mrs. Wallace? The poorest clown in a travelling circus would not care to make such a gratuitous and wicked exhibition of himself. The charitable explanation therefore is the one I have given. Mr. Sothern *cannot help* it. He cannot help visiting every spiritual circle, as was his wont when in America. If he be a medium, he is open to spiritual influences, and as a man of his habits is not likely to attract the gentle and the good, if he be overcome at all it is most likely to be by an "evil or unclean spirit," which may have been the case in that instance, and which is a condition as well known in these days as it was in the days of the Apostles.

I may, however, be entirely wrong in my view of these disgraceful and most degrading exhibitions.

Mr. Sothern may, and, as I believe, he has another explanation to give, which will disappoint his followers. But ultimately—to use his own simile—"Like a detected pickpocket," I hope he will feel compelled to "make a clean breast of it," and ask pardon for his "irreligious and blasphemous indecencies!" For his manifold offences against society! and especially for the injustice which he has done to so many unoffending people who, like himself, possess occult powers, but who have not, like him, been moved by "a cowardly terror" to abuse and prostitute the Almighty's gifts to satisfy the prejudices of a sceptical multitude.

MR. SOTHERN AT "AN EVENING PARTY."

I believe that I have as keen a sense of right and wrong as most men. I would not gratuitously intrude into scenes of private life for the mere purpose of exposing the weakness and folly of others. But I am, in my humble way, the historian of passing events, and in defence of our cherished belief the duty is forced upon me of exposing all charlatanism connected with the subject, whether within or without the pale of Spiritualism. I feel that it is especially my duty to lay bare the conduct of all who seek notoriety by recklessly and untruthfully attacking our faith, or the characters of honest, humble and defenceless men and women. This is my excuse for following Mr. Sothern again into one of his orgies, and of exposing the habits of a man, whom some portions of the press, and a large portion of the public, are disposed to accept as an authority in spiritual matters.

For many months past, Mr. Sothern and Mr. J. H. Addison have been conspicuously disporting their real or simulated powers as spiritual mediums, or conjurors, for the avowed purpose of discrediting Spiritualism and its phenomena.

Mr. Addison, who resides at 43, Marlborough-hill, St. John's Wood, has from time to time given extraordinary exhibitions at his own residence, and has succeeded in obtaining a notoriety only second to Mr. Sothern's as a miracle-worker, and something more. At one of his evening parties he recently entertained at, what Mr. Sothern calls, "a jolly little supper" the following persons:—

Mr. E. A. Sothern, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Billington, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Chas. Hunneman, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Tiffin, and two or three others.

Messrs. Addison, Sothern, Toole, Billington, Abraham, and Hunneman, were in collusion, to carry out, what Mr. Sothern also calls "a sell," and the victims on this occasion were Mr. Andrews and Mr. Tiffin, strangers to each other, both professed believers in Spiritualism, both past seventy years of age, and one of them, Mr. Andrews, a very nervous and excitable person.

To those who are familiar with the practice of Mesmerism, it is well known and fully recognized, that a strong magnetiser has the power of producing upon susceptible persons, an abnormal condition by psychologising, or biologising them (synonymous terms), and of causing the magnetised subject to believe that things are not what they appear to be; the magnetiser forcing by his will a belief that pure water is wine, brandy, &c. Mr. Sothern, I know, professes to have this power, which in a greater or lesser degree is really possessed by many men. But it is equally well understood, that this power is limited and can only be exercised under special conditions. When, therefore, he ventures to explain hereafter "how we did things (at the Miracle Circle), which *must have seemed to be*, and what many of our visitors *believed to be*, supernatural and miraculous." "How we produced spirit-hands and spirit-forms, and how people floated in the air—or at least, *how we made them really believe they did*,"—he may make the pretence that this is but the exercise of a biological power; and that when, for instance, a party of twenty persons hear rapping sounds, see a table rise from the ground, or see it move about without human contact, or when five hundred people, at one of the Davenport exhibitions, see hands and arms, and hear musical instruments playing under apparently impossible circumstances—Mr. Sothern, to be consistent, must say, that it was all moonshine, all imagination, "certainly not spiritual," but only a simple exercise of this biological power, acting in a mysterious way *somehow*. This is the "sell," I think, he has in store for such persons as the Editor of the *Star*, and the profound

philosophers of the "Flan  ur" type. PSYCHOLOGISING THEIR AUDITORS is the process, that is the great secret, which in due time is to expose "the wilful delusion" of Spiritualists! To prepare the way for the grand denouement these midnight revelations are, no doubt, got up; unsuspicious, honest, and kindly old men are invited to sumptuous suppers, and with the help of a select band of confederates, the imaginations of their victims are worked upon by cajolery and menaces, until they are driven wild with terror, and thus the "shocking consequences" of believing in Spiritualism are, I presume, to be triumphantly exposed.

Here is an illustration of what I mean, and to the everlasting disgrace of those who converted Mr. Addison's house into a pandemonium; the following is a true history of the incidents and events which took place at his "Evening Party," held on Wednesday, the 3rd of January last, commencing at ten, and ending with a catastrophe at five in the morning.

After some general conversation, the company were invited to test Mr. Sothern's power of psychologising Mr. Andrews, who was thus to be enabled to read the thoughts of those around him. Each one was requested to think of a number of figures, say, 3, 6, 9—another, 5, 2, 4, &c. This being arranged, Mr. Andrews was commanded by Mr. Sothern to tell the number thought of by Mr. Abraham.

He at once guessed 5, 3, 2, which Mr. Abraham, affecting great surprise, admitted were correct! In this way all of those whom I have named (except Mr. Tiffin and two gentlemen who were lookers on), falsely assented to the correctness of the numbers named by poor Mr. Andrews, and thus he was impressed with the belief that Mr. Sothern had really endowed him with an uncommon power. Mr. Tiffin, who is an old mesmerist, became interested in this exhibition of apparent psychological influence, and the more so as Mr. Hunneman, who had brought him there, and whom he could not suspect of being in league with Mr. Sothern, had said that Mr. Andrews had correctly read *his* thoughts. Rapping sounds were then heard, which I am told were merely produced by an electric battery placed outside of the room; and I am also told that Mr. Addison had a small one in his pocket with which he gave slight shocks to all who touched his watch-chain.

Mr. Sothern then said, he could make Mr. Andrews hear those sounds when no one else could hear them, and *vice versa*, which in like manner by the assent and dissent of the confederates was done to the complete astonishment of Mr. Andrews.

Mr. Sothern, who was sitting some distance from Mr. Toole, whispered to those near him that Mr. Toole was a very susceptible subject; they were to watch him; and sending an empty glass to Mr. Toole, *he* at once exclaimed "Ah, that's sherry,"

then another was "brandy," and a third "very bitter beer," after which Mr. Sothern placed his hand upon Mr. Toole's head, who at once responded by imitating notes of birds and the bellowing of beasts, and shewed that he was quite at home in the habits of the brute creation. All this was done in an earnest quiet manner, and served to prepare the way and to impress a belief in the reality of the violent and extraordinary exhibition which followed.

Mr. Sothern had now been sitting for some time quietly smoking a cigar, when Mr. Tiffin observed a wild strangeness in his manner, and dropping presently from his chair, Mr. Sothern repeated the old scene—he rolled upon the floor, ran about on all fours like a dog, barked and bit at every one in his way, and actually tore with his teeth a piece out of his own trousers.

Mr. Tiffin, who had been present, and had witnessed Mr. Sothern's conduct at the Holloway Circle, when he believed him to be "possessed," hereupon became alarmed. Mr. Toole was screaming, Mr. Addison was yelling, most of the party were standing on chairs in the greatest excitement, when Mr. Tiffin retired hastily through the door leading to the garden, followed by Mr. Sothern, who fiercely brandished a table-knife in a threatening manner. The confederates followed them, pretending to restrain Mr. Sothern, who broke away and jumped over the garden wall into the neighbouring garden, whither Mr. Tiffin had fled for safety, from thence into another and a third garden, until at length Mr. Tiffin found an exit into the road, and in a state of great trepidation made his way home without his overcoat and stick, at three o'clock in the morning.

The whole party of confederates then returned to the house, where their other victim, Mr. Andrews, had remained in the greatest bewilderment and terror—a state which might well have claimed the sympathy of any man possessing human feelings. But these men were moved by no such sentiment. Mr. Toole, seeing the condition of Mr. Andrews, simulated a maniacal appearance, and grasping a handful of cigars, hurled them across the table at this white-haired man of seventy! Then seizing two knives in each hand, and looking fiercely at him, in a menacing manner, Mr. Toole rose from his seat, as if to attack Mr. Andrews. Mr. Addison and Mr. Sothern pretended to restrain and appease the violence of Mr. Toole; they wrested the knives from his hands, but secretly returned them to him. Mr. Toole stormed at the poor old man, rushed after him with other knives, which he apparently drew from his person, saying it was no use, he "was all knives;" and pursuing him round and round the table, upsetting and smashing decanters and glasses in the race, drove him ultimately into the street, where Mr. Toole and his

companions followed, yelling and hooting after him for some distance, whilst the old man, fully believing his life in danger, ran frantically away as fast as his aged limbs could carry him, and did not stop as I have since heard until he dropped down exhausted upon Hampstead-heath, where he was found in a ditch at daybreak, without hat or coat, by some workmen, to whom he told his piteous tale and asked for help.

I think I hear the startled reader exclaiming, "What has happened to you, Mr. Coleman? Where did you pick up this fabulous story? Surely *you* must be biologized! Where is there to be found a man in all London who would suffer such outrages to be perpetrated under his own roof and the cover of his hospitality? Is it possible that six men, holding any position in society, could stand by and assist in such heartless, wanton cruelty?"

Alas, my friends! I grieve to say this is not an imaginary scene—the story I have told is true to the letter; and here, at least, is a partial corroboration of it, taken from the *Standard* of the 6th of January last, not communicated by me, nor by any one known to me; and let me also add that the poor victim, Andrews, is an entire stranger to me; I have never seen him. Here is the paragraph:—

A GENTLEMAN IN A STATE OF CYCLOGY (*sic*).—An elderly man was found in the fields at Hampstead, on Thursday morning, by some labourers, without hat or coat, and his clothes completely covered with mud. He was in a very exhausted state, and had evidently been out in the rain all night. On being asked how he got in such a condition, he said he had been to Mr. Addison's house in St. John's Wood, to see some spiritual manifestations, and that, under Mr. Sothern's directions, he had endeavoured to cyclogise some of the gentlemen present; that he succeeded with one, who became very violent, and who, after throwing everything in the room at him, seized a knife and swore to have his life; that he fled the house, and to escape his pursuer, ran into the fields and hid himself in a ditch, where he remained all night, afraid to move. The poor man was taken home, declaring he would never again try the effect of such a dangerous power, and which had nearly cost him his life. The gentleman he cyclogised, he stated, was Mr. Toole, the favourite comedian of the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN AT THE POLICE COURT.

A day or two after Mr. Addison's evening party, Mr. Tiffin applied to the presiding magistrate at Marylebone Police Court and obtained a summons against Mr. Edward Askew Sothern to answer a charge of assault and putting him in bodily fear. The hearing was fixed for Saturday, the 13th of January, when Mr. Sothern and Mr. Toole were present; but before the case was called great anxiety was evinced by Mr. Sothern to have it settled privately.

The solicitors conferred together and both pressed upon Mr. Tiffin to forego the public exposure, Mr. Tiffin's own solicitor

urging him to accept an apology, as that was the way, he said, these cases were always settled between gentlemen. Mr. Tiffin so repeatedly urged, at length yielded, upon the condition that the apology should be made in writing, which was done, Mr. Sothern expressing his extreme regret that he should have committed such a folly, which he meant only as a joke, and the affair was thus settled, Mr. Sothern paying all costs, which I am told amounted to about £15.

The reader will no doubt rise from the perusal of these extraordinary chapters in Mr. Sothern's history, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. But those who are accustomed to trust the integrity of my statements, will not doubt me when I say, that I have ample evidence to support the revelations made in these pages.

If Mr. Sothern should be disposed to dispute any of my statements, I may have to recur to the subject, but I expect that he will see the wisdom of giving in future as wide a berth to Spiritualism as his friend Mr. Edmund Yates, the *Flaneur*, has found it prudent to give to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, since the severe castigation which the editor so mercilessly bestowed upon him.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. P. A——, the Glasgow medium, has sent me the following account of his spiritual experiences, which will take rank amongst the most extraordinary upon record.

When I first heard of the marvellous phenomena witnessed at the circles which were being held at Mr. R. M——'s house, I wrote to that gentleman for his corroboration of the incidents. I subsequently had an interview with his brother, Mr. W. M——, in London, who confirmed in general terms the statements which had been previously made to me by a correspondent; but as Mr. R. M—— had not seen so much as his brother, he referred me to him and Mr. P. A——, who, as I have before said, is an engineer in the employment of Messrs. R. and W. M——.

Many persons, I am told, have attended these *séances*, which have been held at various times during the past two years, but in the following narrative which Mr. P. A—— has written, he has confined himself only to those occasions when Mr. R. M—— has been present and witnessed the facts related, and which *he* has formally attested. I therefore place the statement before my readers with the most perfect confidence in the good faith and integrity of Mr. P. A——.

"*The Table*.—Tipping or tilting, raps, levitation of the table with and without contact of hands, legs phosphorised, which enabled us to see the table when it had risen up to the ceiling.

The table has danced in the air two feet from the floor (with our hands laid lightly on its top) occasionally turning two or three rapid somersaults: then it would resume its mid-air dance to our music, keeping excellent time: this class of manifestations sometimes lasts fully five minutes. The table has been lifted and thrown with tremendous force a distance of upwards of nineteen feet, leaving on one occasion a splint of itself, eight inches long, imbedded nearly out of sight in the wall of the room; it then continued its course (turning round for the evident purpose of obtaining a better blow) till it came in collision with the panel of the door, nineteen feet distant. Several tables have been broken up; some having their legs torn away, others the top neatly wrenched off in an instant. We have repeatedly seen the table rise about four feet from the floor, when no person touched it, the gas being turned half down. Five persons were present and witnessed this. We have also had it made light and heavy, at request, and can always procure intelligent answers when desired. I have had the chair drawn away violently to a distance of five or six feet in broad daylight, just when about to sit down on it, so that I came to the floor; and a small table has defied the united efforts of five or six strong men to hold it, sending them reeling about the room as if they had received a powerful shock.

“Throwing of Articles.”—We have had pillows, blankets, sheets, and even the mattresses taken out of the bed and thrown at us; sometimes the former were very neatly wound round a person, enveloping him from head to feet in a kind of swathe, the whole being surmounted with a pillow or bolster. This is only the work of an instant, and has often happened. We have had a shower of ashes, mixed with bits of newspaper torn inconceivably small, which seemed to fall on the table from the ceiling; and we have been frequently sprinkled with some odorous liquid, three and four persons being present. All sorts of articles have been in motion in the room—table, chairs, sofa—and a large and heavy four-posted bed following the table across the room. What seemed to us as shaving soap has been lathered over a person’s face, nothing of the kind being in the house. It seemed a peculiar kind of soap. On one occasion, we were desired to place a piece of clay on the table, which Mr. M—— did, and, in a minute, a stream of fire burst forth, lighting up the whole apartment *distinctly*; it burned with a vivid and brilliant light for two or three minutes, and disappeared as suddenly as it commenced, leaving some sort of residuum on the clay and the room filled with a dense cloud of a sulphurous odour. Some persons have had their eyes neatly painted with a sort of black pigment, giving them a rather questionable appearance.

"Spirit Touch.—The touching is frequent during the *séance*; the hands apparently being large and small, hard and soft, masculine and feminine. We have been shaken by the hand, and the touching, in a word, has varied from a velvet-like pressure to a sound thrashing, leaving black and blue marks all over the body.

Writing.—"I have written under spirit influence in the dark, a sheet over my head, the ruled lines being neatly followed even where a necessity existed for skipping three or four lines. Sometimes the rapidity is extreme, at others moderate, the writing and communication being characteristic of the spirit. I have also drawn in Mr. M——'s presence (I do not draw myself). Mr. M——, though not a medium, has yet, on one occasion, at his desire, been taken by the wrist, he holding a piece of chalk, and the spirits have moved his hand with great rapidity all over the table, till the chalk was worn down to his fingers. We have had, during a *séance*, writing on the table done among our very hands, on the bottoms of the chairs we sat on, and on the walls in different parts of the room; several ingenious attempts to lay hold of the spirit-hands, when touching, have been tried in vain, unless when the spirit chooses to shake hands, in which case they can be felt. We have had independent or direct writing—the spirit furnishing the pencil while we furnished the paper only.

"Spirit Vision.—I have never seen any of my own relations in the spirit, but I commonly see the friends of others, both living and dead, and describe them accurately. As a rule, I see those still living in the day; and those supposed to be in the spirit-land, in the dark or dusk. My double has been seen in several instances, and occasionally spoken to, with and without my own knowledge. Mr. M—— has not seen my double himself as yet. Non-mediums, or at all events, undeveloped mediums, have seen spirit-lights and spirit-shadows when I am present.

"Knockings.—We have had every variety of knocks upon the table, the sounds being characteristic of the spirit; we have had them at the same moment on the ceiling, walls, door, and table, perhaps a dozen at once; this at times lasts from two to three minutes. We have had, as it were, the room filled with the sound of a rushing wind—sighing, moaning, whistling, and going in blasts through the room; at such times the wind has been felt cold and icy, by others as well as myself, during the *séance*.

"Spirit Voices.—We have had *upwards of a score* of spirits speaking to us, one after the other, during the same *séance*; this occurs often, indeed we seldom, if ever, sit now without getting, at least, a *dozen* to address us,—the chief features of the speaking are the remarkable consistency of the different voices—their tone

being always the same ; but none of the voices bear any resemblance to the natural voices of any one present. The spirit purporting to be Dr. Franklin is the chief speaker ; he has spoken to us upwards of half an hour at a time—two, three, and four persons being in the room with me. It was Dr. Franklin's spirit that gave the theories mentioned in a former account. The advice and remarks on all topics broached, and the criticism is both sound and searching ; some of the female spirits sing beautifully and so loudly that not only are their voices heard throughout the house, but also in the street, the *séance* being conducted on the second floor of the house, and every crevice stopped up carefully—to the very keyhole—shutters shut, and large blankets nailed over them and the door to exclude light and draft. One of the female voices has an extraordinary compass, ranging nearly four octaves—the high notes being of full volume, and very sweet, clear, and thrilling. Sometimes they favour us with what they term a concert, on which occasions we have a multitude of sounds no instruments have as yet been tried ; but we intend making a fair trial of the experiment by-and-bye.

“*Transportation.*—As you have already had some particulars of this manifestation, I need not do more at present than give you the more salient features of the case. Of course, as I was unconscious, I can only give it as I received it from Mr. M—— and Miss D——, who were present on this particular occasion. We three were sitting at table, in the dark, and had been getting manifestations, partly physical and partly intellectual, when I was gradually lifted from beside Mr. M—— till my feet were level with the table top ; I then gently inclined to the angle of, say sixty degrees, my cloak in so doing falling down on Mr. M——'s hands. One of the female spirits then came rustling past Mr. M—— and took my left hand, Dr. Franklin taking my right ; then being surrounded by twelve spirits (to prevent, as they said, my magnetism being dissipated) I took my departure, passing up to the ceiling through the cornice, into the next room. Now, it seems that, after my departure, some of the spirits left at the table told the two sitters that I was not there, that I had been carried away, on which Mr. M—— requested permission to light the gas, this was accorded, and both he and the lady told me they searched all the room thoroughly for ten minutes, in the full blaze of gas light. They were quite satisfied that I was not in the room ; the door and windows were fastened very securely, as was also the fireplace—the cupboards being locked, they were opened and searched—in short, the active search satisfied them of my positive absence from the apartment. The only thing to be done then was to put out the gas, sit down

at the table, and wait my return. I may remark here that, it was during *this* flight that it seemed to me that I passed over Arrochar and Kilmun, not under the circumstances as you have previously stated it. The manifestations of a similar character, which have occurred out of Mr. M——'s presence, and they have been numerous, I purposely avoid mentioning. One evening a round-headed walking stick was set up, on the smooth window sill on its round end, the point of contact could not exceed the eighth part of an inch of surface, yet there it stood for half an hour, leaning about two inches off the perpendicular, and offering a very positive resistance to the fingers when handled; Mr. M—— ultimately took it down himself. Several persons beside Mr. M—— have been present at *some* of the *séances*; but as they are intimate acquaintances of Mr. M——, I am not at liberty to give their names myself, even to you, as they might not wish their connection with Spiritualism to become known; but if you will write a few lines to Mr. M——, I believe he will willingly furnish you with the names and addresses."

P. A——.

Having read the foregoing list of manifestations as drawn up by Mr. P. A——, I have no hesitation in affixing my signature as a testimony to their truth and accuracy.

(Signed) R. M.

JUDGE EDMONDS AND THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

In the October number of the *Edinburgh Review* there was an article on American psychomancy, which reviewed at considerable length the writings of the late Professor Hare, Andrew Jackson Davies, and Judge Edmonds. The article was written with considerable force, and the author showed an extensive acquaintance with the history and literature of modern Spiritualism, but it was not truthful in some important points. I reviewed this article in the November number of the *Spiritual Magazine* and expressed my belief that American psychomancy was written by a Spiritualist in disguise, or at all events, by one who believed more than he dare avow in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. I especially commented upon the false statement that "Spiritualism had produced or developed a tendency to insanity in innumerable instances, and that the Bedlams of America are overcharged with its victims."

Since then a lady of a somewhat fanatical turn in religious matters called upon me to warn me of the dangers of a belief in Spiritualism, and, like most of those who denounce it from the religious side, she assured me, that, having been in America

she knew that the asylums were filled with insane Spiritualists. I asked for her authority. I too had been in America, and my inquiries there had satisfied me that it was not true. She said that several clergymen had so informed her—and I need hardly say that theirs is not the most reliable authority on such a subject. Here is a sample of the teaching of one of these American divines—the Rev. Dr. Gardner Spring—"When the Omnipotent and angry God who has access to all the avenues of distress in the corporeal frame, and all the inlets to agony in the intellectual constitution, undertakes to punish, he will convince the universe that he does not gird himself for the work of retribution in vain. It will be a glorious deed when he who hung on Calvary shall cast those who have trodden his blood under their feet, into the furnace of fire, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Now, supposing that this Christian lady, who kindly wishes to convert me, has an erring son or refractory daughter whom she cannot bring to think as she does, or who may be Spiritualists, and who are suddenly removed by the hand of death from her maternal love—where in such a doctrine would she find consolation? Would she, and all mothers who accept such belief, not be driven mad with agony? Her children lost to her for ever; consumed in eternal fires never to be again united. Look on the other hand at the mother whose spiritual faith teaches her the law of progression, and that the Almighty is a God of love and not an angry and revengeful Father; that mother who feels full faith that she and those who have gone before *will* meet again; which of these bereaved parents is the one most likely to find her home in Bedlam?

But the statement made by the *Edinburgh Review*, and reiterated by so many opponents to Spiritualism, is a weak invention of the enemy—it is not true. Judge Edmonds has written a letter recently, which confirms my previous statements on this point. He says—"A few years ago such a charge was made by a respectable periodical in this country. I carefully examined, at that time, the reports of nearly all the lunatic asylums in this country, (we have no 'bedlams' here—they are purely indigenous to British soil,) and very few such cases were found; not to be compared with the numbers whose insanity was owing to religious excitement, disappointment in love, or pecuniary difficulties. I published the refutation, at that time, in the same periodical, and henceforth the idea has slumbered in America, now to be revived among the *savans* of what Byron called Modern Athens.

"The writer in the *Edinburgh* could never have examined, never have seen, even the statistics of insanity in this country,

for if he had he never would have ventured an assertion so diametrically at war with the facts as there disclosed."

It can be necessary to notice only one other mis-statement of the *Review*. It says:—

"It is equally undeniable that enormous fortunes have been speedily realized by professional mediums, who have practised on the weakness and credulity of their clients."

Every word of this is the sheerest fabrication in the world. No such instance has ever been known in this country, as everybody here knows. But suppose it was as he states—what of it? The success of the movement has very little depended upon or been indebted to "Professional Mediums." It is the private mediums who have been the great instruments in the work, and they outnumber the professional ones, a hundred or a thousand to one. And what think you, is the explanation this very unreliable writer gives of the phenomena of Spiritualism? My mediumship is hypnotism, or mesmeric sleep, or self-induced somnambulism, and the residue is fraud and deception! It is at once a shame and a pity that a work claiming such a high position in the literary world should display such profound ignorance in its pages.

New York, Dec. 10, 1865.

J. W. EDMONDS.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

This gifted lady continues to deliver her addresses at the Winter *soirées* to crowded and delighted audiences, upon various subjects which have generally been submitted to her only after she had taken her place upon the platform, and, therefore, have been spoken *extempore* without a moment's preparation. It is impossible to conceive anything more perfect of its kind, both in the matter and the manner of its delivery.

If I had had any remaining doubt of the power of spirit to control and to influence our thoughts and actions, it would have been removed by what I have heard flowing so eloquently from the lips of this highly inspired lady.

There is no reasonable explanation which can be given, short of spirit, to account for such a power as Miss Hardinge exhibits. No attribute of natural genius, no scholastic and careful training could accomplish what she does with so much apparent ease. It is, indeed, marvellous and to me the highest phase of spiritual development.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN AND SPIRITUALISM.

From Matter to Spirit is the title of one of the most valuable

and interesting volumes ever contributed to the cause and truth of Spiritualism, and should find a place in the library of every student of the spiritualistic philosophy. The preface of forty-five pages is in itself a study, and evidently the production of a master-mind. This book was published two years ago, and was deprived of half its value by being placed before the public anonymously.

It is a good sign of the advance which Spiritualism is making when the authors of this work are not deterred, after two years' additional expense, from proclaiming their names to the world, and that the leading firm in the trade has undertaken its publication. It is now announced that *From Matter to Spirit, the result of ten years' inquiry into Spiritual Manifestations*, is published by Longman, post 8vo., 8s. 6d., and that the work is from the pen of Mrs. de Morgan, with a preface by Professor de Morgan, who is the well-known and celebrated mathematician. It will be interesting to see how the learned professor's "delusion" is received by his compeers, and especially by the *Athenæum*, which so pertinaciously opposes Spiritualism, and to which paper the professor is a frequent contributor.

DR. KANE, THE ARCTIC NAVIGATOR.

A work has been just published in America, called *Dr. Kane's Love Life*: it is reviewed in the *Banner of Light*, which shews that Dr. Kane was married to Miss Margaret Fox, one of the young ladies of the celebrated "Fox Family," of Rochester, U.S.A.

INTERESTING SPIRITUAL TEST.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December last, I called with my wife and daughter to pay a complimentary visit to Miss Emma Hardinge. At her residence I met Dr. McLeod, of Newcastle, and Mr. Lauder, of Dublin. The former, who was about to leave for his home that evening, agreed, at the suggestion of Miss Hardinge, to go at once to the Marshalls to try a test experiment. Miss Hardinge said: "I will send a spirit with you, who shall give you his name and tell you who he is." After Dr. McLeod had left us Miss Hardinge said: "I have mentally requested my guardian spirit, brother 'Tom,' to accompany Dr. McLeod. I frequently hear his voice, and, although I know it is wrong to doubt him, I am constantly applying tests for my own satisfaction." She then wrote upon a slip of paper, which I have, the words, "My brother Tom, a sailor, and sometimes called by himself, 'going and coming.'"

On the following morning, Thursday, I received a note from

my friend, Mr. Morton, of Malton, in which he says, "I was at the Marshalls when Dr. McLeod arrived on his interesting mission; I hope the spirits were correct as to the name 'Tom.'"

On Saturday morning I received, from Newcastle, Dr. McLeod's account of his interview, "Giving no clue whatever," he says, "to the Marshalls." "I asked the spirits if they could tell me from whence I had come and for what purpose?" Answer, made by rapping, "You have come from Emma Hardinge's. She should know better than to put foolish questions to the spirits." And after exhibiting reluctance to satisfy his further enquiries, Dr. McLeod begged they would, at least, give him "the name of a spirit Miss Hardinge may have written upon a slip of paper and handed to a friend." The answer was, "Tom. I am her guardian spirit. You should not trouble yourself with small things."

It will be seen that this test, though not quite complete, is sufficiently so to establish the existence of an intelligence entirely independent of both the enquirer and the medium.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE celebrated Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, passed away, in consequence of a cold, which ended in inflammation of the lungs, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, the last day of the old year, at the seat of Arsta, in the parish of Osserhamminge, some eighteen miles south-east of Stockholm.

Fredrika Bremer was born at Abo, in Finland, in August 1801, and had consequently attained her sixty-fourth year. She, herself, expected to die before the end of 1865, owing to a dream which she dreamed thirty years since, and which had left an indelible impression on her mind. It was partly owing to this that she removed to Arsta, the old home of her youth and early womanhood, in the course of last summer, and there she quietly spent her remaining days in cheerful, resigned preparation. She enjoyed her usual good health to within a week of her decease, and her friends in no wise shared her presentiment. She gave a Christmas tree to the children on the estate, on Christmas eve, and attended service at the Church of Osserhamminge, on Christmas-day, when she took the chill which ended fatally.

Her writings, which are especially distinguished for their accurate pictures of family life, and for their genial, happy spirit, have made her name known far beyond the boundaries of her native land, and are translated into the principal European languages.

In the latter years of her life she became a great traveller, and visited America, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Palestine.

Nor is this all; she threw her heart into innumerable philanthropic undertakings, effecting thereby, both in greater and lesser circles, an incredible amount of good.

Her amiable character made her universally beloved, and her name will be treasured in countless minds; not merely in those of the great mass who have enjoyed her writings, but by all those who came into personal contact with her, and learned to prize her as a loving human being.

In the closing portion of her life she became much interested in Spiritualism, and read *From Matter to Spirit* with intense emotion. She says of it, "It is *the book* I needed to enter fully into the interest and understanding of Spiritualism in its recent form as a science. It is certainly an admirable work, as to its mind and spirit. Its theory and exposure of the natural laws, working in this class of phenomena, deserve the highest attention and appreciation of every intelligent and truth-loving mind." Still some "buts" arise in her mind against Spiritualism as the basis for a science and religion. These were fully and ably answered last autumn, by various deep-thinking Spiritualists. Her acceptance of their views has not, however, become known, but of this we are certain, that her mind was thoroughly opened to conviction; a great step—since she had been prejudiced by some of the manifestations she witnessed in America, and which made her declare "that the spiritual world had its 'humbugs,' even as our world has, and it did not seem to her extraordinary that they endeavoured to make fools of us."

Do not let us say that Fredrika Bremer is dead, but rather that "she passed into the spiritual world on such a day." For this mode of speech, even in 1853, she considered beautiful and true, and wrote in the words of Tholuck, the German theologian, and an upholder of the supernatural:—

"Why say that our friend is *dead*? *Dead!* That word is so heavy, so lifeless, so gloomy, so unmeaning. Say that our friend has departed; that he has left us for a short time. That is better and truer!"

VOLTAIRE'S BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.—This soul, this shadow, which subsists separate from the body, may very well be able to show itself on occasion; to return to its relatives, its family, and speak with them and instruct them. There is no impossibility in all this. That which exists can appear.

THE "ATHENÆUM" AND STRAUSS.

OUR contemporary, the *Athenæum*, is now giving to its readers a series of long and ably-written articles on the *New Life of Jesus*, by D. F. Strauss. As these are editorial articles we may throw on the journal all responsibility for whatever of sound or fallacious reasoning they contain, and also for their consistency or otherwise with the tone assumed by the *Athenæum* in treating of kindred subjects. A very few extracts will shew how wise and just are the principles applied by the critic in reviewing the German sceptic, and how very little he has been guided by his own rules in disposing of the spiritual question, not one of the least important questions of the time.

Speaking of Strauss's *Misuse of Hume's Argument*, the *Athenæum* says:—

"Hume lays it down as a rule to which no lawyer will object, when he says that on a new and strange fact being stated, one hard of belief, contrary to usage, it is right to consider the nature and weight of the evidence in favour of it; whether the witnesses of its truth are few or many, whether they are wise or foolish, whether they saw and heard what they report, and whether they agree in the main one with another. But Hume gets upon dangerous ground when he assumes that if facts contrary to common experience are reported, it is more philosophical to reject the testimony than to believe the report. *Why, everything that is new is contrary to experience. The first observed eclipse was against experience. The first observed earthquake was against experience. The motion of a boomerang, the variation of a compass, the rising of a coral reef, are all contrary to experience. The safe rule is to consider the evidence. No judge on the bench will reject testimony, on a point of fact because the attested fact is new or out of the way.*"*—*Athenæum*, January 6th, 1866, p. 11.

Farther on:—

"But he (Hume) does not pretend to say that everything must be considered false and fraudulent which cannot be explained by what is already known. How could he? Bacon had taught him better. Hale had taught him better. Hume knew that nature herself—visible, material nature—is full of surprises. Every science has its own tale of wonder, of mystery, of revelation. A rule which rejected facts because they were unknown to experience might do for Chinese and Iroquois, but would

* The Italics are ours.

never have been proposed by the countryman of Newton, the contemporary of Boyle." * * *

"Hume's elaborate reasoning goes no farther than to shew that a miracle *is* a miracle, an event out of order, an interruption of usual laws. Herr Strauss, unable to pursue the chain of reasoning, leaps to the conclusion that Hume has been proving that a miracle is *not* a miracle, but a fable, an imposture, and a fraud. On this entirely false foundation he builds as though it were solid rock. *Ibid*, p. 11.

* * * "But we expect a man to be consistent with himself. We can admire the beauty of a life based on religious faith; we can smile, though sadly, at the wicked wit, who, dying, said he had nothing to regret, for he had never denied himself anything. Such lives are logical, but Herr Strauss is unable to see how he stands in the world of his own making. After denying angels and spirits, like an old Sadducee, he speaks of his own 'spiritual intimacies,' after rejecting every element of the supernatural from God's relation to man, he talks about 'this divinely teeming world,' after repudiating heaven and renouncing a future life, he can still pique himself on 'the faith in which men honourably live and tranquilly die.' Is such a man fit to be our guide, philosopher, and friend?" *Ibid*, p. 12.

The continuation of this review in the next week's *Athenæum* (January 13, 1865) begins thus:—

"A little of that free inquiry which implies hearing all sides and caring only for the truth has shewn us Herr Strauss as a logician in his habit, as he lives and writes. Putting dogma out of sight as beyond our province, looking solely to such facts as lie open to lay judgments, this glimpse of his method of proceeding will be of service when we meet our critic on the wide neutral ground of history, where the facts are so few and the deductions so many."

The reviewer has not yet enumerated, among Strauss's inconsistencies, the dedication of the *New Life of Jesus* to the spirit of the author's brother.* It seems that the German has all the spiritual instincts of his nation, while some defect in the working of his mental apparatus, makes him refuse to uphold those intuitions by reason. His logical errors and inconsistencies have been well dealt with by his reviewer, and, if the principles on which the criticism is based are very close upon truisms, they are well applied; and an old coat that fits is a better thing than a new one which cannot be put on. But why should German sceptics only have the benefit of these broad principles and fitting applications? If, like the reviewer himself, "*we expect a*

* A similar dedication was made by Renan.

man to be consistent with himself," we shall soon find that, according to the proverb, we had better have expected nothing, and we should not have been disappointed. Who among us does not remember the tone assumed by the *Athenæum*, in its few notices of records of Spiritual phenomena? Has Hume's rule, "to which no lawyer will object," that "on a new and strange fact being stated, one hard of belief, contrary to usage, it is right to consider the nature and weight of the evidence in favour of it, whether the witnesses of its truth are few or many, whether they are wise or foolish, whether they saw and heard what they report and whether they agree in the main, one with another"—has this rule been applied to the testing of evidence in favour of Spiritualism? On the contrary, it is unquestionable that the number and character of witnesses, their asserted large experience, and their close agreement in the main one with another, have up to this time had no influence whatever on the judgment of the *Athenæum* or its representative. Let that representative turn his mental mirror round upon himself, and he will look in vain for a trace of that "free inquiry which implies hearing all sides and caring only for the truth," in that little corner whereon his judgment on the question of Spiritualism is reflected.

Spiritualists bring evidence "which no judge on the bench would reject," of having seen, heard, and in many other ways had experience of the existence of "angels and spirits," and of the truth of future life. The phenomena proving these realities, and attested by an overwhelming amount of evidence, are the same in kind, if different in degree, as those recorded in the Scriptures, for whose truth the *Athenæum* so learnedly contends: Healing the sick; communication of the Spirit by laying on of hands; spiritual vision, spiritual voices, spiritual writing and drawing, opening of doors, and moving of heavy substances, are facts, not one of which is without its counterpart in sacred history. It is true that the difference in degree alluded to, and, still more, the halo of antiquity and oriental colour which hangs over the apostolic miracles, throw into shade the more familiar wonders of our time; but their identity in kind is no less certain. It is equally certain, though less marvellous, that these later facts, when brought forward by a cloud of living witnesses, have been ridiculed or ignored by a journal which terms Strauss an old Sadducee for reflecting, with a want of fairness equal to its own, the honest testimony of men who lived eighteen hundred years ago.

While the old Sadducees were enacting the part of Strauss against the believers of their time, there was another sect among the Jews who held the doctrines of "angels, spirits, and a future state," yet when living proof was brought home to them, ridi-

culed the facts which would have confirmed their own doctrines, crucified Him of whom their own Scriptures testified, and condemned His followers as madmen or criminals.

When the Apostle Paul was brought to trial for proclaiming a truth of which he was himself the witness, he appealed to those who professed to hold this truth.

"Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee. Of the hope and resurrection of the dead am I called in question."

Spiritualists appeal to those "who profess to believe in angels, spirits, and a future state," with all the miraculous facts of Our Lord's history.

"Men and brethren, we are Christians believing, not *only* because our fathers have declared unto us, but because we have heard with our ears, and seen with our eyes, the works of the Spirit. Of the hope and resurrection of the dead, and of the truth of every spiritual gift promised by Our Lord to his faithful followers, we are this day called in question."

The manner in which this appeal has been met by those who profess to examine testimony with fairness, "caring only for the truth," leads naturally enough to a comparison of their principles and their practice in relation to the phenomena of Spiritualism. This comparison leads again to a suspicion that if the new wonders have their counterparts in the old, so, as to their mutual relations, do the three of our time—the Spiritualist, the Sceptic, and the Reviewer—find *their* counterparts in that ancient three—the Apostle Paul, the old Sadducee, and the Pharisee.

S. E. De M.

CAROLINE VON GÜNDERODE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THIS young lady, who was of a poetical and highly sensitive nature, had the misfortune to live in Germany at the time when Goethe's *Werther* had created in the public mind of that country a taste not only for sentimentality, but for a much worse thing—suicide! Fräulein von Günderode was, like Goethe himself, of Frankfort-on-the Main. Bettina Brentano, afterwards Bettina von Arnim, was also of Frankfort; and a romantic friendship existed betwixt these gifted but very excitable young ladies. They spent some time together in the Rheingau, and there, at Offenbach, Caroline Günderode opened to Bettina her intention of committing suicide. She had purchased a dagger with a silver handle, and showed this to Bettina; and also told her that a surgeon had showed her exactly where the spot lay in which to

pierce the heart, and that he assured her that it was very easy to destroy yourself. Bettina, in her celebrated book, *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*, relates the scene which took place betwixt them on this occasion. Bettina was one of the most romantic and impulsive of young girls. She seized the dagger and threatened Günderode with it in order to drive, by terror, the idea out of her head. She cut her own finger with the dagger to horrify her with the sight of blood; and then, as inspired with fury, pursued her with the dagger into her bedroom, and, as the alarmed Günderode secured herself behind a leathern easy chair, stabbed the chair frantically several times, and then flung the dagger away. Günderode was greatly alarmed; but there were causes, deeper than a mere poetical theory, which she professed to entertain, that it was the best thing to learn much, to comprehend much through the spirit, and then not to overlive the charm of youth. Günderode was attached to Professor Creuzer, of Heidelberg, celebrated for his classical knowledge. This man is described by Bettina as a remarkably ugly fellow, and more, according to her notions, calculated to disgust than to fascinate a woman. She herself expressed undisguisedly to him her disgust of him, and probably this was the cause that Günderode broke off her friendship with Bettina, to Bettina's excessive grief and wonder. Creuzer, moreover, was a married man, but lived unhappily with his wife, and had assured Günderode that he was about to be divorced, and would afterwards marry her.

Having left her with these assurances, he, however, fell seriously ill, and was so affectionately nursed by his wife that, on his recovery, he wrote to Günderode that he could not think any longer of a divorce, and their attachment must take the soberer ground of friendship. The consequence was, that soon after Die Günderode was found near Winckel, in the Rheingau, not far from the celebrated Johannisberg, lying on the edge of the Rhine, in a willow-holt, with a napkin filled with stones tied round her neck, and the silver-hafted dagger plunged in her heart. The river there is extremely deep, and it appears that to make her death certain, if the stab were not instantly fatal, she meant to throw herself into the water. The blow, however, was effectual; and a peasant finding her, to his great horror, lying dead on the brink of the river, drew forth and flung the dagger into the deep stream, and fled to carry the news to Winckel.

The catastrophe created a great and universal sensation in Germany. Goethe, in his *Journal of a Tour on the Rhine*, describes visiting the spot, but does not seem to have reflected for a moment that the false and morbid sentiment propagated by his

Werther had been the means of this tragedy. Bettina not only narrates the circumstances in her *Briefwechsel*, but afterwards wrote a work expressly on them, under the title of *Die G nderode*.

When I formerly heard the G nderode talked of in Germany, and read these publications, I had no idea that the deep interest connected with this unhappy event arose out of more than its own tragic character; but a recent perusal of her poems and prose essays, under the title of *Gedichte und Phantasien von Tian*, published in Hamburg and Frankfort, in 1804, shows her to have possessed a mind of high and remarkable power, and explains that the deep and lasting feeling created by her fate, arose out of the knowledge that in her a soul capable of casting great lustre on the literature of her native land, had been thus cut off from its proper career.

There are, indeed, many circumstances connected with *Die G nderode* which are of peculiar interest to Spiritualists. G nderode was a Spiritualist. She had not only discovered the fact of its reality, and acquired great knowledge of its phenomena; but had indoctrinated Bettina Brentano, in those years of her effervescing sensibilities and vivid imagination, to a degree that made even the G nderode tremble at her own work. Neither of these young ladies lived in a time and amongst people who could be safe guides through the first intricate labyrinths of this philosophy of life. The facility with which G nderode accepted the idea of Creuzer divorcing his wife in order to marry her, will, perhaps, startle our English ideas less now than it would before the erection of our divorce court, and its sad revelations; but the ease with which divorces have long been procured, and the indifference with which they have been regarded in Germany, made the acceptance of a lover by G nderode, under such circumstances, nothing remarkable in that country and age. To the national ideas on this subject were, however, then added the morbid condition of sentiment, and the even fashionable notion of suicide, propagated by G ethe. These, in two young and enthusiastic girls, were not favourable elements for Spiritualism to develop itself in. Spiritualism, however, had clearly nothing to do with G nderode's catastrophe: it arose from the *Werther* sentimentalism operating on disappointed affection. In Bettina von Arnim's peculiar temperament, one of poetic sensibility of the most delicate and quivering kind, with a daring disregard of conventional ideas and customs, its effects were extraordinary, but happily not permanently injurious.

She describes G nderode as of a tall and graceful figure, with a style of countenance full of spirit and intellect. "She had brown hair, but blue eyes shaded with long eyelashes. When she laughed it was not loudly, but with a soft bubbling, as it

were, of pleasure and mirth. She did not walk, she glided: but that does not express what I mean. The movement of her tall figure could neither be expressed by the word flowing, nor her form by the terms slender and elegant. Her dress fell in attractive folds, catching an indescribable charm from her figure and action. In manner she was most gentle, friendly, and unassuming."

Günderode was what is called a Stiftsdame, or Canoness. That is, she lived at this time in a Convent, but without taking the veil. On ceremonial occasions she wore the dress of the Order, and, says Bettina, when people saw her sitting silently in this costume on such occasions, with her fine, soulful, illuminated face, they sometimes thought that she looked like a spirit about to take its flight. Both Günderode and Bettina were Catholics, and this may account for their so readily accepting the baptism of spiritual truth. "She would teach me philosophy," says Bettina, then a girl, according to her own statement, of thirteen. She taught her that the common notions of imagination were false because they were superficial. That through and beyond the imagination there lay the adytum of spirit-life. Through and beyond this much-talked-of and little understood power, lay the actual highway to the inner and only real world of being. This great mystery she taught had been concealed and typified in the mysteries of all the ancient nations—Greek, Egyptian, and Indian. It was a truth too profound for the commonplace minds of every age, but it was the eternal truth underlying all true philosophy, and proclaimed only in full light by the Hebrew theology. "Yet, dost thou not understand how deep these entrances into the mines of the spirit lead! But the time will come when it will be most important for thee; for men go often along desolate paths. The more they possess the power to press forward on them, the more awful becomes their loneliness; the more boundless the desert. If thou wert but aware, however, how deeply thou hast here descended into the wells of thought, and hast already caught glimpses far beneath, of a new morning redness, and that thou shalt re-ascend with joy, and speak of this the deeper world, then shall it be thy great comfort, for the world and thee can never hang together in unity. Thou wilt find no other way of escape from it, but through this fountain in the magic garden of thy phantasy. But it is no phantasy; it is the truth which mirrors itself in phantasy. Genius avails itself of phantasy, in order, under its form, to communicate or insinuate what man is not otherwise capable of receiving. No, thou wilt find no other way to the enjoyment of thy life but that which the children have known from age to age—when they love to talk of deep wells, passing:

through which men find flowery gardens, marvellous fruits, crystal palaces, whence peal ravishing music, and where the sun with his rays builds bridges, over which, with firm footing, men can march into the grand centrum. Ah! how true it is, that the souls of children behold the face of God and speak the grandest truths in the hours of their mere pastime, whilst great and learned men labour and labour in the world of mere abstractions, and think they have built up a philosophy when they have merely diffused a deeper darkness."

The effect upon the sensitive Bettina was, that she found herself in a new world, which made the outer look a mere dream-land, and began to biologize herself by gazing on a vase of flowers placed behind a transparent curtain, when the outer scenes around her passed away. She describes the effect of the colours of the bouquet of flowers upon her as a ray of sunshine fell upon it through a crack in the shutters, as she sat in the darkened room. The flowers were spiritualized. Her keen inner eye, she says, was opened, and the colours, odours, forms of the flowers, assumed a new life; an overpowering beauty. This beauty she felt to be the Divine Spirit, diffused through the bosom of nature, a beauty greater than man: higher than all physical beauty. These colours, odours, forms, and the marvellous light which played about them, gave her dreams which were realities. "If I were to say all I saw, it would be regarded as madness and folly. Yet why should I suppress it? I speak it before God," she says. "I had an inner world—a secret capacity. I saw great appearances when my eyes were closed. I saw the heavenly bodies. They circulated before me in immeasurable vastness, so that I could not perceive their limits, yet I had a conception of their rotundity. The host of stars passed by me on a dark ground." She saw stars as pure spiritual figures dancing, which, she says, she comprehended as a spirit. There stood ranges of lofty columns, and other figures behind, while the stars wheeled far away and then descended into a sea of colour. She saw flowers of gorgeous shapes and hues, and gigantic growth, and heard mysterious music, which, while it transported her, strengthened her heart inconceivably.

Another singular experience seized her: As she rambled in the garden by moonlight she felt herself lifted from the ground. With a light spring she floated in the air, and glided forward two or three feet above the earth, but soon alighted again. She was enraptured with this discovery. She floated down the flights of steps; she raised herself to the boughs of the trees, and passed amongst them. "Thus," she says, "I danced and floated about in the moonlight garden to my inexpressible delight." But it was only thus by night. The next morning she was quite cer-

tain that she could fly, but in the daytime she seemed to forget it. Bettina did not understand this great law of the night-side of nature, but she boldly asserted the facts which resulted from it.

She possessed the faculty of seeing spirits. G nderode's deceased sister appeared to her as she lay in bed. To convince herself of being awake, she rose up in bed and gazed at the well-known figure. The sister took up, apparently, the well-known dagger, lifted it aloft, then laid it noiselessly down, nodding to her as if to make the act significant. Then she advanced to the lamp, which was burning; lifted it aloft in the same manner; then blew it out, leaving Bettina in darkness and terror.

She was convinced that G nderode had killed herself, and she urged her brother and Mr. Fritz Schlosser to hasten to Winckel. She went with them. On the way, at an inn where they passed the night, between Frankfort and Winckel, she had three dreams successively, confirming the impression that G nderode was lying dead in her blood: and every time that she awoke, she ran to her brother's chamber, and told him what she had dreamed, and her certainty that they would find G nderode dead. It was too true!

There are curious relations by Bettina of her frequently climbing some decayed and dangerous ladders to the top of the old castle of Marburg, which she did not dare to attempt by day; and of sitting on the top of the tower walls, with her legs hanging down outside, and of running to and fro on this lofty and dizzy wall, without fear and with perfect safety. No doubt she was in a somnambulist state at the time, for it was at night that she rose from her bed, flung on a cloak, and in frost and snow made these perilous ascents, wondering at the world of stars above her head.

Bettina married Achim von Arnim, a gentleman of fortune, as well as a poet and literary man. In conjunction with her brother, Clemens Brentano, her husband did for Germany, to a certain extent, what Bishop Percy did for England. These attached and gifted friends collected the fine old romantic ballads which were floating in the popular memory, and published them under the title of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Von Arnim was also the author of many original and popular works of imagination. In such auspicious circumstances, Bettina electrified Germany by the boldness and passionate intensity of her productions. That flood of impulsive enthusiasm which filled her whole being, she had already poured out on the great poet Goethe, with all the ardour of a romantic girl in her teens, the poet being about sixty. This adoration was evidently very flattering to the elderly bard, and he treated her with great tenderness; hoarded up her letters, and said to her once, showing the drawer

where he kept them, "These I read every day." The publication of this correspondence by her afterwards, with all its fervid gush of life and love, its dashing intrepidity of thought and expression, its *nâiveté* amounting to super-*nâiveté*, excited an indescribable sensation throughout Germany. To some she was mad; to some she was inspired. Grave men, and Göethe himself, turned the glowing diction of some of her letters into poems; grave philosophers lamented that she thus "laid bare the subjectivity of her inner being." They talked much of her subjective impressions.

Subjectivity and objectivity—those juggler's balls of German metaphysicians, contrived to prevent the human understanding perceiving the truth! As if the objective were the real, the subjective the imaginary. Had they only dared to call them the outward and the inward, the truth might have been approached. But Bettina had discovered that which gave a new life to her writings, and, amid all her apparent extravagancies and eccentricities, that is the spell which draws the imagination after them, and makes the uninitiated reader wonder, and kindle as he wonders. Let us now, however, turn to the little volume of Günderode's youthful effusions. In them we shall find evidences, not so glittering and piquant as those in Bettina, yet genuine evidences of what is now called Spiritualism. These are especially conspicuous in a little dialogue, called *Die Manen, ein Fragment*, and what she calls, *Immortalita, ein Dramolet*.

The first is a dialogue betwixt a scholar and his master. The scholar, impressed with the greatness of past heroes and men of genius, wishes that he could come into actual communication with their souls. The master tells him, to his astonishment, that this is possible, for that we stand in a perpetual union with the minds of those gone into the other world, with whom we have not ceased to harmonize. We may give the remainder of the dialogue as it stands.

"MASTER: Thus all harmonious things exist in a certain connection, whether visible or invisible, and as certainly as we stand in *rapport* with that part of the spirit-world which is in harmony with us. A similar or kindred thought in different heads, even when these heads are not conscious of it, or these souls are not known to each other, is, in a spiritual sense, a union. The death of a person who stands in such a relation to us, does not destroy this relation. Death is a chemical process, a separation of forces, but no destroyer; it rends not the bond betwixt us and kindred souls: the progress of the one, and the retrogression of the other only, can break up this communion; as a man who has progressed in everything that is excellent no longer harmonizes with a youthful friend who has remained rude and ignorant. You can easily apply what I have said, both generally and particularly.

" SCHOLAR: Perfectly. You say that harmony of forces is union; death destroys not this union because he only separates, does not destroy.

" MASTER: I add, also, this; that the cessation of those conditions in which the harmony properly consisted, for instance, a total change of views and opinions, must necessarily destroy this union.

" SCHOLAR: That I have not lost sight of.

" MASTER: Good. Then a union with the dead, who have not ceased to harmonize with us, may still continue?

" SCHOLAR: I admit it.

" MASTER: It remains, therefore, only to become conscious of this union. Simply spiritual forces cannot become visible to our outward senses; they do not operate through our physical organs upon us, but through that organ by means of which only a union or *rapport* is possible, through the inner sense on which they operate immediately. This inner sense, the deepest and finest organ of the soul, is, in the great majority of mankind, totally undeveloped; merely the germ is existing in them. The bustle of the world; the pursuit of business; the habit of dwelling and looking only on the surface of things, prevents us arriving at any spiritual growth—any clear spiritual consciousness. Thus this great psychical fact of our nature remains, for the most part, unacknowledged; and the revelation of it, in different times and persons, has always had so many doubters and sneerers, that to this present time there is no reception or operation of it but in men of rarest occurrence, or the most especial individuality.

" I am, indeed, far from putting faith in the many ridiculous stories of apparitions; but I am quite persuaded that the inner sense may be cultivated to a degree in which the apparition of the spiritual being may be able to make itself palpable to the outward eye, or, as more usually the case, the outward apparition may present itself to the spiritual eye. I need not, therefore, talk of the miraculous, or of trickery, or of illusion of the senses, in order to explain this phenomenon. Yet I am well aware that, in the language of the world, people term this development of the inner sense—overstrained imagination. He in whom this inner sense, this eye of the Spirit has opened, sees those things invisible to others, which are in union with him. From this inner sense religions have proceeded, and so, many of the apocalypses of the olden and of recent times. Out of this capacity of the inner sense, objects which are invisible to other men, whose spiritual eyes are still closed, become palpable, and prophecy, which is no other than this gift of seeing the connection of the present and the past with the future—the necessary cohesion of cause and effect—arises. Prophecy is the sense or

perceptive faculty for the future. Man cannot learn the art of prophecy; the faculty for it is mysterious—it unfolds itself in a mysterious manner; it bursts forth frequently, like the lightning's flash, and again buries itself in deeper night. You cannot call forth spirits by conjurations, but they can reveal themselves to the spirit; the receptive can receive them: they can show themselves to the inner sense.

"The teacher was silent, and his listener departed; but many thoughts were busy in his mind, and his whole soul yearned to make himself master of the conditions necessary to the possession of so noble a power."

In another little paper, called an apocalyptic fragment, the Gûnderode imagines herself passed into the spirit-world:—"I seemed no longer myself, and yet more than myself. I could no longer find my accustomed limits. My consciousness had outgrown itself; it was greater, different, and yet I felt myself in it. I was released from the narrow bonds of my being, and was no longer an isolated drop in the ocean; I now belonged to everything and everything to me. I thought and felt, swam in the billows of the sea, glittered in the sun, circled with the stars, felt myself in all, and enjoyed all in myself.

"Therefore, he who has ears to hear, let him hear! It is not two, nor three, nor a thousand: it is one and all. It is not body and soul separated, so that one belongs to time and the other to eternity; it is One; belongs to itself and eternity at once; visible and invisible; fixed in movement, an illimitable life."

In the little dramatic sketch of *Immortalita*, Immortality is represented as inclosed in a circle formed of a vast serpent which holds its tail fast in its mouth. She is in a gloomy region thus environed, conscious of a great nature, but unaware of her real sovereignty. Hecate, whom she invokes to explain the mystery of her condition, tells her that she is the queen of all things, though she does not know it, and that the hour is coming for her enfranchisement. Soon a beautiful youth named Erodion, the son of Love and Beauty, springs on shore near her from Charon's boat, in which he has passed over. He recognizes Immortality as the being after whom he has always yearned, and Hecate again appearing, tells Erodion to step into the serpent-formed circle, when instantly the serpent unrolls itself and disappears, and Immortality finds herself, freed from all bonds, a denizen of the universe.

This little drama, under a classic form, describes the condition of man at the period of the approach of Christianity. Human wisdom, then as now, had clouded the soul, and in its shape of serpent, or serpentine cunning, had cooped up the knowledge of our immortality within the narrow circle of its

own limited nature. The human mind, restless and unsatisfied, haunted by its immortal instincts, knows not how to comprehend its situation, much less how to escape from its duration. But man enlightened by Christianity, in the shape of Erodion, the son of divine Love and Beauty, arrives, the serpent circle of human wisdom is dissolved and the soul re-asserts its native claims. Life and immortality are in reality brought to light. Erodion, or Christianity, embodied in man, throws down the rocks which human erudition had piled up betwixt this life and the next. Immortality exclaims—

“Triumph! the rocks are thrown down! From this time and for ever it is given to the thoughts of love, the dreams of desire, the inspirations of the poet, to descend out of the land of the living to the realm of shadows, and to return again.”

“HECATE: Hail! threefold immortal life will ensoul this pale realm of shadows, now thy kingdom is established.”

“IMMORTALITY: Come, Erodion, ascend with me into the eternal light, and all love and every excellence shall flourish in my kingdom. And thou, Charon, smooth thy brow, and become the friendly conductor of those who shall enter my dominions.”

“ERODION: Blessed am I, that I held fast in heart like a festal fire, its sacred presentiment! Blessed, that I had the courage to die the death of mortals, and live the life of the immortals, offering up the visible to the invisible!”

These immature fruits of a great soul show us what might have been the splendid results of a natural term of its existence here. The free and bold imagination, the undaunted action of an understanding which cut, with an independent edge, through all the weak sophistries and metaphysics of the time, and seized on the underlying truth, and openly proclaimed it, give us assurance that in its more advanced period she would have left some noble monument of the highest science of life, and have placed her name on the same substantial platform as Stilling, Kerner, Schubert, Eschenmayer, Meyer, Eckartshausen, and Hornung. The shock of circumstances on a too-sensitive nature deprived *this* world of the full blossom of those genial and intrepid talents and carried them to some more auspicious sphere. Let us, however, gather up lovingly the few fallen garlands of a hapless child of the morning, and hang them up on a fair column in our spiritual Walhalla. Some day, in some far inner land we shall recognize by them the traces of that onward-marching maiden, and say, “Here has passed that same *Günderode*,” still following the footsteps and hymning the anthems of IMMORTALITY!

MISS HARDINGE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

WE hope that all our readers who appreciate eloquence which evinces the highest moral and intellectual endowments, have been present at the addresses of this lady, and that they will neglect no opportunity of enjoying the flow of impassioned truth and poetry which is calculated to refresh and invigorate the minds of those who are privileged to listen to her. We could not but feel, before we heard her, that her chosen subject of America was a most threadbare and difficult one upon which to discourse before an English audience, but the manner in which she has treated it, shews that her genius is capable of overcoming any such obstacles, and of investing the most unpromising subject with attractive freshness, and of making it suggestive of profound reflection.

We are glad to find that she has received highly appreciative notices from nearly all the leading organs of the press, as indeed she was fairly entitled to do. Had she been infinitely less deserving of this praise, we should have expected from the sympathies of gentlemen some kindly treatment of a lady, who, at all events, has brought back with her to her native country a character for philanthropy, and for zeal in every noble cause, manifested through ten years of the most laborious exertions in America. During that period she has sacrificed on behalf of the suffering and ignorant of all classes, her energies, her health, her noble powers, and every shilling she could earn in the lecturing field, and has given it all freely to those on whose behalf she laboured. If we were asked who of all living men and women, has during the last ten long and eventful years, toiled the most effectually, and followed the most closely the steps of the Divine Master in aid of suffering humanity, we should have a difficulty in naming one whom we would select in preference to this lady, and we make this statement with a full knowledge of the grounds upon which it is based.

It should be hardly credible that any one acquainted with her history, both public and private, should not have for her the highest esteem and admiration. We have heard that she has by some been confounded with two others of the same name, but without having this excuse for their judgment being prejudiced against the intrinsic value of Miss Hardinge's character and singular endowments, it has remained for the *Saturday Review* to distinguish itself by a coarse brutality which we are happy to say is all its own. We use these strong and just words, because we see in the article of the *Saturday Review* quotations

from a paper in this journal, which gave a full detailed account of her career, and, therefore, the writer has, with full knowledge of this, been guilty of a degree of misrepresentation and foul-mouthed abuse which would have disgraced the casual ward of Lambeth workhouse.

We think it ominous for society that a journal conducted on the general principles of the *Saturday Review*, which are studiously opposed to everything relating to the higher life of man, should be able to attain so large a circulation and such influence amongst the higher classes.

To what peculiar perversity of the *Saturday Review* mind are we to look for a solution of the problem that an English educated gentleman could listen to the exhibition of Miss Hardinge's wonderful powers in St. James's Hall, and that he could afterwards sit down and deliberately write such an unjust, senseless, and disgraceful criticism, not upon her address alone, but upon her character and history which were so well known to him? Coleridge says that it takes far more education to make a pair of shoes, than to write articles for a newspaper. We can only regret that a far-seeing parent of a degenerate son did not put him in the way of making good shoes, rather than of writing articles which should bring the blush of shame to every manly cheek.

We have been informed that Mr. Scott, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, was himself the writer of the article. If it be not so, we shall be happy to give this gentleman the opportunity of relieving himself from the odium of its authorship.

THE SPIRITUAL JOURNALS AND THEIR ADVISERS.

MR. GARDNER, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mr. Burns, of London, discussed the subject of the literature of Spiritualism, at the Darlington Convention, in July last, and the report of the proceedings of the convention has been recently forwarded to us. In the course of this they both alluded to the *Spiritual Magazine* and the *Spiritual Times*, and their opinions are by no means complimentary either to us or to our contemporary. They may not be the less true on that account, and as our wish is not to conceal the truth, whether it make for us or against us, we are glad to be able to reproduce the most pungent parts of these gentlemen's objections.

Mr. Gardner said:—

One thing is patent, of which any superficial observer will feel conscious,

that there is a great difference between the English and American spiritual publications. We seem content to announce a fact or tell a story; they reduce it to a philosophy, proclaim a principle, and then shape it into a practical use. The Americans have facts, but they make them speak in tones of eloquence all the progressive principles of the age, and contrive to give them a niche in the temple of science. Our facts are expected to speak for themselves; but poor dumb things, they have no mouths, they are only good substantial facts, about which people are left to form their own opinions, and it comes to pass that most people are not accustomed to form opinions for themselves, and if anything else occurs, they attach the opinions of our opponents to the facts we have prepared for them. But we are conservative in our spiritual literature, while the Americans are radical. They are not afraid to speak contrary to certain dignities, while we seem only anxious that the same sort of dignities should speak well of us. We think Spiritualism looks very well with a creed about its neck, while the Spiritualists of America have been pulverising and destroying all the creeds they could lay hold of for the last sixteen years. Our spiritual literature is very harmless, and might be swallowed by almost any sect with perfect impunity. There is fatal to orthodoxy wherever it is received. *In fact, ours only claims to be a higher kind of Christianity*, which is no more than what every other sect claims. But American spiritual literature has gone a long way to prove that Christianity is not the religion of Spiritualists, but of sectarians, who deny there is any way to appease the wrath of God but by the death of his Son. Some of our writers affirm that Spiritualism is based on Christianity, and others boast that no English Spiritualist denies the divine authority of the Bible; neither of which positions could have been retained by the writers themselves if they had paid any attention to the more advanced literature of America. If Spiritualism was based on Christianity, how is it that it existed before its foundation was laid? If they would content themselves by saying the first Christians were Spiritualists, they would save themselves from much inconsistency. And if they would simply affirm, speaking of the Bible, that it contains many accounts of ancient spiritual manifestations, no one could charge them with using duplicity.

Some may wonder why the spiritual press of this country is not so decided in its tone and progressive in its tendency as the American literature. Well, I will tell you why it is said to be so. They think if they were to be so radical as to deny the old systems, their publications would be strangled. We think that could be prevented if Spiritualists would say it should be; and I think many Spiritualists would be glad to support a paper that fully echoed their own principles against the conservatism of orthodoxy. I don't think strangulation and death would supervene if the whole truth was brought out by our publications. It did not do so in America, and progressive thinkers are always ill at ease with any publication that seems to be on the side of conservatism in theology.

Mr. BURNS referred to the schemes for supplying the Spiritualists with a periodical. He said that the cause was not at all served by what already existed. There was no free press or popular organ; those in existence did not serve the people, but wanted the people to serve them; they were not the organs of truth or investigation, but of a sect. The speaker deprecated that anonymous journalism which put a sheet of printed paper before you as if from the hand of an automaton. This was only the ghost of what a periodical should be, having the advocacy of a great truth at stake, and enjoying the co-operation of hearty, earnest men. But what do these papers care for the truth? Why, the first question with them all is, their paltry individual existence. The good will of their subscribers is of more importance to them than the greatest law or principle that ever emanated from the Divine mind. They dare not even advertise a book that is accredited to advocate a sentiment ahead of the old-womanisms that pass current with their constituents; and their declared policy is to exclude all articles tending to explode theological errors—the roots of sectarian tyrannies. And does such a miserable system pay financially? No. The publications already in existence in this country subsist on charity; not one of them earns its bread. An out and out progressive broadsheet could not fare worse. Such an organ is wanted, and living real men that are not ashamed of being its editors or publishers. It is rather an incongruity to be laughed at for being a

Spiritualist and have to defend its facts and principles every time you go to buy its books at these business publishers. Even their trade terms are stiff and illiberal, showing that it is a matter of no consequence to them whether the books have a chance or not.

The speaker did not mean to imply that the existing periodicals had not been of some service, yet he contended that they were open to the objections he had stated. They might even be useful in promoting a "respectable" form of "Christian Spiritualism;" but when the object contended for was truth and progress, and not foregone conclusions and the "powers that be," it would be seen that they were worthless. He knew that the promoters of these journals were gentlemen of honour and respectability; he made no personal allusion to them, but to the periodicals as they were. He thought that such a criticism was healthy and was wanted. Candour and honesty was a better policy than selfish conservatism—the quality which he found fault with in those papers, which would rather sacrifice the truth than their own success or reputation. He was a friend of politeness, suavity, and fraternity, and had experienced much kindness from the promoters of these journals; but he considered it cowardly and a desertion of duty to cry "Peace, peace, when there was no peace," and in the end was neither kindness nor justice.

The idea of both these gentlemen seems to be, that Spiritualism is a new religion, and that it is their religion, whilst we do not adequately represent this religion of theirs, and of Spiritualism. If they are right in the opinion that Spiritualism is a new religion, then we own ourselves to be in the wrong, but we maintain that there is not a new religion in Spiritualism, but on the contrary that Spiritualism is the life essence of every religion. It is not easy at the present day, nor has been for a long period, to invent a new religion. It was once asked by a bigoted Catholic, "Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?" To which the answer was a pertinent one, "Where was your face before you washed it?" The mistake of these gentlemen is to wish that we should aid in making another new sect out of Spiritualism, but we have no intention of doing so. It is a very common mistake of Spiritualists, and has already produced all the disunion which exists in their ranks. Hitherto in England Spiritualism has been kept considerably free from the public expression of this unfortunate idea. Look at the effects which it has produced in France. There the dominant party makes the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism to consist in the dogma of re-incarnation, which is violently, and we think properly opposed by the other and larger-minded party. In America Spiritualism is broken up into other sects. There is the religio-philosophical party, which finds its sole expression in the Harmonial philosophy of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. There is another party which says that the religion of Spiritualism consists in doctrines and beliefs similar to those held by what is known as the Broad-Church in England. Again, there is another which goes for the religion of reason, and kicks down all the old and grand religious beliefs and faith of the Bible. Which then, we ask, is the real religion of

Spiritualism, which Spiritualists so diametrically disagree about? What folly in us to be quarrelling on this subject amongst ourselves, whilst we have before us the all important work of enlightening the outside world upon the stupendous facts and fair deductions of this new science! Why should we voluntarily sacrifice the subject to this necessarily disintegrating process? and what right have we to say to one—"You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in the dogma of Re-incarnation; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in Andrew Jackson Davis; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you accept the teachings of Theodore Parker, who himself denied and derided it; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you are a Broad Churchman; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you are a Swedenborgian; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist if you believe in Christ and the Bible; or even to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in Christ and in the Bible in the same sense in which we do?"

We have no intention of jeopardizing Spiritualism by putting it upon any such issues, any the more than we would insist upon the notion that no one can be a true believer in gravitation, unless he is also of some particular religious persuasion, or unless he wear clothes of a particular colour.

Our course, on the contrary, has been to give to Spiritualism a more broad and catholic expression, and to make it large enough to take in all religions and forms of thought, at the same time that it shall give its essential life to each. We want no new religion, but we plead for men of all classes of religious opinions that they should not be excluded from the blessings of spiritual light by any such narrow constructions as are put upon it by some Spiritualists. Is it not more logically true to find Spiritualism in every religion, than to seek to confine it to one, and that a new one? Is it not better and broader to point to the spiritual origin of each religion, and thus to allow its followers again to recognize the true essence of its earliest and best days, than to attempt the impossible task of harnessing them all to our particular chariot? We may carry out our plan with little knowledge and to but small effect, but the direction, we submit, is the right one, and therefore it will not fail us in the end. We repeat that in our opinion Spiritualism is not of itself a religion, but it is the way and the life of all religions. With this idea kept full in view, Spiritualists can speak to the earnest souls of all religions from that of Christ to that of Mahomet, and to the latest developments of Irvingism, Swedenborgianism, and the Shakers, as well as to the disciples of Confucius, and the votaries of Vishnu and Brahma.

We are taught this by the history of Spiritualism itself, which

has been recruited from the ranks of every known religion. Each follower of these, in our view, may add as much of his own religion as he pleases to Spiritualism, but we object to his telling us that this compound of his, makes it the religion of Spiritualism; because were he to have the right to do so, he would have the right to say that none but those of his views were true Spiritualists. We claim this freedom for all, and we should as decidedly object to the Established Church of England calling its own faith the religion of Spiritualism, as we should that any other religious body should give to its own views the same appellation. True Spiritualism is of God. Religions have all of them too much of man in them, and they are consequently always changing and going to decay. Spiritualism has never changed, and will endure to the end. "We prefer, therefore, to say that religion should be spiritualized—that is, purged of all error, grossness, and Formalism. There is but one religion, namely, to be good, and to do good." "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

THE DAVENPORTS IN IRELAND.

THE Davenports and Mr. Fay have been some weeks in Ireland, accompanied by Mr. R. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, and from our contemporary we quote the opinions of several of the most influential journals of Dublin. They are much more sensible and far more consonant with the wonderful nature of the facts exhibited through the Davenports, than those of our English journals. Our journals however began pretty fairly when the Davenports first appeared, and it was only when the phenomena attracted a large share of public attention, and therefore of the *odium theologicum et scientificum*, that our press was forced to shew its craven spirit, and that it commenced to deny the facts and to eat its own words. Now, it does not even pretend to any fairness, but pursues its course in utter defiance of truth and fair dealing. Our *Times* and other daily papers seize with avidity upon such canards as Sothorn's letter, and Mr. Fay's turning Queen's evidence upon the Davenports, but it actually refuses to publish Mr. Fay's denial. The *Star* too can afford to publish Sothorn's letter, but the editor, Mr. Dymond, in a personal interview, emphatically refuses to publish the contradiction. Can anything be more supremely disgraceful and dishonest in those who should supply truth to the public?

The *Freeman's Journal*, after describing the phenomena witnessed, sums up thus:—

It would be, perhaps, wearisome to go further into detail—suffice it to say that *we witnessed last night the strangest and most unaccountable performance that could be thought of, next to the sacred miracles.* The Messrs. Davenport could not, certainly have had assistance in the cabinet from any human being whatever. It is nothing but a thin shell of wood placed upon three trestles, and all who wished could watch every outside part of it during the whole night. During the dark part of the performance Messrs. Fay and Davenport sat on the same floor as the audience, and within reach almost of a dozen of them. They certainly succeeded in astonishing all who had the pleasure of attending their *soirée* yesterday evening.

The *Irish Times* has the following sensible remarks:—

The Davenports, respecting whom so much has been written, have visited Dublin, and last evening held a *séance* in the Queen's Arms Hotel, Upper Sackville-street. *That they are possessed with mysterious power, bordering almost on the supernatural, would appear to be undoubted.* The phenomena which they present astound the audience, and *defy all efforts at discovery.* It is better to abstain from the expression of any decided opinion as to the agency employed in the manifestations, and simply relate what one has witnessed. Many opinions respecting them have been formed, and some of an adverse character urged with a degree of acerbity by the English press. Statements, too, have been made that their agency has been discovered, and that the manifestations produced were merely the efforts of successful conjurors. In that opinion *few impartial persons can concur*, and, certainly, *none who were present at the séance last evening.*

Saunders' News Letter and Daily Advertiser says of the first *séance*:—

For three hours we were in an atmosphere so pervaded with mystery and wonder that long ere the performance was over *we had given up all hope of finding the key to anything we saw.*

The *Daily Express*, equally bewildered, goes on to say:—

Much has been said and published at the surprising feats performed by these young men—and however prepared those present might have been to witness all that the most extravagant fancy could imagine—and notwithstanding the scepticism of many was openly expressed, the proceedings last evening eclipsed the anticipations of the most sanguine, *staggered the prejudices of those the last to admit of supernatural agency*, and evoked from all the most unequivocal and decided marks of approbation. To account for them by ordinary laws of nature seems impossible, that a supernatural agency should be invoked common sense forbade believing, and the audience, while acknowledging the unaccountable nature of the means employed, were content to express their astonishment and give the Brothers every credit for candour and extraordinary ability.

The *Dublin Advertising Gazette* says:—

Popular delusions have been at all times considered remarkable, and one of the most singular of that class is the perfect faith with which the gross misrepresentation of the Brothers Davenport have been received. The English press stated that these gentlemen were nothing but “indifferent conjurors,” and that their *séances* were totally devoid of the smallest element of wonder. Such statements we have no hesitation in branding as being without the smallest foundation of truth.

Since these notices appeared some gentlemen have made the usual discovery of cheating, but we have seen far too much of the Davenport manifestations, to be misled by any such discoveries. We repeat our entire confidence in the truthfulness of the manifestations.

BICORPORÉITY.

IN the twentieth and twenty-first numbers of *L'Union Spirite*, are interesting chapters, taking up nearly half of the pamphlet, entitled "Studies upon the *Bi-Corporéité*," one of the most curious and most instructive of the phenomena that Spiritism has studied and explained; that the spirit of a person living, isolated from the body, can make itself a *tangible appearance*, with all the appearance of reality, is a phenomenon designated *Bi-Corporéité*, which has given rise to the histories of *double men*, that is to say, of individuals whose simultaneous presence has been proved in two different places at the same time. They give two examples, drawn, they say, not from popular legend, but from ecclesiastical history. One Saint Alphonse de Liguori, who was canonized for having shown himself simultaneously in two different places. He was thrown into a kind of trance, in which he remained one day and night. He neither ate, spoke, nor gave any signs of life. When he came to consciousness, he said he had been to assist at the Pope's death, and it was afterwards verified, and the historian of the Popes cites it as a miracle, in relating the death of Clement XVI., that he was assisted by the generals of the different Catholic orders who were present, "but most miraculously by the blessed Alphonse de Liguori, although he was then far from his body." The other was "St. Antoine de Padoue, who, being in Spain, where he then preached, his father at Padoue was sent to punishment, accused of murder. At the moment St. Antoine appeared, demonstrated the innocence of his father, and made known the true criminal, who, later, submitted to the punishment. It was proved that St. Antoine had not quitted Spain." The editor, M. Bez, held a *séance* with a medium (who was ignorant of these histories), and evoked the spirit of St. Alphonse, who came and gave his account of the singular phenomenon, and answered questions as to how it was performed. M. Bez enquired more particularly how visibility and tangibility were obtained? The incarnate spirit is almost always assisted by disincarnated spirits. It is not indispensable that the medium whose spirit is to be disengaged should be sanctified by his virtues. It results more from the physical organization and the presence of indispensable fluids. When disengaged from the body, it is as a free spirit, and is drawn toward the place where the spirits desire. It remains always connected to its body by a "fluidic" cord, which serves to conduct the fluids which the soul and the assisting spirits take without ceasing to form the new body, which is called the

péresprit. It is by the condensation of these fluids and their mixture with those emanating from the *péresprits* of the soul and the disincarnated, that it first acquires visibility, then tangibility. How operates the condensation that produces this tangibility? By a magnetic action, the fluids obeying the force of the will. How had it the ability to use the articulate human word? Sometimes the *péresprit* is rendered tangible, and gifted with all the organs of the human body. Each of these organs acquires, by the same magnetic action upon the fluids, the properties of the corresponding organ of the veritable material body. Thus the limbs of the *péresprit* move, the eyes can see, the tongue speak. During the time my *péresprit* was visible and tangible, my body was in a complete state of catalepsy. It quitted that state as soon as my spirit retook its vaporous form, and gradually returned to its normal state in passing through the different degrees of magnetic awakening."—*Banner of Light*.

A SEANCE AT DIEPPE, IN SEPTEMBER, 1865.

THE circle consisted of Madame M—— and seven others. We held our circle in a room where there was no furniture, we had merely the chairs on which we sat, two folding screens, and a table on which we placed a guitar, two tambourines, a bell and a trumpet. We bound Camille to a chair with three ropes, and we formed a chain round him by holding each other's hands. M. Jules took away the light and then the table was violently jerked, the instruments were played upon and flung about with great force, making a whistling noise in the air. In a few minutes all noise ceased except that of the untying and falling of the ropes. Camille then exclaimed that he was free. Monsieur Jules opened the door, and on the lamp having been brought in, we found the three ropes on the floor with which Camille had been bound. Madame D—— then produced a chain with handcuffs, or rather, heavy rings, which she had caused to be made expressly. We now bound Camille with the chain to a chair, having fastened his hands behind him, and passed the rings round his arms in a manner to prevent the least movement. We then locked the chain with a padlock, the key of which Madame D—— put into her pocket. Monsieur Jules removed the light, and we again formed a circle round Camille. Immediately the instruments were played upon and thrown about, my knee was patted, and the others too said they were touched. The tinkling of the chain and a heavy clang were soon heard, and, on the door being re-opened, Camille was found unbound. Later in the evening we formed a sort of little room

with the two folding screens. We placed Camille bound in a chair in the centre, and the musical instruments on another close to him. Miss B—— volunteered to sit by his side, and then, while closing the screen, a hand was seen—evidently not Miss B——’s—but a large red hand. She described the action and sound of the instruments to have been most powerful and wonderful. A quarter of an hour later I took her place, sitting on the right side of Camille, with my left hand on his right hand, which was bound to his knee. Mons. Jules sat on his left, holding his left hand similarly bound; the chair with the instruments was in front of us. Miss B—— then closed the screen. I was touched most gently though the manifestations were extremely powerful. Every instrument was played around us at the same time, one of the tambourines keeping time by tapping on my knee. The screens were shaken by violent raps. I then requested Monsieur Alfred —, who was outside the screen, to sing, upon doing which the spirits kept time with all the instruments, and with loud raps upon the screens—most boisterously during a chorus, in which we all joined—and at the end of which they placed one of the tambourines on Monsieur Jules’s head, and the other on mine. We then felt the chair which had held the instruments rising. I put my hand all round it at a little distance, and felt that nothing tangible supported it. It was slowly lifted above our heads and placed upon our shoulders, and on the lights called for having been brought, we were found in this ludicrous position with the instruments scattered around us.

F. M.

THE COUNTRY WHERE THE CHRISTIANS LIVE.

SHE was a virgin called Antonia Bourignon, born in the town of Lisle, in Flanders, in the year 1716; the daughter of a rich man there, and baptized and bred up by her parents in the communion of the Church of Rome. Being taught to read in her childhood, and having read the Gospels, and being told of the life of Jesus Christ, how poor, and mean, and despised, and self-denied he was, and seeing almost all people live very unlike to him in ease, and abundance, and pleasures, and honours, she asked her parents, “Where are the Christians? Let us go to the country where the Christians live.” And though her parents derided her for this, yet this impression ever remained with her, and it was her constant theme to let the world see what a true Christian is, and that very few such are to be found.—*Light of the World*, p. 27.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MARCH, 1836.

BETTINA VON ARNIM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

“Göethe ! I have Second-sight !”—BETTINA.

IN the notice of Fräulein von Günderode I mentioned the introduction which Günderode gave to Bettina into Spiritualism and into mediumship. Bettina became one of the most celebrated female writers of Germany. The spirit, independence of thought and action, and vivid dash and colouring of her writings, while they gave her a character of eccentricity and of a mad-cap sort of extravagance, at the same time produced an immense sensation, and her works were always read with a voracious avidity and created universal discussion. The principal of these works are the *Correspondence of Göethe with a Child*; the *Memoir and Correspondence of Günderode with Herself*, and one with the singular title *Dies Buch Gehört dem König*, “This Book belongs to the King.” All these exhibit the fullest evidences of Bettina’s Spiritualism, then unknown by any specific name, and, of course, set down only as one of her many extravagances, a philosophy imagined only to create what is now termed sensation.

I mean on this occasion to confine my notice to the correspondence with Göethe, which Bettina herself translated into English, but which I have not met with. But I have met with further productions of Günderode, the whole, I believe, which have survived, unless it be some of those contained in Bettina’s work, *Die Günderode*. Besides the volume quoted under the assumed name of *Tian*, which appeared in 1804, another volume was published in 1805, and a third in 1806. The volume published in 1805, in Heidelberg, entitled *Studien*, was edited by her friends Professors Creuzer and Daub. Her productions altogether, consist of a number of lyrical poems; several prose dramatic articles, and four dramas, *Hildgund*, *Udohla*, *Magic und Schicksal*, and *Mahomed der Prophet von Mekka*.

N. S.—I.

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All these productions display much poetic genius, and all equally show the settled tendency of her mind towards the supernatural. The stanzas display the growing power of her intellect, and are sufficient proofs that had she lived she would have attained high rank as a dramatic poet. The drama of *Mahomed* is a thoroughly spiritual production of great vigour, and in it she manifests her perfect knowledge of spiritual conditions and characteristics. Mahomed is a great medium, exhibiting all the features of a medium—trance, vision, and attendant spiritual powers necessary for his great mission. G nderode was born in Carlsruhe, in February, 1780, and destroyed herself in July, 1806, so that she was a few months over twenty-six years of age. A very interesting portrait of her is given in a collected publication of her writings, by Friedrich G tz, Mannheim, 1857.

The perusal of this volume enables me to correct an error in my article on G nderode. The apparition of G nderode's sister was not to Bettina, but to G nderode herself. The three dreams of Bettina were the cause of her conviction that they would find G nderode dead.

The appearance of the *Briefwechsel* of Bettina—correspondence represented as that of a child of thirteen, with the great poet and philosopher, G ethe, in which this child not only talked of her ardent love for him, of her self-introduction to him, of flying to his arms, clasping him round the neck, and seating herself on his knee—the grave man of sixty, and of an overwhelming fame—but of pouring out all the fires, impulses, wayward fancies, and speculations of her precocious heart, was a sufficiently startling spectacle. But this child of thirteen gravely lecturing the great poet on his faults, and the faults of his most popular writings, calling him boldly to account for his want of religion, his want of conception of music, and of the true beauty and scope of female character, was still more astounding to the learned men of Germany. At the same time, the glowing eloquence, the breadth of intellectual horizon, the depth of mental intuition, the varied literary and philosophical experience; in a word, this rich and refined mind, amid a strange garnish of outr  and girlish conceits, made it appear a moral impossibility that these letters could originate with a child of thirteen. *The Conversations Lexicon* makes her just ten years older; and thus much of the wonder would vanish. Bettina, however, always asserts her then age as thirteen, instead of three-and-twenty, which the encyclop dia makes her. That Bettina had none but the purest ideas and intentions in this singular intimacy, will be felt by every reader of the work, and it is evident that no stigma attached to her on its account by her subsequent marriage with the distinguished Achim von Arnim. She opens her book with the warning,

"This book is for the good, and not for the bad." A significant application in other words of our "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

The account which Bettina gives of her early life, of her life indeed, at this time, of the friendship with G nderode and then with G ethe, is certainly strange and extravagant enough. She travels with her brother-in-law and her sister, whom she familiarly calls "Lulu." Part of the way the ladies appear in male attire, as most adapted for passing, with least chance of annoyance, through the different armies, French and German, which then occupied Germany. Bettina prefers the seat outside by the coachman. They travel by night and in winter, through great forests, and the driver tells them of recent robberies in these parts. Bettina carries her pistols in her belt. No robbers appear, but heavy snows fall. Wrapt in her cloak she sits and sleeps, awaking to find herself covered in a snow-wreath. At morning dawn she shakes off the snow, begs that the carriage may stop, for a run into the still woods, under the pine trees laden with snow, and then fires off her pistols at the boles of the trees. At Weimar, she calls on Wieland, the poet, and demands an introduction from him to G ethe. The old poet, in much wonder, writes on a card:—"Bettina Brentano, Sophy's sister, Maximilian's daughter, Sophy La Roche's grand-daughter, wishes to see thee—receive her kindly." With this she marches to the great man's house, and so begins this singular history.

In her subsequent summer's sojourn on the Rhine, she wanders about at all hours, by day or night; rambles to any distance alone, over rocks and through woods; talks with boatmen, shepherds, poor women, goose-girls, or anybody, and finds something worth knowing in all. In a letter to G ethe's mother, with whom she has made the same unceremonious acquaintance, and who loves her as a daughter, she writes:—"People say, 'Why are you sad?' Sad! my heart is full of joy; but it is too great, too wondrous to shew itself in laughter. But it raises me from my bed before day, and I wander out amongst the sleeping plants on the hills, where the dew washes my feet, and I think devoutly, it is the Lord of the world who washes my feet, since he will have me to be pure in heart as he washes my feet pure from the dust; and thus, when I come upon the top of the hill, and overlook the wide country in the first beams of the sun, then do I feel what joy is, feel it expand itself mightily in my bosom, and I breathe forth a thank-offering to the sun, who shews me what his and our God has prepared for us."

At Bingen she ascended continually to the ancient chapel of St. Rochus, on the top of the hill overlooking the Rhine, and this she used to make her soul's oratory, and to sit in the confessional, and open out her soul to God, and to a universe of

mysterious thoughts that poured into it. She planted a vine, which she carried up in a pot, at the foot of the crucifix within the walls of this deserted chapel, and wreathed it round the figure and the cross, delighting herself with the wonder of the simple people when they came there in pilgrimage on St. Rochus's-day, for it is a great pilgrimage chapel. She fetched up from the Rhine below, no trifling labour, two jugs of water, to water the vine and the flowers—King's-crowns and the Longer-the-dearer, whatever they may be, for the bees, which some peasants had placed in a hive, on a shelf, in the deserted confessional. She sails down the Rhine for miles with a boatman, who has been in Spain and India, and sings wonderfully; and then she walks home, through the night, by the softly plashing river. On the hills she has much converse with an old shepherd, who plays wild, strange music on his schalmei, a sort of horn, saying music was a protection against evil thoughts and *ennui*, but not always against bad spirits. These he had met with at night on the hills, and they had turned him back, even when he was going to see his sweetheart. Now, however, he was old, and had been in the wars. Yet, once he had met a man in full armour walking in the moonlight, far away on the hills, with a large black dog with him.

One night Bettina, having slept in the sunshine of the afternoon, on the steps of St. Rochus's Chapel, woke at midnight in the full moonlight, and in the solemn hush of the forest. Deep was her delight, and without any fear. "The spirit," she says, "has also its senses, through which we see and hear and feel many things that have no outward existence. There are thoughts which the spirit only, with its deeper sense, comprehends. So I see often what I think and what I feel. And I hear things which shake me through and through. I know not how I have arrived at these experiences; they are not the products of my own enquiries. I look round at the utterance of a voice, and then I perceive that it comes out of the invisible, the region of love."

She covered her head and slept on the chapel steps till morning, and then adds: "Yes, dear friend, this morning as I awoke, I felt that I had lived through something great. It was as if the resolves of my heart had wings, and I could soar aloft over mountain and valley, into the pure, the clear, the light-filled azure. No oath, no conditions—all only in the befitting motion of a holy aspiration towards heaven. That is my vow. Freedom from all bonds—a determination to follow and believe only in the spirit which reveals the beautiful, which prophecies of blessedness."

In this vow we have the secret of Bettina's life; the key to all that appears strange, eccentric, and reckless of the world's social laws; and amid all this, throughout the whole of her

writings, nothing stands forth so conspicuous as the heart of a noble, brave and spiritualized woman of genius. She had found a soul in nature that lived with her and for her; which was friendship, society, religion, philosophy, and love. A great and universal teacher speaking from the central oratory within; speaking in every flower and blade of grass, in every breathing of the air, and spring of water. The Great Spirit, as the American Indians named Him in awe, teaching through spirit, whether concrete or individualized, the wisdom of eternity. "Ah! every form contains a spirit and a life, which must inherit the everlasting. Do not the flowers dance? Do they not sing? Do they not write in the air—'Spirit?' Do they not paint their innermost being in their form? I love every flower, each according to its kind; and to none have I been untrue. They live in and from love. In God's love, and in your love. They wither and die from neglect. I have seen it, and could tell some touching stories of flowers and trees dedicated to a love that has flourished or ended in deep, deep woe."

But Bettina found a deeper voice, which the voices of Nature, of whispering leaves, plashing waters, songs of birds, thwarted and disturbed:—"I have given myself much labour to collect myself, and to get down below all interfering influences. I have shaded myself from the light of the sun; and gone out into the dark night when no star shone, and no wind stirred. I have gone down to the river strand, but it was never sufficiently solitary; the waves disturbed me, the sigh of the grass—and when I gazed into the thick darkness and the clouds parted, and a star blinked through, I wrapped my head in my mantle, and buried my face in the earth in order to be wholly, wholly alone. That strengthened my heart I became pure, and then I was enabled to perceive what, perhaps, no one else perceives, or cares to perceive. Then out of the infinite depths of the inner world, spirit rises up before our spirit and we gaze on it, as the Divine Spirit gazes on Nature. Then Spirits bloom out of the spirit; they embrace each other, they elevate each other, and their dance is form, and it is music. We see them not, we feel them, and harmonize ourselves with their heavenly power; and in doing this we undergo an operation which heals us."

Such was this young paradoxical Bettina—a riddle to the wise world, a lawless young creature to them who had not found her deeper law; to herself, consistent, intelligible, and amid all apparent agitation, full of repose. Let us hear what this child in comparison to Goethe has to say to this great Titan of German poetry and metaphysics:—

"Oh Goethe! I fear for thee: I fear to say what I think of thee. Yes; Christian Schlosser says, that thou understandest not

music : that thou art afraid of death : and hast no religion : what shall I say to thee? O Göethe, I feel like a man who has nothing to protect him against bad weather : I am both stupid and dumb when I am thus cruelly wounded : but as I know that thou art hidden in thyself, I see a solution of these three enigmas. I long to explain music in all directions ; and yet I feel that it is supersensual, and that I do not understand it : yet I cannot bring myself to pass by this unexplainable thing, but worship it : not that thereby I hope to comprehend it—no, the incomprehensible is ever God : and there is no mediate world in which other mysteries are originated. As music is inexplicable, so is it certainly God. This I must say, and thou with thy idea of the third and the fifth wilt laugh at me. No : thou art too kind, and too wise to laugh : thou wilt probably let thy conceptions and thy acquirements of study fall before such a sanctifying secret of the divine spirit in music. What would be the reward of all our laborious researches if this was not so? After what shall we make research? What is it that moves us but the Divine? What can those more profoundly learned say that is better and nobler concerning it? Music is the medium of the spirit by which it raises the sensuous into the spiritual. And if they should bring any arguments against this axiom, must they not be ashamed of themselves? If any one says music is given only that we should accomplish ourselves in it—yes, truly, we ought to educate ourselves in God. If any one says—it is only a means to the Divine, it is not God himself. I reply : No, ye false tongues ; your vain song is not penetrated by the Divine. Ah ! the Godhead himself teaches us to comprehend our letters, that we, like Himself, may learn by our own power to reign in the kingdom of the Godhead. All education in art is only to this end, that we may lay the foundation of independence in ourselves, and that this may remain the fruit of our labour.

“Some one has said that Christ did not understand music. I cannot contradict this, because, in the first place, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the whole course of his life, and what has occurred to me to say, I cannot tell what you would think of it. But Christ says :—‘Your body also shall be glorified.’ Is not music the glorification of our sensual nature? Does not music so affect our senses, that they feel themselves melted into the harmony of sounds, which thou with thy third and fifth wilt calculate? Learn to understand, and thou wilt more and more marvel at the incomprehensible. The senses flow into the stream of inspiration, and are thus exalted. Everything that spiritually affects man, passes thus over into the senses, and thus he feels himself through them excited to all that moves him—to love and friendship, to martial courage, and to longing after God—all

this is in the blood: the blood is spiritualized; it kindles the body, so that it may act in perfect union with the spirit. That is the operation of music on the senses: that is the glorification of the body. The senses of Christ were absorbed into the Divine spirit: they became one with it, and he said, 'Whatever ye touch with the spirit, as with the body, that is divine; and then is your body also spiritualized.' Did Christ say this? or have I imagined and thought it, as I heard them say Christ did not understand music? Excuse me, but I feel dizzy, and scarcely know what I say.

"This winter, I had a spider in my room. When I played on the guitar, it descended into the lower part of its web hastily. I stood before it, and passed my hand over the strings; you could see plainly how the sounds thrilled through its little limbs. When I changed the accord, it changed its movements: it could not do otherwise. This little creature was penetrated with joy, penetrated with spirit so long as my playing continued; when this ceased, it returned to its concealment.

"I had another little companion in a mouse, which, however, was more affected by vocal music; and most of all when I sang the musical scale. The stronger the notes became, the nearer it advanced; it remained sitting in the middle of the room. My master had great delight in the little beast, and we took all possible care not to disturb it. When I sang songs and changing tunes, it became alarmed and hastened away. Thus the musical scale was clearly in harmony with this little creature: it was transported by it; and who can doubt that it led it into a higher condition. These sounds produced as purely as possible, and in themselves beautiful, harmonized with its organism. There was an element in it which could receive the sinking and swelling of these notes. These little creatures shewed themselves overcome by music—it was their temple in which their existence felt itself exalted by contact with the Divine; and thou who feelest thyself excited by the eternal pulsations of the Divine in thee, shall it be said that thou hast no religion—thou, whose words, whose thoughts are ever directed by the Muses, dost thou not live in the element of exaltation, of intermediation with God? Ah, yes! the elevation out of unconscious life into the revelations of the Divine—that is music."

Bettina has more to say on this subject than I can quote. She hears music in nature as well as in art; yet she says she does not hear it, she lives in it. It becomes one with her life, for it is spirit, and it is God. "Music does not simply impress me, neither can I judge of it. I cannot understand the effect it has upon me—whether it moves me, whether it inspires me; I can only say, when I am asked my opinion of it, that I have no

answer. It may be averred that I do not understand it: that I admit, I only feel in it the immeasurable. As in all the other arts, the mystery of the Trinity reveals itself. When nature assumes a body, then the spirit transforms it, and brings it into combination with the Divine. It is thus in music; as if nature did not stoop to the consciousness of the sensuous, but that she seized on the senses, and bore them with her into the supermundane. * * * * I am stupid, friend. I cannot express what I know. If I *could* express what I mean, thou wouldst fully agree with me. As it is, thou wilt at least understand the Philistine, who carries his practical understanding so far that he can discriminate betwixt talent and genius. Talent convinces, genius does not convince, for to him to whom it is imparted, it gives an idea of the immeasurable, the infinite—whilst talent has its defined boundary, and so it is readily comprehended and explained.

“The infinite in the finite, the genius in every art, is music. In itself, however, it is soul; in that it tenderly moves us, and commands this movement; it is spirit, which warms, nourishes, bears, and again gives birth to its own soul, and by this means we perceive music, otherwise the outward ear could not hear it, but only the spirit; and thus every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and thus music is also the soul of love, which gives no account of its workings, since it is the contact of the Divine with the human.”

To these impassioned remarks on music, wonderful indeed, in a child of thirteen, Bettina adds some sportive remarks on the spiritual belief of Madame Göethe, the poet's mother, a very noble minded, able and fine looking woman, called from her masculine understanding, Frau Rath:—“We poor human creatures ought to be contented that we can feel the stirrings of spirit-life; that our whole existence is a preparation for comprehending blessedness; and ought not to wait for a well-cushioned and bedizened heaven, like thy mother, who believes that every thing which has given us pleasure on earth, we shall find there in superior splendour.” Yes, she insists that even her faded wedding-gown of pale green silk, embroidered with gold and silver leaves, and her scarlet mantelet, will be there her heavenly costume; and that the jewelled wreath, which a horrid thief deprived her of, already drinks in the light of the stars, and will burn in the beauteous diadem of her salvation. She says, “Why was this countenance given me? And why speaks the spirit from my eyes this or that, if it be not from heaven, and has not the expectancy of it?” All that is dead, she asserts, can make no impression—but that which does make impression, is living and eternal. When I invent or relate to her anything, she says, “These are all realities and have their places in heaven.” Often I

amuse her with the artistic emotions of my imagination. "These," she says, "are tapestry of phantasy, with which the walls of heavenly dwellings are ornamented." Lately we were at a concert together, and she was in raptures with a violoncello; so I seized the opportunity and said:—"Take care, Frau Rath, that the angel does not strike you about the head so long with the fiddlestick, that you at length perceive that heaven is music." She was greatly struck, and after a long pause, said, "Maiden, thou mayest be right."

Bettina, who was thus developed to perceive the great, inner, all-moving, all-inspiring world, the world of all life, operating in and through the outward, sensible creation in a thousand forms and voices, moved amid a learned, a poetical, an æsthetical generation that could not comprehend her. How great, then, must have been her delight in May, 1810, in Vienna, to make the acquaintance of Beethoven. How great was the amazement of the brilliant circles of that gay capital to see the illustrious composer enter into the evening parties, accompanied by this riddle of a smart, wild, self-willed, visionary girl. To see him shew her the most marked regard: to hear of his daily seeking her society, and playing his finest and newest compositions to her. Beethoven, the inspired prophet of grand harmonies, had met with a soul which comprehended his inspiration. Bettina writes to Goethe:—"It is Beethoven of whom I will now speak to thee, and in whom I have forgotten the world and thee. I am truly but a child, but I cannot err when I say, what probably no one will understand or believe, that he advances far ahead of the accomplishment of the whole of humanity: and can we overtake him? I doubt it. May he only live till the mighty and sublime mystery which lies in his spirit, has reached its most mature completion; yes, may he reach his highest aim: then certainly will be laid the key of heavenly knowledge in our hands, which will lead us a step nearer to happiness."

"I can confess it to thee, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of the spiritual nature, and this power of enchantment Beethoven exercises in his art; on all of which he can instruct thee. It is pure magic: every attitude is the organization of a higher existence, and thus Beethoven believes himself the founder of a new sensuous basis in spiritual life. Thou canst probably understand what I mean by this, and which is true. Who could replace this spirit with us? In whom could we look for the like? The whole of human life and action moves in him like clockwork; he alone produces spontaneously from himself the undreamt-of, the uncreated. What need has such an one of intercourse with the world, who already before the sunrise is at his sacred day-work, and who after sunset

scarcely looks round him ; who forgets his necessary bodily food, and is carried by the stream of inspiration aloft from the flat shores of every-day life ? He himself says :—‘ When I open my eyes I sigh, for what I see is contrary to my religion, and I am obliged to despise the world, which has no conception that music is a higher revelation than wisdom and philosophy. It is the wine of the new spirit-birth, and I am the Bacchus, who treads out for men this noble wine, and makes them drunk with it. When they are sober again, then they find that they have fished up all sorts of things which they bring to the dry land with them.’

“ I have no friend,” he said, “ I must live by myself alone ; but I know well that God is nearer to me than to others in my art. I go on with him without fear : I have always known and understood Him. I have no anxiety about my music ; no evil chance can befall it : He whom it gives to comprehend it, must be free from all the misery which others drag along with them.”

Suddenly stopping in the middle of the street, and amidst wondering crowds, and looking upwards unconscious of them all, he poured forth an inspired speech to the wondering maiden. He declared that music was the electric plain on which the spirit lives, thinks, and invents. All true philosophy, all true art, existed in the same spiritual element. Every isolated thought linked itself to the totality of thought, in the universal relationship of spirit. “ I am of an electrical nature,” he added, “ and everything electrical excites the soul to musical, flowing, out-streaming production.”

The next day Bettina read over to him what she had written down of his discourse. “ Did I say that ? ” he asked. “ Then I must have been in a raptus.”

Bettina earnestly and faithfully expounded the great doctrine of all inspiration originating in the spirit-world. That all efforts without that influx are dead. And she warmly exhorted Göethe not to content himself with any aim less elevated than that of raising his readers to the loftiest possible elevation of moral life and motive. She pointed out to him the low and defective grade of his female characters in general, excepting Gretchen and Mignon. The whole player-pack in *Wilhelm Meister*, she said, she would like to sweep into the limbo of oblivion. Wilhelm Meister, what a far nobler career might, in her opinion, have been marked out for him. Poor Mignon, how was her nobler nature, how were her divine gifts unrecognised or misused. What might not a nobler Wilhelm Meister have achieved for a struggling people like the Tyrolese, against the French invaders, by the soul-stirring music and voice of the inspired Mignon.

In a word, Bettina von Arnim presents us with a fine

example of a writer opened up into the spiritual life; into the perception of the true source of all being, all living beauty, and moral greatness; and living amid a generation which, however intellectual, walked beneath the obscurity of a cloud through which she had ascended to perpetual sunshine, calling in vain on those to follow her. Yet, there was a singular fascination in her vivid pages, which, whilst the wise ones read, and even whilst they termed them "*schwärmerisch*" and fantastic, compelled them to think and dream of them. Grave poets, and amongst them, Goethe himself, turned her glowing prose into poems, and those which Goethe thus transposed, stand confessedly equal to his own proper compositions.

It is a pleasure of discovery, in traversing the literary lands of even the commencement of the present age, to come ever and anon, on the footprints of truth's unrecognized pilgrims—Unas of the higher light, like Spenser's fair creation:—

Making a sunshine in the shady place.

Many such, no doubt, await our further explorations. Let us walk on through brush and shadow, gathering such treasures by the way, and adding at once to our own pleasure, and to the visible host of the Children of the Morning.

In concluding this article, I ought to say that Bettina's work, already mentioned, "*The King's Book*," written at a much maturer age, bears out all the spiritual and intellectual promise of her Goethe correspondence. The spiritual element everywhere presents itself. In one place she says:—"What can I do with the calves' eyes of the world, which stare at the truth unbelievably, or utterly unconscious of what is the subject discoursed of? The subject is the all-living spirit, which shall not be suppressed in whatever form it shall appear. The superstition, which inevitably fixes itself on this spirit, has never become living, but has persecuted the spirit, and would compel it to stand still in the midst of its holy transformations. That must be put down, for it is the wicked tyrant which out of the truth forges a lie. But not you alone—all the world—what avails your singing of hallelujahs, and ringing of bells? There is but ONE tone which can penetrate the Divine ear. It is spirit alone which, unconstrained, issues from the heart of man; that is the only power which can come into contact with God: His ear alone understands the free spirit." Yes, God is a spirit, and must and can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

The results of the operation of spirit on her own mind was to make her "*King's Book*" an earnest appeal to the temporal powers to retrace their course in the work of human government; to make the spirit of love the basis of legislation; to rule, not for

self, but for the people. In her plans she advanced into all the great social and political topics of to-day. She advocated the reform, and not the destruction of criminals; the prevention rather than the punishment of crime; the abolition of all capital punishments; and the serious endeavour morally and religiously to restore the very worst and most degraded of offenders; the improvement of the social condition, and the recognition of the true rights of woman. She drew pictures of the condition of the poor which might be the work of the social reformers of this greatly advanced time, and who have yet so much to do in that direction. In a word, the book displays all the sound social philosophy which might be expected from a pure spiritual source, but which to the writer's contemporaries looked like the advocacy of a new Utopia. That Utopia, however, we have seen ever since acquiring disciples amongst the most distinguished minds, and steadily advancing into a great and beneficial reality.

But I have pledged myself not to go at large into this "Book which belongs to the King," and shall close this article with a passage from Hans Christian Andersen's Autobiography:—

"At Berlin, in the house of the Minister Savigny, I became acquainted with the clever, singularly gifted Bettina, and her lovely, spiritual-minded daughter. One hour's conversation with Bettina, during which she was the chief speaker, was so rich and full of interest, that I was almost rendered dumb by this eloquence, this fire-work of wit. The world knows her writings,—but another talent, of which she is possessed, is less generally known, namely, her talent for drawing. Here again it is the ideas which astonish us. It was thus, I observed, she had treated an incident which had just occurred before, a young man being killed by the fumes of wine. You saw him descending half-naked into the cellar, round which lay the wine casks like monsters. Bacchanals and Bacchantes danced towards him, seized their victim, and destroyed him! I know that Thorwaldsen, to whom she once shewed all her drawings, was in the highest degree astonished by the ideas they contained."

Query.—Were these not spirit-drawings? It is probable, just as much as her writings were and are highly spiritual.

MEN WITHOUT A CREED.

In an article headed the "Rise of Christendom," in the *Dublin Review* for September, we find an instructive story on which we desire to say a few words.

"Nations," says the writer, "trained for many generations in Christian faith have before now fallen away from Christianity. But it does not seem that they are able to reduce themselves to the level of heathen nations in their moral standard, their perception and appreciation of good and evil, justice and wrong, or of the nature and destinies of the human race. In some respects they are morally much worse than heathen. But it does not appear that in these points they can sink so low, because their nature, fallen though it be, approves and accepts some of the truths taught it by Christianity. Hence, in order to judge what man can or cannot do without the revelation of Jesus Christ, we must examine him in nations to which the faith has never been given, rather than in those which have rejected it. Unhappily, there are at this moment parts of Europe in which the belief in the supernatural seems wanting. An intelligent correspondent of the *Times* a year ago described such a state of things as existing in parts of Northern Germany and Scandinavia. The population believes nothing, and practises no religion. Public worship is deserted, not because the people have devised any new heresy of their own as to the manner in which man should approach God, but because they have ceased to trouble themselves about the matter at all—Lutheranism is dead and gone; but nothing has been substituted for it.

"The intelligent Protestant writer was surprised to find a population thus wholly without religion, orderly and well behaved, hard-working, and by no means forgetful of social duties. The phenomenon is, no doubt, remarkable; but it is by no means without example. Many parishes (we fear considerable districts) in France are substantially in the same state. The peasantry are sober, industrious, and orderly, to a degree unknown in England. They reap the temporal fruits of these good qualities in a general prosperity, equally unknown here. They are saving to a degree almost incredible, so that it is a matter of ordinary experience, that a peasant who began life with nothing except his bodily strength, leaves behind him several hundreds, not unfrequently some thousands of pounds sterling. But in this same district whole villages are so absolutely without religion, that, although there is not one person for many miles who calls himself a Protestant, the churches are almost deserted, and the cures (generally good and zealous men) are reduced almost to

inactivity by absolute despair. Some give themselves up to prayer, seeing nothing else that they can do; some will say that they are not wholly without encouragement, because, after fifteen or twenty years of labour, they have succeeded in bringing four or five persons to seek the benefit of the sacraments, out of a population of as many hundreds, among whom when they came there was not one person to be found."

This is not a brilliant account for either the Roman or the Lutheran forms of religion to give of themselves, but if the state of the people in these districts, who are described as wholly without religion, is so "Orderly, well behaved, and hardworking, and they are by no means forgetful of social duties," many persons will draw the comparison between them, and a great part of our population in England, who with twenty-thousand-parson power, and all the jangling of the sects, are neither so orderly, well-behaved, hardworking, or mindful of their social duties. Is it quite certain that it would be good for the former to be the subjects of our Missionary and other religious societies? Is it that, like the young ladies in *Punch*, "more curates" is what they want? Or is it that they are saved from the terrors of ecclesiasticism, and that whilst they have no forms nor set creeds, the true spirit of religion is not absent from their souls. Many of our acquaintance in this England of ours, and amongst them men high in the courts of science and of letters, are in the same state as these well-behaved peasants, and they pride themselves moreover in confidential moments, in describing themselves as infidels. They don't believe in Christianity or in any revelation—not they. And they indeed think so, like the writer of the above extract in speaking of the countrymen. But we do not believe them, or him either. It is impossible for them to be other than Christians in Christian Europe, so far as concerns the moral teachings of Christianity. The common law of every country in Europe is Christianity, and it is entirely out of their power to get its foundations out of their souls, which are interpenetrated with it to their very depths. They cannot therefore, although they say they would, get away from Christianity, and when they think they are emancipated from it, they have only gone outside of ecclesiasticisms and of Churchianity, which are very different things from Christianity. For none has Christ lived in vain, even for those who will not accept church views of Him, and though churches may repel, Christ is ever near to them, and He has children amongst those who know Him not. When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was, "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life: if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

THE MAID OF KENT.

ONE of the most curious and tragic episodes connected with English history in the reign of Henry the Eighth, is the narrative of Elizabeth Barton, "the Holy Maid of Kent," as she came to be generally called; "and whose cell at Canterbury," says Mr. Froude, "for some three years, was the Delphic shrine of the catholic oracle, from which the orders of heaven were communicated even to the pope himself. This singular woman seems for a time to have held in her hand the balance of the fortunes of England. By the papal party she was universally believed to be inspired. Wolsey believed it, Warham believed it, the bishops believed it, Queen Catherine believed it, Sir Thomas More's philosophy was no protection to him against the same delusion; and finally, she herself believed the world, when she found the world believed in her. Her story is a psychological curiosity; and, interwoven as it was with the underplots of the time, we cannot observe it too accurately."

Mr. Froude, dealing specially with this period of English history, has related the story somewhat more circumstantially than his predecessors, and appears to have consulted some original documents—especially the Rolls M.S.—to which he frequently refers, of which they were ignorant.

Following mainly the narrative given by Mr. Froude in the first and second volumes of his *History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth*; but with assistance from Lingard, Strype, and other authorities, we proceed to give the essential facts as far as we can now ascertain them, and, as far as possible, free from the obscuring comments and "views" which party and prejudice have cast around them.

Nothing is recorded in history of Elizabeth Barton till 1525, at which time she was servant at a farm house in her native village of Aldington in Kent; she is spoken of, as a decent person of ordinary character and temperament. At this time she was, in Mr. Froude's vague language, "attacked by some internal disease," and, he adds, "after many months of suffering she was reduced into that abnormal and singular condition in which she exhibited the phenomena, known to modern wonder-seekers as those of somnambulism or clairvoyance." We may remark by the way, that, Mr. Froude, though "defended with the armour of science," does not here exhibit very scientific accuracy in thus using "somnambulism" and "clairvoyance" as interchangeable terms; the phenomena these terms severally express, being, in fact, as distinct as those of electricity and magnetism. It may,

however, gratify the curiosity of some of our contemporaries, to learn what an accomplished historian, primed with the science of "our own time," has thought about these things; and so we present them with the following piece of "proverbial philosophy" by the author of the *Nemesis of Faith*.

The scientific value of such phenomena is still undetermined, but that they are not purely imaginary is generally agreed. In the histories of all countries and of all times, we are familiar with accounts of young women of bad health and irritable nerves, who have exhibited at recurring periods certain unusual powers; and these exhibitions have had especial attraction for superstitious persons, whether they have believed in God, or in the devil, or in neither. A further feature also uniform in such cases, has been that a small element of truth may furnish a substructure for a considerable edifice of falsehood; human credulity being always an insatiable faculty, and its powers being unlimited when once the path of ordinary experience has been transcended. We have seen in our own time to what excesses occurrences of this kind may tempt the belief, even when defended with the armour of science. In the sixteenth century, when demoniacal possession was the explanation usually received even of ordinary insanity, we can well believe that the temptation must have been great to recognize supernatural agency in a manifestation far more uncommon; and that the difficulty of retaining the judgment in a position of equipoise must have been very great not only to the spectators but still more to the subject of the phenomenon herself. To sustain ourselves continuously under the influence of reason, even when our faculties are preserved in their natural balance, is a task too hard for most of us. We cannot easily make too great allowance for the moral derangement likely to follow, when a weak girl suddenly finds herself possessed of powers which she is unable to understand.

From a letter of Archbishop Cranmer we learn that Elizabeth Barton "in the trances, of which she had divers and many, consequent upon her illness, told wondrously things done and said in other places whereat she was neither herself present, nor yet had heard no report thereof." The parish priest, one Richard Masters, and her master, who was the Archbishop of Canterbury's steward, carefully observed all that fell from her. "She spake words of marvellous holyness in rebuke of sin and vice," says the *Statutes of the Realm*, (25 Henry VIII., cap. 12); or as a narrative contained in the *Rolls House M.S.* expresses it, "she spake very godly certain things concerning the seven deadly sins and the Ten Commandments." This, coupled with the knowledge that she was of good character, and had had a religious education, satisfied them that it was not the devil who spoke in her, and as they could not conceive of any other alternative, they concluded her inspiration was divine, and her words the immediate utterance of the Holy Spirit; just as people now-a-days, looking at the alternative from the other side, conclude that because mediums do not speak the very words of God, they can be inspired only of the devil. It was consequently inferred that she had a divine mission and authority; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the matter was at once communicated, confirmed this idea, assuring Father Richard that "the speeches which she had spoken came of God, and bidding him keep diligent account of all her

utterances, directed him to inform her in his name that she was not to refuse or hide the goodness and works of God."

The Archbishop further directed that two monks of Christchurch—Dr. Edward Bocking and Dan William Hadley, should go to Aldington to observe her. They found her very ignorant, unacquainted with the points of doctrine then in controversy, or even with the lives of the saints. They instructed her and took note of her pregnant sayings, which were forwarded regularly to the Archbishop; some antiquary may possibly yet discover them in the Archiepiscopal Library.

Her trances sometimes were of several days' duration, and (as in many like instances) previous to them, as Hall tells us, "she could not eate ne drynke by a long space." After her trances, says Lingard, "she would narrate the wonders she had seen in the world of spirits, under the guidance and tuition of an angel." "Concernyng the perticularities" of which "revelations" there were subsequently, to quote Hall again, "sonderly bokes, bothe great and small, bothe printed and written."

In one of her trances Elizabeth announced that the Virgin had appeared to her and had fixed a day for her appearance at the chapel dedicated to her at Aldington, promising that on her obedience she would present herself in person and take away her disorder. On the day appointed she was conducted to the chapel by a procession of more than two thousand persons, the whole multitude "singing the Litany, and saying divers psalms and orations by the way."

"And when she was brought thither and laid before the image of our Lady, her face was wonderfully disfigured, her tongue hanging out, and her eyes being in a manner plucked out and laid upon her cheeks, and so greatly deformed. There was then heard a voice speaking within her belly, as it had been in a tonne, her lips not greatly moving: she all that while continuing by the space of three hours or more in a trance. The which voice, when it told of anything of the joys of heaven, spake so sweetly and so heavenly, that every man was ravished with the hearing thereof; and contrarywise, when it told anything of hell, it spake so horribly and terribly, that it put the hearers in a great fear. It spake also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confession, and many other such things. And after she had lyeen there a long time, she came to herself again, and was perfectly whole. So this miracle was finished and solemnly sung; and a book was written of all the whole story thereof, and put into print; which ever since that time hath been commonly sold, and gone abroad among the country people."*

Of course a modern historian, "looking back with eyes enlightened by scientific scepticism," considers this was all a cunning plot between the girl and her priestly advisers, to increase her reputation, and to add to the power and revenue of the church. Froude says: "Being now cured of her real disorder, yet able to counterfeit the appearance of it, she could find

* *Cranmer's Letter*, ELLIS, third series, Vol. iii. p. 315.

no difficulty in arranging a miracle of the established kind." No evidence of her previous cure, or of this being an imposition, is given; but then, you know, it is better to believe anything rather than that a miracle has taken place.

After this, Elizabeth, by advice of her parish clergyman, became a sister in the priory of St. Sepulchre's, Canterbury. The fame of her "revelations" spread widely. "Divers and many," says the statute before quoted, "as well great men of the realm as mean men, and many learned men, but specially many religious men, had great confidence in her, and often resorted to her." We learn, too, that "the eccentric periods of her earlier visions subsided into regularity." Froude sneers at this, observing, in the margin, "she goes to heaven once a fortnight." But those who, instead of sneering, have investigated the phenomena of clairvoyance and trance, as they are now very generally presented, will see in this development of an orderly periodicity, a confirmation of the genuine character of the visions of Elizabeth Barton. Like our modern mediums, too, she had experience not only of the beneficent action of higher spirits, but also of the molestations of spirits of lower grade and who appeared to her in divers shapes. Offensive smells, and, on one occasion, a mark burnt into her hand, and which was publicly seen, were among the annoyances to which she was subjected. Of course it is easy to say that the burning was designed and fraudulent, and to hint at brimstone and assafoetida; but it is at least curious, and an "undesigned coincidence," which, according to Paley, is one of the strongest kinds of evidence, that the well-known cases of Dr. Pordage and of Lady Beresford are in these respects of an exactly corresponding character.

When the question of the King's divorce from Catharine, and his marriage with Anne Boleyn was agitated, Elizabeth at once, under the authority of her revelations, took sides against the King, and, we are told, "conducted herself with the utmost skill and audacity."

In his *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, Strype tells us, "She had the confidence to come before the King, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Archbishop Warham, and Bishop Fisher, to all of whom she talked much of her visions, and revelations, and inspirations. . . . She would ramble about the countries unto gentlemen's houses, and especially to houses of religion, chiefly those of the Observants. She would seem to be sometimes in trances, and then after them fall to her discourses and speeches, whereat some of the friars and others would seem to take great comfort. Being at Calais, invisible in Our Lady's Church, the Host was brought to her by an angel, who took it away from the priest while he was officiating at mass, that so King Henry, then present, might now

see in it a token of God's displeasure,—and then, on a sudden, was rapt over sea into her nunnery again. . . . When some came to her, it was said she would tell them the cause of their coming before themselves spoke thereof, as though she had the gift of knowing men's thoughts."

Far from imitating the hesitation of the pope and the bishops, she issued boldly, "in the name, and by the authority of God," a solemn prohibition against the King. "She even admonished Henry in person, at the command of her angel, that if he were to marry Anne Boleyn while Catharine was alive he would no longer be looked upon as a King by God, but would die the death of a villain within a month, and be succeeded on the throne by his daughter Mary."

She also informed Cardinal Wolsey, at the command of her angel, "that if he ventured to pronounce a divorce, God would visit him with the most dreadful chastisement." According to Froude, she "threatened even the pope himself, assuming in virtue of what she believed to be her divine commission, an authority above all principalities and powers."

This was, indeed, a bold part, and one not likely to be played by a serving wench, conscious that she was acting the part of an impostor. This is so obvious as to have wrung from Froude the following confession:—"While we call the nun, too, an impostor, I am forced to believe that she first imposed upon herself, and that her wildest adventures into falsehood were compatible with a belief that she was really and truly inspired. Nothing short of such a conviction would have enabled her to play a part among kings and queens, and so many of the ablest statesmen of that most able age. Nothing else could have tempted her, on the failure of her prophecies, into the desperate career of treason into which we are soon to see her launched." How this belief of hers "that she was really and truly inspired" can be reconciled with the theory of her systematic imposture and deliberate fraud,—how one who believed herself to be directly commissioned by Heaven, could deem it necessary to resort to petty artifices and conspiracies; or how, with this consciousness of a vile imposture, she, a poor illiterate girl, could maintain so lofty a bearing, bearding king, cardinal, and pope—how Adam Bede, Tito Melema, and Joan of Arc could be combined in one character—is all a mystery too profound to be resolved by any one but an historian, "looking back with eyes enlightened by scientific scepticism." Either, however, this is so—he is by force of the facts "forced to believe this"—or, she was a genuine "medium," to use our modern word; but if the Maid of Kent, or the Maid of Orleans, or any instance of spiritual seership and revelation recorded in history was genuine, why, there may be genuine instances of these now.

But then, to "eyes enlightened by scientific scepticism," that is impossible, and, therefore—the thing is impossible, because it is impossible. Exactly so! Very plain indeed.

Into Elizabeth's alleged treasonable course it is not necessary to the present inquiry that I should enter. In those times of political excitement and crisis, crafty politicians may have used the maid and her revelations for their own purposes. From what we now know of the laws of magnetic control, we conclude it possible that by their powerful wills they may have exercised a psychological influence over her, and in this way have even impressed their own views upon the communications given by her when in trance, and made them assume a complexion they would not otherwise have borne. And as owing to the ignorance of spiritual laws, her "revelations" were regarded as of divine authority; as besides, she "was in correspondence with the Pope, had attested her divine commission by miracles, had been recognised as a saint by an Archbishop of Canterbury, and the regular orders of clergy throughout the land were known to regard her as inspired." The Government may, in those critical times, have deemed itself justified in taking measures to ward off what they may have felt a peril to the State, though it can scarcely be questioned that the course actually taken, was dictated less by the sense of justice, or even of political expediency, than by that spirit of vindictiveness which characterised the tyrant "who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust." Be this as it may, Elizabeth and six of her "abettors" were arrested for treasonable conspiracy, arraigned before the Star Chamber, and "conviction followed as a matter of course." They were adjudged to stand during the sermon at St. Paul's Cross and to confess they practised an imposture. From thence they were led back to prison to await the royal pleasure.

In her solitary cell, in the absence of friends and sympathisers, borne down by the weight of argument and authority that, previously, in her private examination, Cranmer and Cromwell had brought against her, and with spirits broken in the near prospect of a terrible death, what wonder that Elizabeth, in the revulsion of feeling thus created, should see in herself nothing but a convicted impostor, and make confession accordingly; we know how a confession of guilt was wrung from the noble Joan of Arc under like circumstances.

At the royal instigation the House of Lords, with its usual servility, passed bills of attainder of treason against Elizabeth and those adjudged with her by the Star Chamber; and of misprision of treason against Sir Thomas More, the Bishop of Rochester, and others charged with having known of her predictions without revealing them to the King; it being presumed

against them that communicators of the prophecies must have had in view to bring the King into peril of his crown and life. "*The accused were not brought to trial no defence was allowed,*" says the historian.

Sir Thomas More, while he would not deny that he had believed the maid to be inspired, yet, with the aid of friends, contrived to make his peace with the King, and to have his name erased from the bill, by making the confessions required of him, and throwing himself unreservedly on the King's clemency; but stout old Bishop Fisher "disdained to acknowledge guilt when he knew himself to be innocent." Cromwell urged him to acknowledge his offence, and entreat the royal pardon. In reply, Fisher explained that he could not do so—he had committed no fault. He could not betray his conscience; the consciences of others he did not condemn, but he could not be saved by any conscience but his own. He justified himself in a letter to the House of Lords, affirming that on the most trustworthy evidence he had found the maid to be of good character; that he had conversed with her; that in her revelations she spoke not of any violence to be offered to Henry, but of the ordinary visitations of Providence; that there had been no attempt to keep her revelations secret; that she had herself personally apprised the King of the revelation made to her concerning him. He protested he was guiltless of any conspiracy. "He knew not, as he would answer before the throne of Christ, of any malice or evil that was intended by her or any other creature unto the King's highness."

But the House of Lords dared not listen to the voice of innocence in opposition to the royal pleasure; and though, for a time, Fisher's life was spared, he had to compound for his safety by the payment of a heavy fine to the crown. The solemn declaration, however, of one so informed, and so conscientious and fearless as this good bishop, should go far to exculpate the unfortunate Maid of Kent from the charges of her persecutors, and they altogether outweigh the prejudiced conjectures of modern historians "looking back with eyes enlightened by scientific scepticism."

The execution of the sentence of death against Elizabeth and her companions in misfortune was not long delayed; nor was it unexpected by her, as both the time and place of her death, together with the persons appointed to be present when she should receive the fiery crown of martyrdom, had been shown her by the angel. At her execution, at Tyburn, April 21, 1534, it is said she confessed to have been the dupe of her own credulity, but pleaded, in extenuation, that she was only a simple woman, whose ignorance might have been an apology for her conduct, but that the learned clerks, who had received and encouraged her revelations, should

have dispelled her illusion. Poor Elizabeth! no wonder if, under her burdens, and in apprehension of the fiery ordeal through which she had to pass, her faith failed her; but her very misgivings were, at least, a proof of her sincerity; and though she may indeed, have been deluded in considering her spiritual experiences as investing her with a Divine commission, those experiences were, doubtless, real; and it is, indeed, a pity that the learned clerks, to whom she so touchingly alludes, did not understand and appreciate them in a better and more discriminating spirit.

T. S.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

A WORD PRELIMINARY, SETTING FORTH CHIEFLY WHAT
RELIGION IS NOT,

By THOMAS BREVIER,

THE inquiry, What is Religion? will, I doubt not, to many seem superfluous, if not, indeed, impertinent. What! it will be said, in this middle of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian Era, after all our preaching, tract-distributing, and missionary enterprise, and with all the machinery of our churches and religious societies in full operation; can any person in our midst, not grossly and shamefully ignorant, deem that such an inquiry is at all needed? And yet, without depreciating the labours of earnest self-denying Christian men, or denying that the churches have done good, it may still perhaps be found that the very circumstances which, at first view, might seem to preclude all occasion for so simple and fundamental a question, in fact render its consideration not the less, but the more urgent. Amid the jangle of sects, the din of controversy, the confusion of tongues, and the multitude of counsellors, the simple wayfarer may well feel bewildered and ask, "How shall I decide when learned doctors so widely, and apparently so hopelessly disagree?"

This is a matter not for the consideration of the churches only, nor is it one in which we have no special concern; it is coming home to us as Spiritualists; and it is neither possible nor desirable to evade it. In the *Spiritual Magazine* for February, the editor says of certain speakers at a recent convention of Spiritualists, "they seem to think that Spiritualism is a new religion, and that it is their religion;" and he thereupon very ably, and I think successfully, proceeds to controvert that position.

* From a calculation recently made by Dean Ramsay, it appears that the number of sermons preached in Great Britain amounts to nearly four millions per annum.

The point thus at issue, however, suggests to my mind the necessity for a careful consideration of what I may call the previous question—that which I have placed at the head of this article; for until we have decided for ourselves what religion is, we are scarcely in a position to determine whether Spiritualism, or any other ism, is a religion at all, either new or old.

The question, I may say too, is not mine: it was recently put to me by a highly-intelligent Spiritualist with whom I had the pleasure of enjoying Christmas-day. The conversation naturally turned on the great festival that day celebrated throughout Christendom. I remarked on its antiquity, and its derivation from the customs of pagan Rome: my friend, who holds the view of Spiritualism attributed to the speakers at the Darlington Convention, hinted that I was surely becoming heterodox; and on my rejoining that though the celebration of Christmas was a good and venerable custom, an institution to be greatly respected, it no more formed a part of religion than the plum pudding with which in England it is generally associated, I was asked the question, “Well, then, what is religion?” The desultory character of conversation precluded the subject from being pursued far, but the article to which I have made reference having revived in my mind the question, I propose to make it the subject of a few observations, premising, however, that while I think Spiritualists generally will not dissent from the views I shall present, I do not presume to represent, either directly or indirectly, any opinions but my own; I feel somewhat dubious as to fairly representing even them.

I think it may facilitate and simplify our inquiry to eliminate what is foreign to, or but incidentally associated with, religion; to put aside and assign to their proper place those accretions and non-essentials which are too often confounded with its very substance, and which are interposing veils between our vision and the Divine reality. To remove, if possible, some popular misconceptions, alike of its enemies and its friends; to shew what is *not* religion, though too often mistaken for it, may perhaps, by thus dispelling the surrounding mist, aid the mind to discern for itself more clearly what religion essentially and truly is.

In a matter which so nearly concerns men, individually, as well as collectively, it is sad that they so generally take current opinions *en bloc*, or equally, with awful lack of discrimination, reject them and religion itself altogether in the lump. King Prescription, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, sends forth his heralds to cry aloud, “To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that the king hath

set up." To this mandate we may fairly reply "O King, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. We will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up, for we know that the smith with his hammer, and the carpenter with his plane, and the graver with his cunning art have fashioned them." But while we protest against this assumption of lordship over conscience in the name of religion, not therefore are we to confound the idols which men's hands or men's imaginations have made, with Him who made the earth and the sea, and all that in them is; nor yet with an opposite faction, conclude that because He does not come within the range of their telescopes, that therefore He is not.

Religion then, I affirm, is *not* a matter to be taken on trust, to be accepted (for if accepted it may be discarded) at the word of command; it is *not* belief at second-hand, and on mere authority. There is no such thing as religion by proxy, any more than there is eating one's dinner by proxy. If you think you have religion because you believe that somebody else believes it, you simply deceive yourself, you really believe only that some person or body is wiser in the matter than yourself: need I say that that is *not* religion.

Religion is indeed, in one sense, a precious inheritance, and is endeared by associations with the past, and strengthened by ties of sympathy; but, like the paternal estate, it needs continuous cultivation if we would reap the harvests it is capable of bearing. We cannot simply take to religion with the good-will of the business, the old furniture, and the family plate.

To assert, as some have done, that religion is all the invention of priests, for their own power and profit, is simply and strictly preposterous—a mistaking effects for causes—a putting the cart before the horse. As well assert that the custom of eating food is but the cunning, selfish device of butchers and bakers. The soul has its hunger as well as the stomach; if it had not needed its spiritual food, there would have been no priests. That (like the bakers and butchers) they often adulterate their goods, and serve them of poor quality, and at extravagant prices, proves only how urgently the world feels its need of spiritual supplies, and its present inability to dispense with even the poor and costly services such men can render; but it is *not* they who have created religion, it is religion which has created the need of them.

The denial of human authority as the source of religion cuts at the root of all mere Sacerdotalism and Ecclesiasticism, whilst it derogates nothing from the true function and office of the priest as the minister to man's spiritual requirements:—truly a noble function, but he is the servant of religion, it is the foulest usurpation and blasphemy where he affects to be its ruler and

judge, and to exercise lordship over conscience. Nor can this be within the province of any aggregation of persons, or of any corporate body, whatever its pretensions and antiquity. Religion is before and beyond, and deeper than all churches; it makes and unmakes, and remakes churches; itself only God-made in the constitution of human nature. Religion, then, is *not* priest-craft—is *not* Ecclesiasticism.

Nor, again, is religion merely Ritualism. Probably few, if any, would affirm baldly and nakedly that it is; but that which is *predominant* in a religious system and in its public celebrations comes to be not unreasonably regarded as its special characteristic: hence, to superficial observation, and often even in the estimation of sincere votaries, religion is chiefly a thing of ceremonial observances,—of genuflections, ablutions, fumigations, vestments, decorations, mystic rites, and other bodily acts and external things. That rites and observances have their fitting place in private devotion and public worship is not here contested; what that place is, I hope hereafter to shew, at present I simply protest that Ritualism is *not* religion.

It has been remarked that religion is not the mere acceptance of other people's beliefs. I now go farther and affirm that belief, simply as such, and *separate from the moral element of faith*, or in other words, mere opinion about religion, no more makes a man religious, than his opinion about shoemaking makes him a shoemaker. For, traced to its origin, what is opinion but the outcome of a certain intellectual process: a man from certain data (reasonable or unreasonable as the case may be, but assumed by him as true) draws (logically or otherwise) certain conclusions according to the nature of the evidence presented to him, and of his mental powers, natural and acquired, exercised thereupon. The nature of the operation is the same whatever be the subject-matter. It is an intellectual problem (sometimes a terribly tough one), like a move in chess, or a proposition in Euclid, and there is about as much, or as little, religion to be got out of the process in the one case as in the other. I am not here discussing the question of the formation of opinion and the nature and degree of the responsibility on other grounds attaching thereto, and am far from asserting that opinion on any matter, and especially on so grave a matter as religion, is of no consequence; or that opinion has no bearing on religion, no moral side, no formative influence on character. I only here affirm that belief or opinion *per se* is *not* religion.

So again, history is *not* religion. And here I make no distinction (for I find none) between "*secular*" and "*sacred*." All history, rightly regarded is sacred. In the history of the Jews I see, in a marked degree, a record of God's providential

dealings; but is there no providence to be traced in the history of this our English nation from the landing of the Roman legions to the opening of our present Parliament? We may be edified with the histories of David and Jehosaphat, but may we not also learn from the histories of Alfred and of Cromwell? It may be true that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed; it is equally true that similar decrees went out from the British Parliament in the days of George the Third and William Pitt. These facts have their several values in relation to their respective subjects, but as simple facts of history they stand in more immediate relation to the politics of their respective periods than to religion. Nor are the supernatural facts of the Bible essentially different as matters of history, and in relation to religion, from those purely in the natural order. It is no more a matter of religion to believe that by an exercise of spiritual power the axe of the prophet's servant was made to swim, than it is to believe that by spiritual power Mrs. Marshall's table is made to float in the atmosphere of her apartment. That the Apostles cast evil spirits out of men, and cured many sick and impotent folk, proves the beneficent nature of the operating spiritual power; and when similar effects are wrought in our day by Dr. Newton and others it proves the same thing, neither less nor more. That some of the miracles of those days far surpassed any in these, is only (as it seems to me) proof of difference in degree, as, for instance, it may have required a greater degree of power to carry Philip from Gaza to Azotus than is put forth to carry Mr. Home round a *suite* of drawing-rooms. But whether differing in degree only, or in kind, and whatever view we may take of the value of miracle as an attestation of the authority of the worker, still the historical record of the fact is *not* religion. Whatever the supernatural fact itself implies, whatever important consequences attach to it, the outward transaction remains simply *history*; it must pass through a spiritual alembic ere it can be transmuted into *religion*.

What is said of history applies equally to literature, and needs therefore little, though it admits of much, amplification. The literature of a particular people is deservedly held in special reverence among us; it has been the nutriment of the spiritual life of successive generations; it has kindled the flame of devotion, and been the solace and the stay of men in all circumstances and conditions; it has been a chief means of promoting and keeping alive a knowledge of Divine things; but though it be a noble and honoured means to religion,—the *means* is not the *end*. The non-observance of this important distinction has led to much confusion of thought, and greatly prejudiced the right understanding and appreciation of religion.

Literature then, even the highest, is *not* religion. I content myself with simply indicating this position, without here attempting its elucidation and defence.

Again, and to close my list of negations, morality simply is *not* religion. I hope I need not say it does not conflict with it. Religion comprehends morality, as the larger comprehends the less, but not conversely. For consider that social duties may be performed from pride, ostentation, or a prudent regard to one's own interests. Men may practise honesty simply as "the best policy;" and only in so far and so long as they see that it is the best policy; when they no longer see it to be so they may take to picking pockets on the same principle. Good conduct may be simply a decent conformity to custom and conventional usage; not the natural outgrowth from any root of principle in the moral nature. A man may observe all the decencies and proprieties of life from a shrewd calculation that on the whole, and in the long run, it pays best. He may perhaps be right. It may be a good sound speculation, and yield a fair return on the investment. All I am now concerned with is, that whatever else it may be, it is *not* religion.

Finally, let us distinguish between the *universal* and the *particular*—between *religion* and specific *forms* of religion—the one constant, the other variable; as *language* is permanent and common, while *languages* differ even in structure, and are subject to modification and development. Particular forms of religion grow out of the special and varying needs and circumstances of humanity, and the different types of character of different races; they have their use and time, but as conditions change, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns, other and higher forms of religion, better adapted to the altered states and conditions take their place. The new wine of inspiration cannot be contained in the old skins, new bottles are needed and provided for it. Whatever in religion is local, partial, limited, lacks capacity of adaptation to the ever-changing conditions of individual social national life, and does not harmonize with their advancing knowledge and higher aims, is, in its nature, and of necessity, temporary; the universal in religion is alone enduring.

Many and strange are the faiths of men, but who shall say that, though it may be in different degrees, there has not been a pervading element of love and reverence, and heart-devotion in all, even when corrupted, and overlaid with bigotry and superstition? In diverse forms and creeds, while the accidents differ, the essential spirit and life may be the same. Men have worshipped variously Jehovah, Jove, and Lord; but in every age, in every clime, saint, savage, and sage, according to their

several intelligence, under different names and forms, have alike adored the All-Father, the universal Lord. Scepticism, when most sceptical, has involuntarily recognized the universality of religious faith, and even in its most scornful moods, done homage to it as an ineradicable element in human nature. Thus, Byron, in that magnificent passage in *Childe Harold*, where apostrophising "Ancient of days, august Athena," he exclaims:—

Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre,
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds,
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds!

And then, all unconsciously, in the next line outleaps the truth:—

Bound to the Earth, he lifts his eyes to Heaven!

He has ever done so: he ever will—

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,—

the promise and the earnest of our immortality! Man, the child of Doubt and Death? Yes, but he is also the child of God! and if in regard to the immortal life his hope is built on reeds, then, indeed—

The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And Earth's base built on stubble.

By the original law of its nature, and still, despite apparent exceptions, and save in so far as it is corrupted by moral evil, the soul of man instinctively turns towards God, as the sunflower turns towards the sun. In the poet, whose mournful lines I have quoted, it was the struggle of this higher nature in conflict with baser appetites, forbidding him to rest in shameful thrall their willing slave, and prompting him to "the better," that was the source at once of his nobility and his wretchedness. Only as we enter into the life of religion, and the life of religion enters into us, can we gain the victory in this conflict, for it is ours also;—only so can our lives move in rhythmic measure to the Divine harmonies.

But are we to infer because religion is one, while religions are many, that all religions are of equal value, and to be regarded with the same complacency:—that it matters not what may be a man's religion so that he acknowledges a religion of some kind? Were it not that misunderstanding is so easy, I should deem that the question could hardly arise. True it is that even in times of densest ignorance and superstition, aye, and of unbelief, men have groped after God, if haply they might find Him who is not far from every one of us, and have erected their altars to the un-

known God; but Paul drew the true distinction when he said—"Whom ye *ignorantly* worship, Him declare I unto you." That religion which best—which most truly reveals to us the character of God—which gives us the clearest insight into our own spiritual nature; which finds us at our greatest depths; which meets most fully our soul's needs, is the religion which *proves itself* to be the truest, and therefore best. If any religion does this absolutely, or in so far as it does this absolutely, it is THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION.

REMARKS WITH REFERENCE TO CERTAIN PHENOMENA.

"We may, therefore, well hope that many excellent and useful matters are yet treasured up in the bosom of Nature, bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries, but out of the common track of our imagination, and still undiscovered; and which will doubtless be brought to light in the course and lapse of years."—BACON.

It is pleasant to let loose fancy in the future, and to picture the forms it may assume. The efflorescence and the fruit of present seeds of good then bloom before the eye, and we breathe the sweet air of a happier time. Until but lately, indeed, dark shadows marred the brightness of the vision. Over the highest region thick mists yet brooded, nay, storms seemed driving; for while in the present age all things belonging to the domain of intellect were seen working together with unprecedented activity for good, while therein new truths were being constantly, if slowly evolved, each tallying with and completing its forerunner, in the spiritual domain no sign had appeared affording ground for the anticipation that at some future time sectarian dissensions might cease, above all that harmony might be established between the sometimes conflicting teachings of religion and science. Despite, indeed, zealous efforts and gentle counsels on the part of would-be peacemakers, the painful discordance in those quarters must perhaps continue to increase, until both religion and science become animated by a new and broader spirit, until science enlarges her horizon, until religion enters the path of progress. If with attentive eyes we watch certain signs now gleaming, we may see reason to hope that such a movement in the latter as well as the former direction is not impossible.

It is generally considered, and by an illustrious writer has been eloquently argued, that religion, whether natural or revealed, is not of a progressive nature. In his essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes," Lord Macaulay combats the idea that the progress of knowledge must ultimately be fatal to false creeds, or must

throw new light on the question of what becomes of man after death. As a signal instance of the persistence of error in revealed religion, he points to the Church of Rome, drawing an impressive picture of the antiquity of that church and of the undeclining dominion she maintains; while in the stationary character of all evidence drawn hitherto from Nature concerning things spiritual, in the powerlessness hitherto of human wisdom and science to demonstrate the immortality of the soul, he sees proof that neither is natural religion destined to progress.

It may indeed be conceded that on the inquiry into a future state of existence no science has yet thrown the smallest light—that natural theology has made little advance since the dawn of civilisation; but it may be asked whether the time which has elapsed since that period be not too brief, to compel us to despair of ultimately attaining to any knowledge of our future destinies, too brief to warrant the conclusion of the inapplicability to man's highest quest of those methods which have guided him to truth in other paths of inquiry. The idea is now arising that the cause of the undiminished darkness overhanging all that relates to a state of existence after this life, may be that the right track has never yet been entered on; that the facts really affording in this direction materials for induction have hitherto been disregarded, that they nevertheless abound, that a higher enlightenment will cause attention to be turned to them and reveal their profound significance. From sedulous observation of the spiritual phenomena in their multiform aspects, from study of the more subtle and recondite physical laws brought to bear on those phenomena, will, there is reason to believe, emerge proof of the existence within the order of nature of forces forming a link and means of intercourse between this sphere of existence and the one immediately above, through which proof may be established of the immortality of the soul. From that very quarter now most hostile to the doctrine of Spiritualism may thus come demonstration of its truth; all unconsciously science herself, it may be, has led the way to the confines of another world; ere long, we may hope, will she unbar the portals through which light from that world has hitherto struggled with fitful and refracted rays.

As knowledge of things spiritual derived from the book of nature, must in its progress involve dispersion of superstition, and at the same time exposure of error wherever it may exist in the reading of revelation, a touchstone may thus by degrees be applied to the conflicting interpretations of the latter, which must sooner or later produce much modification in many quarters in religious opinion; and thus that Church which Lord Macaulay considers as likely to exist in undiminished power when the

metropolis of the British empire lies in ruins—that Church “so ancient that she carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon,” yet still so full of youthful vigour that “she is confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila;” may be about to undergo influences of a nature to affect her far more deeply than have done any of the assaults she has sustained.

To the miracles wrought in her communion the Church of Rome has ever pointed with devout and grateful exultation as signs from heaven attesting that she is the true church; those that have taken place beyond her pale, she has hitherto, amidst the general disregard of such occurrences, disposed of unchallenged as Satanic. Widely different will she find the task of dealing with the outside so-called supernatural when it comes to be viewed as the effect of law, as part of the order of Nature; indeed little as she yet dreams of its true character, the increasing hold its manifestations are taking of the public mind are beginning to excite her uneasiness and alarm; the reality of these manifestations, their *outward* similarity to those miracles she herself accepts, are not denied, but they are vehemently denounced by her press as a soul-destroying snare, the most artfully planned of all the devices of the Prince of Darkness. And yet this same truth from which she discerns only danger, and which when understood must indeed curb her high pretensions, may at the same time invest her with far higher titles to respect, than have hitherto been conceded to her by the world at large; her mode of dealing with religious enthusiasm and mysticism, her ready acceptance of such miracles as are wrought within her fold, the honours paid by her to those saintly persons to whose gifts they are ascribed,—all of which in Protestant and in free-thinking quarters has been looked upon as part of a polity organized with consummate skill for the purpose of retaining minds in darkness and in subjection to her rule,—may some time hence appear in a very different light, in one fully to relieve her from the reproach of hypocrisy and craft. Making every allowance for a certain inevitable amount of exaggeration and deception among her followers, her miracles on the whole will doubtless cease to be regarded with derision, the heroes and heroines of her now condemned hagiology, far from being viewed as mere monomaniacs, tools of an astute priesthood, will perhaps be recognized as beings who, wild and fanatical as they no doubt were, possessed still in a high degree those mystic powers which bring the mundane into communication with the supermundane; their relation to their church will perhaps be seen to have been genuinely such as ostensibly it was—that of gifted children to an august parent, by whom they were cherished and applauded in return for profound veneration and entire sub-

mission to her will. That cold and inconsistent doctrine which, while accepting the miracles of a remote period, rejects with scorn those of the present day, that semi-enlightenment and pseudo-perspicacity calling themselves rationalism, may then perhaps stand as much corrected as may, on the other hand, claims resting on the supposed exclusive possession of apostolical graces.

As to those minds disposed to make light of the religious sentiment, minds which, despite the enormous influence it has ever exercised over human affairs, despite the enduring institutions to which it has given birth, despite its universality, the outward signs of which in every land so forcibly strike the eye, from the dome which is the boast of the Eternal City, from the glittering minarets of Stamboul, from the fallen temples of a bygone world, to the village spire and to the rude altar of uncivilized man, still see in that sentiment but a weakness of human nature—to those minds proof may be afforded that it is an essential element of man's mental constitution; often indeed misled, but tending still towards truth, having its real, its fit, its correlative objects beyond this world; and thus may the general result be that conflicting sects and schools of religious opinion, guided by one common and ever-increasing light, may by degrees lay aside their differences, and unite in one harmonious and progressive movement.

Those to whom such views may appear visionary are entreated to examine the grounds on which they rest, investigation seriously and perseveringly conducted can hardly fail to convince reflecting minds of at all events the *reality* of the phenomena called spiritual, to prove to them (in the words of a distinguished mathematician) "that they are things which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake." Like Professor De Morgan, some may not indeed be able to adopt any explanation concerning them which has yet been given, but so far they will probably go with him as to recognise as their cause "some combination of will, intellect, and physical power which is not that of any of the human beings present." Now as this "combination" gives itself invariably out as a certain departed spirit, is it extravagant to believe that it may be really what it claims to be? and if departed spirits are a combination of will, intellect, and *physical* power, is it extravagant to hope that as Science advances, as her instruments increase in delicacy and power we may be able to enter more fully into communication with beings constituted as ourselves though of matter more refined? Such communication depends moreover obviously in part on some principle or property in the human being in certain individuals exceptionally

developed; is it unreasonable to anticipate that in time we shall arrive at knowledge of these mysteries of our own nature? Mysteries there are indeed within it now glimmering strange and startling inexpressibly—mysteries undreamt of by modern philosophy, though not unsuspected, nay to some extent known to the sages and hierophants of antiquity, distant as was their knowledge from that point at which any discernment could be obtained of their rationale; that point is possibly now being approached; converging lights from many quarters, from medico-psychology, from chemistry, from the study of the imponderables, may ere long reveal the existence of subtle elements, of ethereal agencies, of sovereign laws, compared to knowledge of which all present science may be but initiatory and rudimental.*

The neglect with which supermundane phenomena have in modern times been treated by the scientific world, is perhaps scarcely to be lamented when we consider that so recondite is that province within which lies their key, that until of late years labour would probably have been thrown away on their investigation; without disrespect to those to whom an incalculable debt is, it is gratefully accorded, due, it may be said that, intent on discoveries and inventions which have so wondrously extended the empire of man over matter, and added so largely to his physical and social well-being, men of science, like the bird of the fable, have cast away from them the gems of which they knew not the value, and which, had they divined their true nature, they would have hitherto been unable to render profitable to the world.

One cause of incredulity as to manifestations from another world, is the view (generally however much misrepresented) to which they lead of the future state; such revelations concerning it as we have from that source are no doubt at variance with received ideas, indicating as they do, a state similar in kind to this present life, and only a step higher in an ascending series of existences, one into which we carry our human nature, and in which progress is but gradual. This view, however little in accordance with the general conception of life hereafter, derives nevertheless support from analogy, harmonizing as it does with those views of physical progress opened up by geology, and by the study of organic forms from primeval times. It is agreed,

* The researches of Baron Reichenbach cannot fail to strike the student of spiritual phenomena; his experiments on the psycho-physico action of crystals—of the force, that is to say, emanating from them, termed *Odyle*, on sensitive persons, have suggested the idea that the proneness to second sight or spontaneous clairvoyance in certain regions, in the Western Highlands of Scotland for instance, may be owing to the highly crystalline formation there prevailing of the rocks, from which consequently unusually large quantities of the *odyle* force must be emitted.

as well by those who maintain that progress to be the result of distinct acts of Omnipotence, as by those who believe in a progressive principle imparted *ab origine* to the works of creation, that where in their series breaks were once supposed to occur, closer inspection has discovered links, carrying on the chain by minute degrees: to borrow the fine imagery of a distinguished naturalist, "we learn from the past history of our globe that Nature has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light, amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the form of man."

The law of gradual progress thus poetically set forth by Professor Owen, and which we behold stamped through every part of this visible sphere, may well be extended to the invisible, may well exist for the individual as for the species; nor would it be less in accordance with analogy to infer that the beginning only of such progress would be slow, that the further the advance, the more ethereal the surroundings, the more facile and accelerated it would become.

The common-place character of a large portion of the spirit-communications, the extravagant and turgid character of some, cease to perplex when we come to view them as proceeding from beings lately ordinary dwellers upon earth, and retaining still their earthly dispositions and ideas. True, the difficulty remains as to why some small portion at least of these communications should not bear the impress of transcendent wisdom and genius; the absence from them of anything equalling, far less surpassing the highest products of the human mind, argues, it must be admitted, some hindrance to intercourse with spiritual beings of an exalted order; may we not hope to overcome it? Meantime, as a necessary consequence of the unprogressed condition of the beings from whom a large portion of the communications proceeds, many of these do but confirm the members of each sect in their own views, while some have given rise to doctrines (such as in France that of Re-incarnation) from which Spiritualists as a body recoil. We must not indeed shrink from the admission that intercourse with the invisible world has been the origin of all superstitions, and all erroneous theologies; that to it even may be due their persistence for a while after they cease to harmonize with the general spirit of the society over which they once held dominion.

The most striking example of the latter species of influence is to be found in the fact, of which the evidence is ample, that such was the source of that imperial zeal which in the fourth century ran counter to Christianity, and sought so ardently the restoration of the ancient creed. History represents one of the

ablest of the Cæsars, whose mind, of a cast at once statesmanlike and philosophic, had been trained by Christian preceptors under a prelate's eye, as having been ensnared by crafty pretenders to superhuman science, and through their arts inspired with that devotion to Paganism which filled his soul. But to the reader familiar with spiritual phenomena it is evident even from the sneering narrative of Gibbon, that the apostacy of Julian, and his intense enthusiasm in the cause of the fallen faith, was in truth due to communication with the invisible world; spirits of departed pagans still clinging to their earthly creed, seem to have impressed him powerfully, visiting him, and conversing with him in the forms of the Olympian Gods; we may learn, says Gibbon, "from his faithful friend the orator Libanius, that he lived in a perpetual intercourse with the gods and goddesses, that they descended upon earth to enjoy the conversation of their favourite hero, that they gently interrupted his slumbers by touching his hand or his hair, that they warned him of every impending danger, and conducted him by their infallible wisdom in every action of his life."*

The teachers by whom Julian was seduced from the Christian faith, and initiated into the mysteries of intercourse with another world, belonged to that Alexandrian School which has excited the scornful amazement of modern historians by the alliance in its doctrines of the religion of Greece and of theurgic science with the Platonic philosophy. While its masters are admitted to have been men distinguished by profundity of thought and by austere-ness of manners, they are yet looked upon as either having become subject to the illusions of fancy in the attempt to penetrate beyond the limits assigned to human knowledge, or as skilful impostors; but to the Spiritualist it is evident that their supposed delusions were in fact insight into marvellous and darkly apprehended truths, while the sincerity of their religious convictions is proved by the steadfastness with which in opposition to popular sentiment they adhered to them, as well as by the labour and ingenuity they expended in forcing constructions adapted to the higher enlightenment of their time on the often gross and puerile conceptions of Paganism—in unveiling, as they believed, the sublime sense its legends symbolized. Thus ever religions no longer suited to their age would seem, ere expiring, to transmute themselves, to

Die like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away.

Such changes, it would appear, are now beginning to come over Islamism.

* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. IV., p. 77.

That so much that is erroneous should have been allowed to proceed from spiritual sources on the subject of the highest import, is indeed an enigma; is it however more than one among the enigmas which in our present state of knowledge appear as insolvable as they are painful, when we survey the system in which we have our being?

The claim to be set off against the admissions which have been made, is that every doctrine which has emanated from the spirit world, and has been accepted by any considerable portion of mankind, has either established a moral code where none had previously existed, or has been an improvement on the one it superseded.

If we must not shut our eyes to the dangers of communication with another sphere, on the other hand we may feel confident that with the progress of knowledge they will pass away; the amount of light which has already been thrown on the nature of spiritual communications precludes their being received henceforth with unquestioning faith, precludes therefore the risk of their giving rise to new forms of religious error; the general characteristic moreover of the higher spiritual communications of the present day is the absence of dogmatic teaching, and the assertion that it is only as we advance in virtue and in the deeper paths of knowledge that we can attain to further light in the science of things divine—to any criterion as to truth in the interpretation of revealed doctrine.

If the idea of a future life only gradually progressive, and of which the first phase will be similar in kind to life here below, does not give rise to the same emotions which in rapt moments may fill the soul in anticipation of perfect rest and felicity after the ills of earth; on the other hand it is a view more fitted perhaps to give steady every-day support, to afford until the last hour an incentive to exertion, to divest that hour of all its terrors.

That "the better world" should in general excite so little ardour of aspiration, and be so unwillingly drawn near to, even in advanced years, seems a strange contradiction in human nature; may not the cause lie to some extent in the nature of the pictures usually, so far as they go, presented of that world? The little relating to it that falls from the pulpit, is but shadowy and chill, based upon some few indefinite scriptural expressions, and reflecting generally the views of that class of minds in which earthly aims and joys, if not more or less associated with sin, are at all events considered incompatible with the dignity and purity of life beyond the grave.

Poetical representations are but little better; one great master of song has indeed lavished his powers of expression in describing the celestial realms as overflowing with refined sensuous

delights, mingling and alternating with spiritual beatitude and with acts of homage to Jehovah. Crowned with amaranth, their golden lutes hung glittering by their side, the bright inhabitants of Milton's heaven appear gliding through eternity steeped in bliss without alloy; the song of rapture and of praise ever rises from their lips, and in the Divine presence an ambrosial fragrance diffuses through their frames "a joy ineffable;" "the solemn days" are spent "in song and dance about the sacred hill," "from dance they turn to sweet repast," and reposed upon flowers,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.

The picture is not unpleasing, yet is there something in the mode of bliss it represents which, despite the felicity of the pencil, is apt to provoke a smile; can we conceive the men and women of the earnest and busy world in which we live enjoying as the reward of a life well spent, an existence half saintly, half arcadian, such as this? Can we conceive them thus transformed? What, in such an existence, would become of many faculties and sentiments with which we have been endowed, which under favouring circumstances are found to be a source of such high and exquisite delight, and which in it would find no corresponding objects, no exercise.

Then again, how full of gloom is the language commonly used with respect to death; such expressions as the narrow home, the long sleep, implying as they do an intermediate state of indefinite duration, of nothingness, offer the very reverse of the picture which presents itself to the disciple of the new doctrine in connection with departure from this world; like the traveller bound to some fair region yet unknown, and

Full of wonder, full of hope,

As he looks forward to the new scene as one immediately to be entered into, as one adapted to his present nature—a higher phase of the eternal life begun on earth; for there, he believes, do all human faculties find wider scope in a system purer, more refined, more plastic to progressive force, more in harmony with the ideal; there he believes does the Spirit of Truth guide her followers with a brighter torch,—the Spirit of Beauty mould all things nearer to the archetypal forms; there shall we taste in higher perfection all that here fires or charms the mind; there the tender ties and sweet affections of our nature, not losing their special character will become only deeper and more intense; there from the supreme source will a more radiant light stream down.

The frame of mind to which Spiritualism leads is well fitted to enable us to remain calm under the attacks of its opponents; to smile patiently while sensible people, in entire ignorance of

the subject, pronounce it imposture, while religious people condemn it as impious, while perchance some silver-tongued sciolist utters to a tittering and applauding audience ridicule of nature's deepest and most wondrous laws.

Again, we are supported when we remember that the new doctrine is but undergoing what every great new idea—what every great discovery, has had to undergo ere it triumphed—scorn, derision, mis-representation; error is persistive, prejudice hard to be overcome, the boast of Cæsar has never been for truth.

Happily in these days the constantly accelerating movement of progress affords good hope that the victory of Spiritualism, so far at least as the recognition of the reality of its data, is not far distant; any day may bring forth such a discovery in the domain of science as to startle the most sceptical, and to throw a flood of light on the supermundane phenomena. Meanwhile not among the scientific alone are those labourers in the field unconsciously preparing the way; the present day is fruitful of works the result of researches so ably and perseveringly conducted into the history of remote times as to throw light upon much in it which had hitherto been confused and obscure. In some of these works the writers have had to deal with the so-called supernatural, and while it is curious to observe their perplexity before it, their various attempts at explaining it away on rationalistic principles, it is gratifying also to find collected and arranged by their diligence an array of facts which will afford valuable materials for future generalization. Among these volumes, foremost in interest from the spiritual point of view, are the histories of Islamism and its Founder which have recently issued from the presses of England and Germany, and which, in the work entitled *Mahomet et le Coran*, have been summed up and presented in a form attractive to the general reader, mingled with interesting disquisition from his own pen, by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. In the biographical portion of this work, the materials of which have been winnowed by writers, the bias of whose minds is so strongly opposed to the mystical, and who have rejected, they inform us, whatever of that nature rested on uncertain tradition, we nevertheless find the supermundane sources of Islamism standing out in the clearest light; in it we find the narrative of the origin of the *Coran*, of the dream of Mahomet in which he beheld an angel giving him a book which he enjoined him to read,—of his awakening and feeling, as he expressed it, that “a book had been written on his heart.” We find the account of the apparition almost immediately following of the angel, with the annunciation “Oh Mahomet thou art the Prophet of God, and I am the Angel Gabriel;” of the re-appearance some time after of the same messenger to relieve him of his doubts,

from which moment he was confirmed in the faith he ever after so fervently maintained in his divine mission. Nor is the burning language passed over in which he sought to impress on others the depth and earnestness of his convictions; the passage of the *Coran*, is quoted in which he exclaims, "J'ai juré par l'étoile quand elle se couche votre compatriote n'est point égaré; il n'a point été séduit; il ne parle pas sous l'empire de ses passions aveugles. Le *Coran* est une révélation qui lui a été faite; c'est le Terrible, c'est le Vigoureux (l'ange Gabriel), qui l'a instruit. Il planait, se maintenant en équilibre, dans la sphère la plus haute; puis il s'abaissa et resta suspendu dans les airs. Il était à la distance de deux arcs ou plus près encore; et il révéla au serviteur de Dieu ce qu'il avait à lui révéler. Le cœur de Mahomet ne ment pas; il l'a vu."

We are also told of the profound trances into which Mahomet fell, of his sudden fits of inspiration, of the fearful paroxysms (so significant to the initiated) which with more or less violence accompanied them, of the exhaustion which followed. It is related that when one day Abou Becr remarked the grayness of the prophet's beard, he answered in a tone of emotion "What you say is true, it is Houd and her sisters who have whitened it thus early." And who, asked Abou Becr, are her sisters? They are, replied Mahomet, the Inevitable and the Smiting. He thus indicated three chapters of the *Coran*. M. Barthelémy Saint-Hilaire points with complacency to the absence on the part of those admitted to the intimacy of Mahomet, of any testimony to the miracles popularly attributed to him, and above all to his own declaration that he was endowed with no power to work them. That he should not have been so endowed, in no way lessens however the force of the evidence as to his having been an instrument for communication with the invisible world. The combination, through one individual, of its various modes of manifestation is indeed comparatively rare. Without any other signs than those above mentioned, we have abundant proof that he who in the eyes of his latest biographer appears one of the greatest of men, who founded a religion which with all its faults is immeasurably superior to the religious ideas which it superseded, who, having lived twelve centuries ago, has left over vast portions of the earth an impress which it retains unimpaired to this day, was in fact that mysterious, that by the generality derided and reviled being—a medium. Some future historian, of temper as philosophic as his predecessors, and guided by lights which to them are wanting, will doubtless analyse and appreciate anew the character and career of Mahomet. No other theme may perhaps better illustrate the mingled results for good and evil which may flow from influence from another sphere.

The non-arbitrary character of the spiritual phenomena, their subjection to law, have in these pages been much urged; and it may indeed be affirmed that independently of spiritual declarations there is no uncertain ground for the inference that they are part of the order of nature, for as all scientific research concurs in proving the accidental or anomalous to have no existence in the visible universe, so, guided by analogy, may we conclude that the same principle of order is extended to that more mysterious region whence these phenomena proceed; and intimately connected as they obviously are with subtle physical and physiological conditions belonging to this sphere, of a nature not more apparently insolvable than were once other problems which have received solution, argument still strictly inductive warrants also the conclusion that they are not beyond the boundary of investigation, and that their laws will be ultimately disclosed.

In a striking passage of his *Essays* the late Mr. Baden Powell seems to glance at the spiritual manifestations then just beginning to attract attention. In the present state of science, he remarks, "of all subjects that on which we know least is perhaps the connexion of our bodily and mental nature, the action of the one on the other, and all the vast range of sensations, sympathies, and influences, in which those affections are displayed, and of which we have sometimes such extraordinary manifestations in peculiar states of excited cerebral or nervous action, somnambulism, spectral impressions, the phenomena of suspended animation, double consciousness, and the like. In such cases science has not yet advanced to any generalisations; results only are presented which have not as yet been traced to laws; yet no inductive inquirer for a moment doubts that these classes of phenomena are all really connected by some great principle of order."

"If, then, *some peculiar manifestations* should appear of a more extraordinary character, still less apparently reducible to any known principles, it could not be doubted by any philosophic mind that they were in reality harmonious and conspiring parts of some higher series of causes as yet undiscovered. The most formidable outstanding apparent anomalies will at some future time undoubtedly be found to merge in great and harmonious laws, the connexion will be fully made out, and the claims of order, continuity, and analogy, eventually vindicated."* As to the reality of the data on which these speculations rest, each must examine, and judge for himself.

* *Essay on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy*, p. 109.

ORIGIN OF "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

(Bombay Guardian.)

We are indebted to a friend for the following interesting communication:—

The following translation of a Hebrew hymn is copied from one of the publications of the Percy Society. It is originally written in Rabbinical Chaldee and has a sort of lifting measure. No doubt many will be surprised to find that the familiar nursery tale, which has been told to amuse children, in England, for many generations, has had so serious an original:—

A TRANSLATION OF A HYMN FROM THE SEPHER HAGGADAH, FOLIO 23.

1.
A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
2.
Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.
3.
Then came the dog and bit the cat
That ate the kid, &c.
4.
Then came the staff and beat the dog
That bit the cat, &c.
5.
Then came the fire and burned the staff
That beat the dog, &c.
6.
Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff, &c.
7.
Then came the ox and drank the water
That quenched the fire, &c.
8.
Then came the butcher and slew the ox
That drank the water, &c.
9.
Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher
That slew the ox, &c.
10.
Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That killed the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:—

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrew nation.

The Father by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself in this relation to the Hebrews. The two pieces of money are Moses and Aaron.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, who took the ten tribes.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians, who destroyed the Assyrian monarchy.

4. The staff signified the Persians, who destroyed the Babylonian kingdom.

5. The fire indicates the Greek Empire, under Alexander, which destroyed the Persian.

6. The water denotes the Roman power, which destroyed the Grecian.

7. The ox is the symbol of the Saracens, who destroyed the Roman power in the Holy Land.

8. The butcher is the Crusader, who drove the Saracens off the Holy Land.

9. The angel of death is the Turkish power, to which the land of Palestine is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to shew that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks; immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land and live under the Government of their long-expected Messiah.

SPIRITUALISM AS VIEWED BY CHRISTIANS WHO BELIEVE THE FACTS AND DOCTRINES OF SPIRITUALISM.

THERE seem to us many reasons for treating this subject, but two appear most prominent and of most practical importance.

There prevails among the majority of men an impression that a belief in Spiritualism implies a superstitious mind, and it is therefore good to shew that it in reality implies a search through experiments into the true nature of man's soul and spirit. A knowledge of oneself in these points may and indeed must modify religious belief, but the experiments preceding this knowledge never can. Thus the first reason of importance that Christian Spiritualists are bound to shew, is that what they are really doing is done in order to set their inner selves, their true and permanent individualities, free from any lower laws than those involved in their own enduring existence.

But our second reason is, if possible, of greater weight. Every Spiritualist, Christian or other, feels that converse with the spirit-world brings him in reality nearer to the source of all spirit-life. But the nearer you draw to the Infinite, the more you must feel your littleness as a finited creature. This being so the Spiritualist learns humility by observing at every increase of love and light how infinite is the distance between him and the author of all true life. Hence, when his soul is thoroughly penetrated with this truth, he becomes aware that he can neither out of the experience of spirit-agencies construct a true faith, such as has been called a religion of Spiritualism; nor can he, if already a Christian, modify his Christianity by any positively new revela-

tion. In brief, a Spiritualist cannot logically declare himself in possession of any new truth concerning God, whether he be a Deist or a believer in a divinely human lord of mankind. Anything he can ascertain is too remote from that innate consciousness by which we see nature as a unity of various phenomena, and God as the author of nature, which is, as it were, but a shadow of his substance or creation coming to a close in the finality of laws.

And thus we arrive at the conviction that the Christian who has received the testimony to external and material proofs of the internal and spiritual world, may have his faith quickened by this testimony. But he cannot have faith produced in him by it, because it is no witness of God as a Redeemer. Even in spiritual healing, he finds only a manifestation of an eternal verity. So having life, he may get new food for it, but the food cannot be assimilated if he have no life. Of course, if churches abounded in life and were free from mere doctrinalism or ritualism, these signs and the food of life would "follow," but precede they never ought, if they ever can.

The unbeliever, however (and the Christian Spiritualist is too well aware of his own weakness in faith to use the word in any but its most necessary sense), cannot come to belief by these new facts of Spiritualism. If he appear to do so, it is because the seed of belief was in him, and the spiritual facts brought to it light and warmth, to shew its lovely foliage, and kindle its aromatic blossom. Now if Spiritualism cannot create a faith, much less can it form a church; for a body of mere Spiritualists calling themselves a church would be a body without a soul, a mere corporation with every vice of every individual member and not one virtue of any single one. So as knowledge has grown, and it has been observed how signs of Spiritualism have attended every new manifestation of religious life, every true Spiritualist has clearly seen, that it was impossible to form any new ecclesiastical or even worshipping body without at once sinking into idle or gross superstition. But more than this, he has been led to observe that the spirit of existing bodies of all sorts, by the exclusion of spirit-experience and the missing of the real aim and upshot of such investigation, is tainted and diseased by the same superstitious feeling. The reason of this is obvious—it is equally superstition to accept spirit dicta for truth, and to refuse to investigate spiritual phenomena because you accept a dogma, which must of necessity but imperfectly express a spiritual truth. So, whether it be the over-statement of the grace of the sacraments, or of the efficacy of faith to salvation which we accept, it is alike a superstition beneath the dignity of man, and a breach of the reverence the human intel-

lect owes to the Source and Giver of all reason and perception. For surely, "if the life is more than meat" much more is the spirit than the sacramental water and wine; and if the wind of doctrine may carry a soul about unsteadfastly, faith must be an uncertain basis in comparison of the conviction, that the spirit of man lives for ever in the spirit of God.

We only desire to write these words as a caution to avoid enthusiasm, and as a direct denial on our parts of our being guilty of superstitious folly in our spiritual enquiries. If it be found desirable at any future time, we will treat of the true benefits of Spiritualism.

THE SPIRIT OF RATIONALISM.*

MR. LECKY'S purpose in writing is entirely different from Buckle's. Buckle wrote with the deliberate intention to state and maintain a doctrine respecting the social progress of mankind. He had a theory of human development to promulgate, and in the portion of the general introduction to his great work which the public was permitted to see, he occupied himself mainly with laying down his fundamental dogma, that human affairs were rigidly controlled by law, and that the track of law ran undeviatingly along the line of practical knowledge. The influence of the moral sentiments on the movement of human affairs he reduced to the lowest point; the freedom of the human will he denied; and he sternly remanded to the sphere of effects most of the phenomena which have generally ranked among causes. He began, therefore, where Mr. Lecky ends; or, to speak more exactly, he assumed as established results what Mr. Lecky presents to the distant goal towards which modern speculation is obviously tending. The latter is a historian rather than a philosopher of history. The very feeble attempt to touch the problem of freewill, in the preface, is almost the only interruption to the stream of narrative that bears us rapidly and charmingly over the whole field of European thought and life.

Not that the book before us is devoid of ideas. It is animated throughout by a vital idea which gave it birth, and which quickens every paragraph to the end; but the idea is too large and luminous to have the character or the effect of a dogma. It is in brief this: that the intellectual and social movements of

* *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.* By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. D. APPLETON & Co. Two vols.

mankind as shewn in history, are controlled by "certain tendencies or predispositions, resulting from causes that are deeply imbedded in the civilization of the age, which create the movement, direct the stream of opinions with irresistible force in a given direction,—and, if we consider only great bodies of men and long periods of time, exercise an almost absolute authority." Rationalism, by this definition, is a subtle spirit of thought, an unconscious mental bias, tendency, or principle, an undercurrent of reason, setting with general steadiness in one course, silently sapping the foundations of institutions, systems, laws, creeds, practices, which seemed to be firmly planted in the conviction and reverence of men, and powerfully but quietly compelling them to substitute natural for supernatural causes in explaining the occurrences of history, reason for authority in religion, and the natural conscience or arbitrary systems of ethics in social life.

How this intellectual movement is started we are not told, nor is it of consequence that we should be; the innate curiosity of the mind explaining it sufficiently. Mr. Lecky strikes the current while it is flowing, and describes the way in which it is swollen and accelerated. In this description he exhibits his breadth of view. He allows to every contribution its full value. Knowledge, thought, impulse, feeling, passion, genius, conscience, will, are accepted as agencies in creating and shaping the controlling spirit. The action of special circumstances and of individual characters is indicated. The cunning predispositions of the reason take up all the faculties of the mind, however crossing and recrossing, however colliding and clashing, and turn them with steady pressure towards the point whither it tends itself. The propelling cause lies beneath human consciousness, and the changes it effects by its unseen hand are often so hidden as to seem unaccountable. Vast alterations are wrought, in the face of all expectation and of all probability. One age *finds it impossible to believe* what another age *found it impossible to disbelieve*, and it can assign no reason for its scepticism save its presence and power. Arguments follow the causes they appear to lead, and are a part of the conquest that they seem to achieve. The reformer is a feature of his own reformation. The discoverer marches behind his discovery, and the victor does not so much gain his victory as announce it. This is Mr. Lecky's truth; not a new one, but a very vital and suggestive one, and one that is fairly unfolded and illustrated now for the first time. Of the extraordinary intellectual wealth of the book the volumes themselves can alone convey the least idea. We can only suggest the scope of the argument and the character of the illustrations.

In order, we presume, to exhibit his doctrine by the strongest light, Mr. Lecky applies it first to two subjects which once were sustained by authority and belief, which now are almost abandoned by authority and belief, and in regard to which *the change from plenary assent to almost plenary dissent*, is to be explained only by the altered attitude which the human mind has unconsciously assumed under the influence of impressions not immediately connected with the subjects themselves. These are *witchcraft and miracles*, both treated under the general title, "*The declining sense of the miraculous.*" Two happier illustrations of his idea could not have been chosen; for the material is copious, the facts are abundant and striking, the literature is marked, and the opposite poles of thought are abruptly brought into a surprising conflict. Mr. Lecky presents with great power the force and character of the popular belief in witchcraft; traces it to its sources; follows it in the turns of its history; lays bare its deep strong roots in the prevailing religious credence, in the spiritual philosophy of centuries, in the Bible; shews how widely spread and how vital it was in the convictions of all men; how implicated it was in the radical faiths of Christendom. He details the arguments by which it was supported, and exhibits in masses the enormous accumulations of evidence that had gathered about it. The wisest men in Europe shared it; the ablest defended it; the best were zealous foes of all who assailed it. To disbelieve it seemed to be impossible. No man of any account disbelieved it for hundreds of years. Lord Bacon could not divest himself of it. Shakespeare accepted it, as did nearly all his most enlightened and gifted contemporaries. Sir Thomas Browne declared that those who denied the existence of witchcraft were not only infidels, but also, by implication, atheists. There were noble protests against the superstition, but they had no effect. Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, published in 1684, was bold, exhaustive, masterly, and popular; but in effect it was powerless. On a sudden the belief declined all over Europe, all over the world of mind. It was not argued down. There stood the piles of testimony unexamined; there were the trains of reasoning unexploded; there were the Bible texts unexplained; there were the parent dogmas far enough from being extirpated. To the expressed beliefs of the mightiest intellects no opinions of anything like equal weight were opposed. Demonstration was still mainly on one side; but people who could give no reasons for their incredulity were stubbornly incredulous. There existed the same reasons for earnestness of faith; but the earnestness could not be excited. Interest in the subject was dead.

The same fate awaited the promiscuous belief in miracles.

For ages universal and inevitable, it has become limited and difficult. Once compelling the mind's assent, *it now is retained only by the mind's compulsion.* The miracles recorded as performed by the saints of the Romish Church were countless in number—the Bollandist collection containing about 25,000 lives, and each life is a tale of miracle from beginning to end—miracles attested and accredited by solemn oaths of witnesses. Even Edward Gibbon was staggered by the array of proof in their favour. "The implicit indiscriminating acquiescence with which such narratives were once received has long since been replaced by a derisive incredulity. The very few modern miracles which are related are everywhere regarded as a scandal, a stumbling-block, and a difficulty." Why? Is scrutiny more keen than it was? *It is far less keen.* Is the evidence less? *It is equal, to say the least.* Have the books written against miracles surpassed in ability the books written in their defence? *On the contrary, they have been fewer and feebler,* written with less vigour, less learning, less definiteness of philosophical theory, less intensity of moral conviction. They have nearly all perished; but their cause is gained. It was virtually gained before they were produced, and their production was merely a sign that the human intelligence had silently moved on to another ground, where the natural and not the supernatural held sway.—*The Nation.*

MR. SOTHERN AND SPIRITUALISM.

PROCEEDINGS have been taken by Mr. Sothorn against the *Spiritual Times*, in respect of two passages in the article which was quoted in full in that journal from an editorial article which appeared in the *New York Sunday Times* of the 31st December last; and by means of that publication in the *Spiritual Times* Mr. Sothorn's character is no doubt seriously challenged in the two points alluded to. For this the editor has made the fullest apology, as indeed he ought as a gentleman to do, and without the slightest reservation.

In this journal the passages complained of were not inserted, but the material words were expunged, and their place supplied by asterisks, and it was not intended that a prejudice should be raised against Mr. Sothorn in those matters.

We are bound however to say, that as a contrary impression prevails with Mr. Sothorn, to the fullest extent that such impression is well founded, either with him or others, we entirely repudiate and retract any charge or intention to make a charge

on those matters, which were out of the knowledge of the writer of the article, or of any one known to us. So much we feel bound to say in justice to Mr. Sothern with regard to those two inculcated points, and if we could use more expressive language we would do so in repudiation of any such charges against his character.

But this New York article was produced in answer to Mr. Sothern's letter to the *Glasgow Citizen*, in which he uses the most opprobrious epithets against this journal and against Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Spiritualism, he says, is a delusion, a snare, and a swindle, and Spiritualists are personally guilty of imbecility, irreligion, fraud, impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. We do not know if the proverb that one man may steal a horse whilst another may not even look over the hedge, be true, but surely Spiritualists are to be allowed to be angry at such epithets as these, even if they cannot appeal to the law. But in addition to these charges, Mr. Sothern professed to expose the hitherto believed doings of the famous Miracle Circle of which he was a member, and gave an entirely new version of its proceedings, on his personal veracity. It is mainly in answer to this that the New York article was written; and it was a great and culpable error, that in reproducing it in this journal every word on the other subjects was not rigidly expunged. This is what requires an apology to him and withdrawal, and which is fully tendered to him. But surely there is something which he also should say in withdrawing the offensive charges which he has made, and with respect to which the written testimony of several of the members of the Miracle Circle has been received. These gentlemen's written declaration leaves the matter in no doubt as to Mr. Sothern's position in America with regard to Spiritualism, and which position is utterly at variance, as his companions allege, with the facts he states in his letter; and upon this question of Mr. Sothern's veracity as to the Miracle Circle, rests the whole basis of his opprobrious statements against Spiritualists. There remains also the attitude which Mr. Sothern has taken up in London in playing what he may call hoaxes, at Holloway, Maida-hill, and St. John's-wood. He certainly should feel himself bound to apologize for all these things, but whether he do so or not, there is no difficulty on our part in making the amplest apology to him for any reference being made to the two paragraphs in question.

The above was written before the hearing of Mr. Sothern's proceedings against our publisher and Mr. Coleman. We only wish to add that Messrs. Kent, the publishers, are quite innocent of any knowledge of the contents of the Magazine.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

APRIL, 1866.

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field:
No rapture dawns, no triumph is revealed!
Oh! let her read, not loudly nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But sad as angels for the good man's sin
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

Les miracles sont selon l'ignorance en quoy nous sommes de la nature, non selon l'estre de la nature."—*Essais de Montaigne*. Liv. I. c. xxii. p. 218.

It is a fact as curious as it is melancholy, that in Germany, a country which has always prided itself on its penetration into the heart of intellectual and psychological subjects; the country not only of Kant and Hegel, but of far more practical anthropologists—Jung Stilling, Kerner, Meyer, Schubert, and Hornung—Spiritualism is now at the lowest possible ebb. The reign of what is called "pure reason," that is, reason diving into the muddy and bottomless gulph of metaphysical abstractions, now fully prevails. What Kant planted and Hegel watered, Paulus and Strauss have cultivated into one great upas tree, which overshadows and breathes its soul-destroying aura over the whole Teutonic Fatherland.

With the exception of the Catholic church, a small section of Protestants, and a still larger portion of the ordinary country people, too little educated to be thus corrupted in faith, the whole of Germany may be said to have marched back under the banners of the infidel philosophers to Heathendom. The few

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and feeble waves of unbelief which have reached the English shores in the shape of *Essays and Reviews*, and of Colensoism, give no idea of the great and wide ocean of Materialism which exists in and covers the general mind of Germany. Materialism of the grossest kind is entertained by the principal professors of philosophy and theology in its universities; and if they do not venture to go so far in their college lectures, it is plainly from the fear of endangering their places from the resentment of the Catholic and small section of yet remaining sound Protestant populations. There are few men of the whole academic class who would not blush at the faintest suspicion of being believers in the authenticity of the Bible, and, consequently in that of the origin of Christianity.

As for Spiritualism, it seems to exist in Germany only in little centres and groups, here and there, of sincere disciples, who, overborne by the prevalent Materialism of the schools and of public opinion, make but a dim figure in the general psychologic aspect of the country. Nevertheless, I believe that there really does exist more Spiritualism there than appears on the surface. Hornung in his zealous travels and inquiries found it in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Regensburg, and many other places. It is not likely to have died out there. On the contrary, we find that some remarkable works are still sold in the house in Berlin in which Hornung lived; that at Breslau and at Berlin the coadjutors of Hornung have been translating the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, and publish a small Spiritual journal called *Psyche*; at Vienna various Spiritual works are sold by Lechner, in the Graben, by Wenedikt, and others. Amongst these works is one called *Der Spiritismus*, which has been very popular, by G. C. Delhez; and the *Odognostischer Brief*, by Gottlieb Dämmerung of Mödling, near Vienna; who has also published a *Critique on the Sidereal Photographies of Mumler of Berlin*, and the *Phenomena given through Home and Squire, &c.*

M. Dämmerung's *Odognostischer Brief*, or *Letter on the Science of Odyle*, is a very learned work, and gives us glimpses of other Spiritualists and their writings, as the *Natural History of Apparitions* by Carus Sterne, and the remarkable discoveries of water-springs by the Abbé Richard, whose performances of this kind in several of the principal cities of Germany, without any divining-rod or any instrument whatever, have astonished all classes, even the most sceptical. Besides these, Herr Dämmerung brings to our knowledge the works of Dr. Berthelen; of Silverio, of Madrid; Gourges, of Mexico, &c. At this very moment also appears a remarkable work by Dr. Epp, of Heidelberg, called *Seelenkunde*, or science of soul, an out-and-out avowal of

Spiritualism, and a startling apparition amid the rationalistic professors there. Such are the evidences that even in Germany Spiritualism is not dead, it only sleepeth. My business now, however, is to take a view of the more prevalent condition of things in Germany.

In Heidelberg there has been a great ferment on account of the teachings and publications of the theological professors. The little duchy of Baden, of which this is the great seminary, contains 1,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 500,000 are Catholics. For the 1,000,000 Protestants they have 350 state clergymen, of whom 119 only are orthodox—or, rather, are Christians. The 231 being of this *soi-disant* rational, but really infidel, school. In the university are “five state-appointed professors of theology, of whom four are of this infidel class. There is also another professor of theology allowed to teach, though not salaried, who is of the same infidel stamp. After passing their term at the university, the theologic students pass three years at the theologic seminary, where they have the same teachers, and where a Professor Schenkel is the director, who has written a work on the life of Christ—*Ein Charakterbild Jesu*—à la Renan, but outstripping Strauss himself in his mode of explaining the miracles of the Gospel. In speaking of the conversion of water into wine at the marriage of Cana, he says, “Oh! Christ knew very well that His disciples were fond of good wine, and that at the marriage to which they were going the people were too poor to have much or good wine, and, therefore, He sent on some secretly to be brought out at the right moment as water, though in fact it *was* wine.”

This is the style and character of a work on the Gospel history by a leading theological professor in a leading German university, and the director of the theologic college of Baden in 1865.

To us who have, for these fifteen years, seen the laws of nature developing themselves in the same direction as they stand in the Bible and New Testament, it is truly laughable to hear these German professors denouncing the miracles of the New Testament as untrue and impossible, because “they are contrary to the laws of nature.” They cannot believe in any of the miraculous acts of Christ nor in the resurrection of his body, because they are “contrary to the laws of nature,” and all this while over all America and all Europe the laws of nature have been almost daily, and before twenty millions of people of all classes, producing phenomena equally surprising. We have all seen matter actually passing through matter without leaving a trace of its passage. We have seen Mr. Home, and the French have seen Hilaire float in the air repeatedly, and a thousand

other things of a like kind. And still these German philosophers, who imagine they understand the laws of nature, go on pronouncing such things impossible. Such is German learning of to-day. Well may Dämmerung call on the learned men of Germany to look boldly at the phenomena presenting themselves in every quarter of the globe, and not to renounce their former proud position in the world of science.

What a prospect for the Protestant religion in Baden, when all its candidates for the public ministry of religion have to be modelled under such teachers, and have to receive their credentials and authority from such hands! When all these young sucklings of Strauss, Paulus and Schenkel are let loose on the congregations of the Duchy, what a prospect for its Christianity! Vain have been the efforts of the small body of faithful Protestants, headed by Herr Metz and others, to resist this outbreak of Paganism in the high places of the church and schools. Even the Catholics have taken the alarm, these learned converts to Paganism having had sufficient influence in the Legislative Chamber to get a mixed commission of Catholics and these sham Protestants to visit the Catholic as well as Protestant schools. The most dangerous and disgusting feature of this Baden Rationalism is, that, after calling in question the authenticity of the Gospels, and denying the truth of every miracle of Christ, and even his bodily resurrection, they pretend still to have faith in him as their Saviour, and to believe in the resurrection of his spirit! Now, it is clear that if the Gospels be not true narratives, and if they deny the bodily resurrection of Christ, these men have not an atom of ground for any belief in the life of Christ at all, much less in his spirit having risen. This is so self-evident, that the only conclusion that sensible men can draw, is, that these gentlemen, have said all that at present they dare to say, lest they should thereby forfeit their livings and professorial chairs. In some pamphlets put out by them, called *Protestantische Flugblätter für Baden*, they menace the orthodox opponents with the thunder "of some thousands of other pulpits from all parts of Germany," No. I., p. iii. This is a proof that the same pestilence of unbelief is rife throughout the pulpits of the Fatherland. "Unter einige tausend Pastoren," they say.

It is difficult to imagine the public mind of a country reduced to such a condition of imbecility, by being so drugged with anti-spiritual philosophy as to tolerate, as it is tolerated and even approved by the student and reading public, such pitiable trash as this. Either the Bible and New Testament are empty myths, or they are accredited histories, accepted by the nation in and for which they were written; accepted as true by the contemporary public of each historian through a period of four thousand years.

If they are or can be proved to be only myths or fables, let them be set aside altogether as unworthy of credit. But if they are, as they must be, the genuine history of a people, yet existing, and maintaining their verity, to treat them as stories of Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant-killer, is the act of men who have no idea of the true dignity of philosophy, and no capacity for the analysis of history. Certainly, no such exhibition of the degradation of human thought, of the stupifying effect of an infidel criticism, has yet been manifested in any nation deserving of the name of a civilized much less of a learned community.

And what are the effects of this earthly philosophy; a philosophy which delights in the prostration of the noblest hopes and aspirations of man, and in the establishment of a mere animal life in their stead? These, combined with a long course of prosperity, are evident on the face of society all over Germany, Switzerland and France. Our travellers, who are legion everywhere through the summer and autumn months, must see with astonishment the pitch to which drinking and riot have risen amongst the lower classes. In countries where so much of the soil is occupied with the growth of wine and tobacco, it might be supposed that drinking and smoking would hold a conspicuous place, but none but those who have been accustomed frequently to visit these countries for the last twenty years, can have an idea of the progress of sensualization and demoralization during that period. In our own country, God knows, we have a fearful amount of intoxication, owing in a great degree to the essential patronage of Government of gin and other palaces of Bacchus, so prolific of excise revenue,—and to so many magistrates, who grant licenses, being connected with brewers and distillers. We have, in consequence, a monstrous growth of murderous crime, which astounds the whole Continent by the daily details of it transmitted thither and over the whole world by our newspapers; but we have, at the same time, the satisfaction of knowing that we have a very large body of men and women daily zealously labouring to introduce a spirit of temperance, and to carry moral light into this lurid region of social life. In these countries, whatever may be the amount of such exertions, they are apparently swallowed up by the on-flowing deluge of sensualism. A philosophy which systematically aims at extinguishing every principle of religious elevation or restraint, must inevitably have a downward tendency, and seems in fact, to have set at liberty a torrent of licentiousness which threatens to pass all bounds. From highest to lowest, all classes seem to live simply for animal enjoyment. The highest form which this disposition assumes is for music, scenic representations and reading of the lightest and most frivolous kind. The

commonest form is that of swarming to public-houses both men and women, who take their children with them, and may be daily seen drenching them with wine or beer in their earliest, often really infantine years.

The real god of Switzerland and Germany is Bacchus! The Christian churches may be deserted, but the temples of Bacchus are always full! All the potshops and taprooms in town and country are crowded on Sundays to suffocation with the ardent votaries of Bacchus, who sing lustily his praises in boisterous chorus, and burn the incense of tobacco devoutly before him. No one need inquire what is the real religion of these countries; he has it before him for ever on all sides in a universal deluge of evidence.

The Sunday is the grand day for this sort of life (as it is for opening fairs and for great shooting parties, and for heavy boat traffic on their rivers); and the ensuing night, often till the approach of morning, is dissonant with streams of people staggering homewards—many of them dressed, at least, as ladies and gentlemen—singing, shouting and howling in the wildest hubbub, with which the police never seem to interfere. In these nocturnal bacchanalian orgies the Swiss are the most tremendous. They have a habit of shrieking on these occasions with all their might, and making the midnight streets resound as with the horrors of murder. In their peculiar singing called jodelling, which is very pleasant in itself, they frequently break out in these wild screams, which seem necessary to them as escapes for their pent-up energies of passion.

If the government of God on earth really includes a system of moral discipline, it can require no prophetic power to foresee that ere long He will enter into controversy with these nations, in the shape of some desolating pestilence, disastrous seasons, or decimating war, such as has swept over America recently. In such a dispensation we shall, no doubt, come in for our share for the moral corruption rife amongst ourselves. The insatiable quest of wealth, honor and domination amongst the educated classes, the domestic licentiousness in all, and the frightful extent of murder and infanticide in the lower ranges of life. Are not the plagues already breaking out in our cattle, swine, and other animals, hints and foretastes of what lies in the background for us?

The Swiss appear to be the first to open their eyes to the present rampant prevalence of crime and sensuality amongst them, as evidenced by the following paragraph:—

SWITZERLAND.—The executive power at Berne has just published a circular appointing the 17th (of September, 1865) as a national fast and humiliation. The following is an extract from this curious document:—"Let us not disguise from ourselves, beloved fellow-citizens, that selfishness, the service of mammon,

and the love of sensual enjoyments, are threatening the public weal; that private prevail too often over general interests; that pride and envy, injustice and hatred, spread division among us—that vanity, luxury, idleness, and dissipation undermine the happiness of families; that falsehood and insincerity render social relations more and more difficult; and that the olden simplicity of morals, the sincere piety, and the civic virtues which are the support and glory of republics, are becoming more and more rare amongst us.”

It was high time for public attention to be drawn to this state of things. Albert Bitzius, writing under the name of Jeremias Gotthelf, in the popular stories in which he has vigorously taken the field against this national curse, has drawn the most frightful picture of the general drunkenness and its effects in Switzerland that ever issued from mortal pen. He says the progress of political freedom has only stimulated personal licentiousness. Every man, especially in the country, thinks he has a right to do whatever he pleases, including destroying himself and ruining his family. In his *Five Maidens miserably destroyed by Brandy*, and his *Dursli, the Brandy Drinker*, he attributes an enormous increase of drunkenness and crime to the cheapness of potato-brandy, and to the Government having authorized the granting of licenses to any one to sell it at only the cost of fifteen batzen, that is, fifteen pence, a year. In these works he describes the people taking their children with them to these brandy shops, and dosing them with it, as I have seen the German people dosing theirs with wine and beer at the suburban public-houses in that country. “Seldom,” he says, “is a father so high-hearted that he won’t help his child to this poison. Nay, he scolds it if it endeavours to avoid having it. So the father teaches the habit to the children. ‘Take a drink,’ he says; ‘thou shalt take it—it will do thee good.’ And so, afterwards, these children beg or crib the money to indulge in the paternally inoculated vice.” He describes his countrymen of the working class, when they have money, making “blue Monday” all the week, and driving about to skittle grounds and gambling pot-houses, instead of going on foot. And he solemnly asks where all this is to end.

We may well echo his words. “What is to be the end of it,” in countries where, while the populace is evermore brutifying itself, the professors of the universities, the preachers and popular writers are zealously at work to destroy the authority of the only religion which can offer an effectual barrier to the progress of this demoralization? Previous to the French Revolution, popular sensualism and infidelity went hand in hand, and we know where they ended.

In Protestant Switzerland you are surprised to see what a swing the religious pendulum has made since the days of Calvin, and in the towns—Geneva and Lausanne—where he taught. From these places the severe and gloomy Calvinism of Scotland

was imported; but what a contrast now between the ideas of a Sunday in these very towns and in Edinburgh or Glasgow. The bow that was so thoroughly bent into the short curve of an ascetic Pharisaism has now flown back into the other extreme. You see shows open on Sundays in those places, and a deprivation of a day of rest for horses; a thing far too general amongst ourselves: you see the wildest scenes of drunkenness and riot in the crowded casinos, and in the railway trains returning from such places at night. In Germany, where the national disposition is essentially good-natured and kindly, you feel the spirit and tone of what Bitzins calls "die allerneueste Weisheit,"—"the very newest wisdom;" which the "aufgeklärten Menschen dieser Zeit"—"the illuminated men of to-day, sell dearly to the public." You feel it in the offensive conceit in the men of this revived pagan school, and in the hard and unspiritual expression of the ladies, who have most widely imbibed it as a more precious gospel of knowledge and intellectual liberty. At the same time we look about in vain for that host of philanthropic and reformatory institutions and voluntary societies which spring necessarily out of the spirit of Christianity, and which are constantly at work to counteract the on-surgings of depravity of the times. All in this new-fangled heathenism is of the earth, earthy; and the bulk of the population seem content to live on as the creatures around them—in the present, and for the present only. In the words of Saint Martin, "A la manière dont les gens du monde passent leur temps, on dirait qu'ils ont peur de ne pas être assez bêtes." But effects, of course, spring from causes; and these causes are soon discovered when we look at the sort of literature which prevails amongst a people.

During my recent sojourn at Heidelberg, I read a little volume by a Dr. Brugger, who, like Professor Schenkel already mentioned, was till last year, the popular preacher of a congregation of that city. Schenkel was the most popular preacher of the Protestants; Brugger of the so-called German Catholic Church there. These German Catholics are the disciples of Herr Ronge, so long resident in London, and who himself officiated at the chapel of the late Dr. Brugger during my stay there. Why this Church should make any claim to catholicity might puzzle even Mr. de Morgan in one of his paradoxes. Catholics in general are firm to the principles of the Christian faith, in the immortality of man, in his redemption through Christ, and in the perpetual existence of his supernatural power in the Church. The German Catholic Church, if this book be a true exponent of its faith, is a Church with no faith in soul at all. Dr. Brugger, who only died recently, entitles his work, *Geist Seele Stoff*, that is, Spirit-soul matter.

In the whole of this volume by a so-called Christian minister, in which he seems to have followed the work of Dr. Büchner, there is rarely a single reference to the Bible except in his preface, where he tells us that the first book of Moses assures us that the human soul is material. God breathed into Adam the breath of life, and so he became a living soul. Thus, says he, it is plainly avowed that "Luft ist das Wesen der Seele," air is the being of the soul; and the truth of this, he adds, is proved, because man begins to live exactly when he begins to breathe, and ceases to live exactly when he ceases to breathe. It would scarcely have been believed that any man with the slightest pretence to a knowledge of anthropology at the present day would set out by asserting that the breath of God is common air. Yet Brugger does this most seriously all through his volume. God himself is matter. Everything, according to him, is matter—soul and body, God and man, are all matter. Presently, however, he changes his ground, and makes God Blitzstoff, or electricity, so that the breath of Deity cannot be common air, it must be Blitzstoff too. Such are the clumsy inconsistencies of this luminary of the German Catholics.

If Dr. Brugger had really accepted the authority of the Bible as the foundation of his philosophy, this philosophy could not have existed at all, for this book says "God is a spirit," the great fact which Brugger denies, reducing him to Stoff, namely, to electricity—"ALLES IST STOFF UND DIESER IST EWIG." The capitals are Brugger's, to shew emphatically that he does not except even the Divinity. It is not worth while to follow Brugger through the whole of his book, for it consists chiefly of a repetition of this idea. We are assured that we know nothing on earth which is not matter, and Dr. Brugger finds no difficulty in constructing all our wonderful machinery of mind, sentiment and intellect, all our thoughts, propensities, imagination, genius and poetry out of matter. Electricity in the brain is the actual fire of life in creation, and especially in man. We are told, indeed, that this matter is so fine that it often altogether escapes our senses, and Dr. Brugger refuses to accept the existence of anything which cannot be explained by our five senses. Such is the lame and melancholy foundation of the Bruggerian philosophy. It is not only the Bruggerian, it is the grand argument of the whole material school. It is taken for granted that because our senses are material, everything in the universe is material. Certainly, that which is material can only grasp and test what is material, but is that any proof that there is nothing beyond the reach of such an instrument? No fountain can rise higher than its own head; no instrument can reach or affect anything beyond its own nature. Now, beyond the reach of our material senses

there may be a hundred thousand things and principles. To assert that these outlying entities, if such there be, are this or that, is a simple act of groundless assumption. There the question must for ever have rested, had not history, tradition, frequent experience and abundant existing facts and phenomena been at hand to settle it. History, however (not merely Biblical history, but universal), asserts the existence of disembodied spirits, and gravely and continuously records their appearance to men.

It may be asserted that no one knows what spirit is; and that, therefore, it may, after all, be only a superlatively refined kind of matter. No one, indeed, does know what either matter or spirit is. Both of these things exhibit qualities which shew that they are, in their first principles, beyond our analysis or our conception in this state of being. But it is enough for us, as believers in the well-authenticated histories of the Old and New Testaments, that they assert an essential difference between matter and spirit; and that this distinction is not only a fundamental, but a most important one, is constantly shown by the materialist having an invincible proclivity to a denial of a future existence, and the believer in spirit to a firm faith in the immortality of the soul. "Le néant fut toujours l'horrible espérance du crime; l'immortalité fut toujours la consolation de l'innocence opprimée et le soutien de la vertu."—"*Marmontel: Leçons d'un Père à ses Enfants, sur la Métaphysique*," p. 99. These predominating features of the two doctrines are significant and decisive of their respective values. Brugger, indeed, would fain bolster up his reader and hearer in the hope of a future life, on the principle that matter is immortal, but his theory proves dearer to him than their hope of another existence; and after a feeble attempt to delude them, he tears down the flimsy curtain of his sophistry, and shows them the dismal darkness all behind. "All," he says, "which exists in and with man on the earth, is finite and perishable like himself—consequently, his most original thoughts and the soul itself. Equally false is the conclusion or the consequence that immateriality, freedom, and immortality are or can be attached to this unendingness. All this stands merely on paper and in the air, but not in reality," p. 26. What a melancholy doctrine of death to be preached from the pulpit, and issued from the press, in the nineteenth century, and that in a country swarming with philosophers! On reading such things we naturally exclaim with Campbell,—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph, this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and Champions of her cause?
For this, has Science searched on weary wing
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?

Lashed with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
 Or round the Cape her living chariot driven,
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
 Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
 To waft us home the message of despair?
 Then bind the palm—thy sage's brow to suit—
 Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit!
 Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
 Blood-nursed and watered by a widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted and so dread,
 As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.

Dr. Brugger, besides this general and most loveless exposition of no faith, asserts a great many things equally untenable, such as soul and spirit cannot be made visible to the outward senses separate from the body, an assertion in direct contradiction to the history of all times, and to the domestic annals of every class of society, in which such appearances of disembodied souls abound, of which many living persons are attestors. Singularly enough, however, immediately after asserting this, he confesses that the principle opposed to materialism, namely, "Geistsicht oder Spiritualismus," is on foot, and cannot be banished out of the world—p. 86.

Amongst the numerous assertions of a like untenable character, we will notice only one more, namely, that the brain is universally acknowledged to be the seat of the soul. On the contrary, no philosopher has yet been able to decide where lay this seat of the soul; but Swedenborg and all the Spiritualists have asserted that the soul exists all over the body, and the immediate appearance of spirits after death, in the perfect form and character of the living person, settles the fact.

In concluding this cheerless picture of the theologic and philosophic condition of the country whence came the Reformation, or at least that great Lutheran wave of it, and the country also of Stilling, Kerner, and Hornung, of Schubert, and Eschenmeyer, let no one, however, feel any dejection or doubt as to the fate of Christianity there or elsewhere. Such is the immortal and irrepressible nature of the religion of Christ, that they who endeavour to trample it under foot, only add fresh evidences to its truth. These German disciples of Kant and his "reine Vernunft," these so-called Rationalists think, and no doubt sincerely, that they are stripping away all the antiquated superstitions of the Bible; all the fabulous embellishments of the Gospel narratives, and are rescuing truth and the human understanding from the incrustations of priestcraft, or folly; but, whilst in reality they are perpetrating murderous onslaughts on genuine history, they are made conspicuously the unconscious witnesses of the divine prescience of Christ. The more they spread the epidemic of unbelief, the more

they accelerate the crisis of Christendom, as predicted by the Messiah himself. Ever as they delve with indefatigable activity at the historic foundations of Christianity, before them flaps the broad banner of that faith across the azure sky, emblazoned with the words—"But when I come shall I find faith on the earth?"

Pause awhile, ye learned Rationalists, with your delvings and minings beneath the historic walls of Revelation, and read that epigram. The decadence of faith is the test of Gospel truth, and the herald of the approach of its promulgator. Work on, ye men mighty in comments and in tongues! and demonstrate that which you would destroy. And yet we may promise you a tolerably long day of delving and blasting with scholastic gunpowder. When Antoinette Bourignon was told of the spiritual darkness of the age, she replied, "It must be darker yet before the new Gospel morning, for Christ said that He should not come till midnight." But whenever that morning shall come, or how it shall come, it is even now growing arduous for the Rationalists and Materialists. On all sides phenomena ominous for their philosophy are starting forth. Laws of matter and of mind, of which they are wilfully ignorant, are making themselves familiar to the multitude, and once more the first in knowledge are becoming the last and the last first—another prognostic of confirmed Christianity.

A FAIRY SEERESS.

"ANN JEFFERIES (for that was her maiden name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and she is still living (1696) being now in the seventieth year of her age. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician, Dr. Richard Lower, deceased, and now lives as hind to Sir Andrew Slanning, of Devon, Bart.

"It is the custom in the county of Cornwall, for the most substantial people of each parish to take apprentices the poor's children, and to breed them up till they attain to twenty-one years of age, and, for their service, to give them meat, drink, and clothes. This Ann Jefferies, being a poor man's child of the parish, by providence fell into our family,* where she lived several years; being a girl of a bold daring spirit, she would

* The author's name is Moses Pitt, who communicates these particulars to the Right Reverend Father in God, Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of Gloucester. Printed 1696.

venture at those difficulties and dangers that nobody would attempt.

"In the year 1645 (she then being nineteen years old), she being one day knitting in an arbour in our garden, there came over the garden hedge to her (as she affirmed) six persons of a small stature, all clothed in green, which she called fairies; upon which she was so frightened that she fell into a kind of convulsion-fit; but when we found her in this condition, we brought her into the house and put her to bed, and took great care of her. As soon as she recovered out of her fit, she cries out, 'They are just gone out of the window—they are just gone out of the window. Do you not see them?' And thus, in the height of her sickness, she would often cry out, and that with eagerness, which expressions were attributed to her distemper, supposing her light-headed."

(On her recovery she becomes very religious, goes to church, and takes mighty delight in devotion, although she could not herself read. She even begins to work miracles, and by the blessing of God, cures her old mistress's leg, which had been hurt by a fall, as she was coming from the mill, with continued stroking of the part affected: when our author thus proceeds:)

"On this, my mother demanded of her, how she came to the knowledge of her fall? She (who had been walking at the time in the garden and orchard till the old woman came from the mill) made answer, *that half-a-dozen persons told her of it.* That, replied my mother, could not be, for there was none came by at that time but my neighbour who brought me home. Ann answers again, *that that was truth, and it was true, that half-a-dozen persons told her so.* 'For,' said she, 'You know I went out of the house into the gardens and orchard very unwillingly, and now I will tell you the truth of all matters and things which have befallen me.'

"'You know that this, my sickness and fits, came very suddenly upon me, which brought me very low and weak, and have made me very simple. Now the cause of my sickness was this: I was one day knitting of stockings in the arbour in the garden, and there came over the garden hedge, of a sudden, six small people, all in green clothes, which put me into such a fright, that was the cause of my great sickness; and they continue their appearance to me, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight. They always appear in even numbers—two, four, six, eight. When I said, often in my sickness, *they were just gone out of the window*, it was really so, although you thought me light-headed. At this time, when I came out into the garden, they came to me and asked me if you had put me out of the house against my will. I told them I was unwilling to come out

of the house. Upon this, they said, you should not fare the better for it, and thereupon, in that place, and at that time, in a fair pathway, you fell, and hurt your leg. I would not have you send for a surgeon, nor trouble yourself, for I will cure your leg; the which she did, in a little time.

"The cure of my mother's leg, and the stories she told of these fairies, made such a noise over all the county of Cornwall, as that people of all distempers came, not only so far off as the Land's End, but also from London, and were cured by her. She took no monies of them, nor any reward, that ever I knew or heard of; yet had she monies at all times sufficient to supply her wants. She neither made nor bought any medicines, or salves, that ever I saw or heard of, yet wanted them not, as she had occasion. She forsook eating our victuals, and was fed by these fairies from that harvest-time to the next Christmas-day, upon which day she came to our table, and said, because it was that day she would eat some roast beef with us; the which she did, I myself being then at table.

"One time (I remember it perfectly well) I had a mind to speak to her, and not knowing better where to find her than in her chamber, I went thither, and fell a knocking very earnestly, at her chamber door, with my foot, and calling to her earnestly, 'Ann, Ann, open the door and let me in;' she answered me, 'Have a little patience, and I will let you in immediately.' Upon which I looked through the key-hole of the door and I saw her eating; and when she had done eating, she stood still by her bed-side, as long as thanks to God might be given, and then she made a courtesy (or bow) and opened the chamber door, and gave me a piece of her bread, which I did eat, and, I think, it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before or since."

(She could also render herself invisible, of which he relates an instance, and then proceeds:)

"One day these fairies gave my sister Mary (the now wife of Mr. Humphry Martin), then about four years of age, a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, and she did bring it my mother; but my mother would not accept of it, but bid her carry it to them again, which she did.

"I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies. I have seen Ann in the orchard, dancing among the trees; and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies.

"The great noise of the many strange cures Ann did, and also her living without eating our victuals (she being fed, as she said, by these fairies), caused both the neighbouring magistrates and ministers to resort to my father's house and talk with her, and strictly examine her about the matters here related; and she gave them very rational answers to all those questions they then asked

her (for by this time she was well recovered out of her sickness and fits, and her natural parts and understanding much improved), my father and all his family affirming the truth of all we saw. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her they were evil spirits which resorted to her, and that it was the delusion of the devil, and advised her not to go to them when they called her. Upon these admonitions of the ministers and magistrates our Ann was not a little troubled. However, that night my father with his family sitting at a great fire in his hall, Ann being also present, she spake to my father and said, 'Now they call' (meaning the fairies); we all of us urged her not to go. In less than half a quarter of an hour she said, 'Now they call a second time.' We encouraged her again not to go to them. By-and-bye she said, 'Now they call a third time;' upon which away to her chamber she went to them; (of all these three calls of the fairies none heard them but Ann). After she had been in her chamber some time she came to us again with a Bible in her hand and tells us that, when she came to the fairies they said to her, 'What! has there been some magistrates and ministers with you and dissuaded you from coming any more to us, saying we are evil spirits, and that it was all the delusion of the devil? Pray desire them to read that place of Scripture in the 1st Epistle of St. John, chap. 4, v. 1:—Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God,' &c. This place of scripture was turned down to in the said Bible.

"After this, one John Tregeagle, Esq. (who was steward to the late John, Earl of Radnor), being then a justice of peace in Cornwall, sent his warrant for Ann, and sent her to Bodmin jail, and there kept her a long time. That day the constable came to execute his warrant, Ann milking the cows, the fairies appeared to her, and told her that a constable would come that day with a warrant for to carry her before a justice of peace, and she would be sent to jail. She asked them if she should hide herself. They answered her no, she should fear nothing, but go with the constable. So she went with the constable to the justice, and he sent her to Bodmin jail, and ordered the prison-keeper that she should be kept without victuals; and she was so kept, and yet she lived, and that without complaining. But poor Ann lay in jail for a considerable time after; and also Justice Tregeagle, who was her great persecutor, kept her in his house some time as a prisoner, and that without victuals; and at last, when Ann was discharged out of prison, the justice made an order that Ann should not live any more with my father. Whereupon my father's only sister, Mrs. Frances Tom, a widow, near Padstow, took Ann into her family, and there she lived a considerable time, and did many great cures; and from thence she went to live with her own

brother, and in process of time married as aforesaid."—*Morgan's Phoenix Britannicus: London, 1732, 4to., p. 545.*

"Here ends this singular narrative, which atheists and infidels will doubtless be inclined to ridicule, and accuse of falsehood and imposture; the facts, however, are so fairly represented, and so authentically proved, that no pious Christian, who sincerely believes the Gospel, can hesitate for a moment to admit its veracity."—*From a Collection of Fairy Tales, by Joseph Ritson, London, 1831.*

WHAT IS RELIGION?

By THOMAS BREVIER.

II.

MAN is distinguished from the animal creation in many ways: his upright form, his more complex organism, his power of speech, his commanding intellect—all point him out as the lord and ruler of the animal kingdom. And yet he has much in common with it; nay, taking his powers separately, he is even in many points surpassed by some one or other of the inferior creatures: his senses are less fine, his instincts less sure than theirs; he cannot navigate the air like the bird, nor remain with the fish in the depths of the sea; the eagle has sharper sight, the hound keener scent; the lion is stronger, the horse outstrips him in the race; the beaver gives him lessons in building, and the bee in geometry; the spider spins a finer web than the Jacquard loom, the wasp "makes a paper as excellent as any manufacturer at Maidstone; she has been for sixty centuries acquainted with what was only discovered by men between five and six centuries ago;" and three thousand years since, the wise man sent the sluggard to the humble ant that he might "consider her ways and be wise." But there is one thing in which man stands pre-eminent and alone, and it is a distinction that goes deeper than any other:—he, and he alone, is capable of religion—of devout, intelligent worship, of reasonable service, and of conscious communion with the God and Father of all. The heavens, indeed, may declare the glory of God, and earth praise him with all her myriad voices; the lark may trill forth his matins, and the nightingale her vespers, but man alone consciously rises to the thought of God, comprehends his laws in the tiny dew-drop and the revolving world, and as he enters into the Divine purposes manifested in nature and humanity—as he turns page after page of God's open revelation, and reads, more or less perfectly, the successive chap-

ters of the plan He has there in varied characters presented to the soul of man through the avenues of the senses and the intellect; or, as independently of this deep and varied knowledge, hitherto achieved by few, he hears the solemn voices which speak to him in silence and solitude, in past and present experiences, in the visible creation, and in the depths of his own heart, he feels how near to him is an Infinite Presence not to be put by, and bows in wonder and in worship.

There may be individuals, there may even be, as is alleged, tribes, who as far as can be ascertained, have no knowledge, no thought of God; as there are persons born blind, and others—and even communities who seem to have no moral sense—tribes in whose vocabulary are no such words as right, duty, obligation, gratitude; the ideas which these terms express to us having no place with them. Such tribes, however, so destitute of this chief distinctive element of a true humanity, are found in all respects in the lowest state of degradation, they recede farthest from the true type of manhood, having the human form, but standing in the nearest degree to a mere animal life. And whenever among any people, however polished in manners and advanced in a material civilization, the light of faith grows dim and flickers faint and feeble, and religion is made the mark of sneer and scorn and ribald jest, be sure that the cankerworm of corruption is eating the very heart of that society, and that it is a people swift hasting to decay.

However infinite the distance between man and God—however the Divine may transcend the human—there must be some point of contact, a nature in some respect kindred and responsive, or there could be in man no thought of God—no communion. God might indeed act on man by force, He could not draw him by sympathy; nor could man aspire towards God if the Divine image were not reflected in the human soul: if it were not conscious of faculties and relations which shadow forth, however poorly and dimly, the Infinite Perfections, and are indeed their finite symbols and representatives.*

For, consider however men may differ, and however idly they may speculate, concerning God, He is ever the *highest* conception to which they have attained; and if we examine carefully, we find that the idea of God, as realized in intelligent and devout minds, is that of a tri-unity:—Love, Wisdom, Power,

* "Man is created in the image of God, and so in man the Creator has abridged and copied out His own attributes. Were it not so, we could have no communion with the eternal Father, any more than the beasts of the field, or the clods of the valley. We could not even form any conception of the Divine nature, for we could get no ideas answering to the terms which describe it, and God would be unrevealed in the human and finite images, which set him forth."—*Regeneration*. By EDMUND H. SEARS.

or, as Swedenborg calls the latter, proceeding operation. In what these consist, and how they operate, are questions of theology, rather than of religion, and into which it is not here necessary to enter. I remark only, that though these human attributes are discreted from the Divine, and though in man the difference is in defect, and in their being in him more external and of lower type, they are yet the reflex of the Divine—the light by which God reveals himself to the inmost heart; they are our true essential humanity, our most interior life, the ground of all our similitudes—the Jacob's ladder by which the angels of God ascend from earth to heaven, and descend from heaven to earth; without this correspondence God would be to us but a name floating idly in the air.

But, whatever view we take of human nature, and however we may explain the fact, it is a fact painfully apparent that man's nature is not in harmony with itself and its surroundings—that he is not true to his nobler impulses, and higher moods, and Divine promptings;—that he has broken the eternal order to which he should conform;—that his loves are often mean, groveling, perverted; his wisdom only cunning—the mere instrument of his degraded and ignoble loves; and his acts but the manifestation of this discord and perversion within the gates. I stop not to discuss the various theories in relation to this subject. I but state the twofold fact that the soul of man is stamped with the Divine image and superscription, and that that image and superscription are defaced; or, if you prefer so to state it, that man has a higher nature and capacities which, were they supreme, holding in due subordination the whole realm of man, would make that nature grow in ever nearer likeness to the Divine, but that, instead of this, these are now obscured and overpowered by the predominance of the selfish nature and baser appetites; hence, and in so far as these are unchecked—as they are not counteracted and controlled by a force greater than their own, their subject gravitates to a lower plane, the integrity of his being—the law of his higher life is violated, and he sinks into deeper and deeper states of evil and misery, from which, who, or what, shall rescue him? By a law of their nature the love and practice of evil ever tend to perpetuate themselves and to beget their kind.

That this condition is merely the result of ignorance, as is sometimes alleged, is a most shallow pretence. I appeal to the experience and the conscience of every man and woman who have had the courage and honesty to deal fairly by their own hearts, in proof that the defect is not primarily in the intelligence, but in the will,—that while oft they know the right they yet the wrong pursue.

The problem then is:—How is this tendency to be effectually counteracted, so that man may be reinstated in his original integrity? Or, if you will:—How is he to progress into that higher life which shall accord with the Divine law written in the constitution of his own being?

Here, it seems to me, is the special work and office of religion: its purpose is to reknit the ties which bind earth to heaven;—to bring man into greater nearness to God by rescuing him from the selfishness and sin which alone separate him from God by alienating him from the Infinite Purity and placing him in antagonism to the Divine order; it delivers him from degrading and cruel superstitions, from darkness and tormenting doubt, by revealing Him whose name is Love, in whom is no darkness at all, and whom to know is Life Eternal:—its mission is to raise the soul above the grossness of mortality, and the meanness and sordidness which press upon our daily life, so that it may even here be steeped in the atmosphere of Heaven, and rest in the Eternal Love, as a child reposes in its mother's bosom:—its aim is to open the entire man, from the soul's inmost centre, to the inflow and free play of the Divine affections and intelligence, so that he may become the conscious, willing, joyful organ and medium of the Divine Spirit—his spiritual nature ever tending to a closer blending and oneness with the Divine nature:—in a word, Religion is Godliness, or, to restore the word to its full form and significance—*God-likeness*; this, and this alone, regarded in its final end and aim, is what constitutes Religion. “When human nature is raised up and purified, and brought into harmonic relations with the Divine nature, the final results of the Divine plan of redemption are accomplished.”

Hence, in the Christian world the religious life is called a regeneration—a new birth; the phrase may now sound hackneyed and conventional, but no term could well be more significant as expressive of that higher life into which the soul that yields to the influent Spirit of God is as truly born as the child is born into the natural world. A thoughtful writer remarks on this subject, that Regeneration (or Religion) in its internal nature and process, includes three things—

First,—The receiving the Divine life into our inmost being through those capacities that open inward towards God and the spirit-world,—the Divine life imparted by the Holy Spirit that ever breathes through the heart of humanity.

Secondly,—Moved by this divine and attractive force, our natural powers, intellectual, affectional, and active, incline towards God, and are drawn into His service.

Thirdly,—All corrupt instincts, whether we acquired them ourselves or received them as the foul inheritance of the past, constituting the Adam of consciousness, are expelled. This is the old man which is put off as the new man is unfolded from within.

The new man is known and characterized—

By the new motives which are the springs of conduct. Hope of reward and fear of punishment both give place to an ever-abounding love. In other words, we act not from motives drawn from the future, but from the glad promptings of the present hour. Hence, again—

By a new kind of worship; for we do not seek God to purchase his future favour, or to deprecate his wrath, but because he is our present life and joy, and our powers lift the spontaneous hymn to his praise.

By a new enjoyment of external things, since the light and peace within us invest the world without us with their sun-bright hues, and since even the body which we wear is pliant to the new power that shapes the internal man, and makes the external reflect its radiance.

By the new morality in which the new life seeks expression and embodiment, when the soul puts on righteousness, and it clothes her, and makes justice her robe and diadem.

The means by which this great change is effected are as various as the culture and discipline of life.

The religion of Christ distinctly and pre-eminently sets forth this as its great end and aim. I do not care to lay stress on particular texts, as I know how misleading this practice often becomes; but I think no one can carefully and with open mind read the New Testament and fail to see that this is its one recurring, predominant, and underlying theme. Christ came "to save His people from their sins." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself;" and, urges the Apostle, with almost passionate earnestness, "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Christ's prayer for His disciples and for all believers was, "That they all may be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us . . . that they may be one even as We are one." And He assures us not only of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, but that when the wandering penitent prodigal "in a far country" began anxiously to retrace his steps towards his Father's house, "*when he was yet a great way off*, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." And as in the Prodigal Son we have "The Whole Marrow of Divinity," so in the words, "Father, *Thy* will be done," we have the sum of all true prayer; and the final endeavour after the Christian life—the substance of all real religion is, "Be ye *perfect*, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect."

But the religion of Christ is not simply preceptive and didactic: it is seen in its only perfect form, in that full-orbed humanity that has shone through all the Christian centuries: *it is a life that has been lived, and that it should be our aim to live also*: Christianity is Christ, the beloved Son in whom God is well pleased. Religion is set forth in Him as God manifested in the flesh for the redemption of our humanity: I do not say—the Scriptures do not say—simply for our example. I feel that that language is altogether inadequate and insufficient: for to follow

an example is cold, mechanical, imitative. His action is that of the higher on a lower nature,—subduing it not alone from without by force of historical example, but still more from within by the potency of His risen and ever-living Spirit,—influencing it not so much by direct instruction as drawing it by sympathy, and stimulating all its holiest affections. If Christ be our Exemplar, still more is He our Inspirer, filling the souls of men through all the centuries with admiration, love, reverence, enthusiasm; enkindling the love of God and humanity, and making men's hearts burn within them, as did those of the disciples whom Christ the Spirit met and conversed with as they journeyed to Emmaus and talked of Him by the way. If the causes of the early triumphs of the Christian faith have baffled the keenest intellects of unbelievers, is it not because they have had no apprehension of spiritual dynamics,—of Christ, not only in the flesh, but in the spirit, as a new centre of spiritual force, acting on and through not only our human society but the societies of the spirit-world, and ever working to its consummation the complete redemption of our humanity—the universal establishment of God's kingdom in the souls of all His rational creatures?

What is religion? I answer, in the language of the New Testament, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The very function of a Christian Church in all its offices, and by all its teaching, is defined to be for the *perfecting* of the saints till we all come "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Is not that religion good enough for you, my brother? Is it so obsolete and outworn that you must set your wits to work to find or make a new one? Is your mind so advanced that you have indeed "progressed" beyond it? I need not point out how far the Christian world (the vanguard of humanity though it be) still falls short of this its own ideal, but I would refer to the biographies of the most saintly men and women, and to their own confessions how even their best endeavours have failed to satisfy—I will not say the Divine requirements—but even the demands of their own spiritual natures, in evidence that they, at least, felt bitterly how far and how shamefully they had fallen short of it.

When we find by experiment that the religion of Christ (freed from the commandments, and traditions, and systems of men) is unsuited and unequal to our spiritual needs, we may begin to think about a new one; meanwhile, I for one would hold up my hand for the resolution said to have been passed by the New England Puritans,—

"RESOLVED,—*That we obey the laws of God until we find time to make better.*"

THE SHIP "SABINE."

By A. G. EASTERBY.

I WILL premise by stating that I am not a medium, nor is my wife; yet, on our passage around Cape Horn, in the ship *Queen of Clippers*, and after we had left New York about six weeks, we heard the mysterious raps apparently on the bulkheads, or partitions of our state-rooms. My wife had never heard them before, and was very much alarmed; but I had heard them, and at once recognized their character repeating the alphabet. I at once opened communication, and my wife became re-assured on receiving a consolatory message from her mother, whose Christian name I had never before known. My wife, ill and confined to her bed, had been very much alarmed by the stormy weather, but appeared to become perfectly re-assured by the presence of these invisibles; and, indeed, became so dependant on what she considered their protection, that she could not rest without hearing the tokens of their presence. One midnight, off Cape Horn, she aroused me from sleep. I dressed rapidly, and went into her cabin, when it was spelt out by the raps on the bulkhead, "The ship *Sabine* is near you, and there is no head on deck." I may state here that, having been once run down at sea, I was very nervous on that point, and explaining my anxiety to the officer on deck, without however, mentioning the immediate cause, he assured me that there was a look-out on the fore-castle, which, like most look-outs, he found asleep on going forward at my earnest solicitation. I remained on deck some hours, but, the night being very dark, saw nothing. At daylight, however, we spoke the ship *Sabine* on opposite tacks, and had been very probably in close proximity during the night, as sailors will understand where ships are beating up against a head wind.

The fact of speaking this vessel may be found in the ship's logbook, and I affirm that we had never seen or heard of such a vessel until this warning. Conversing next day in our cabin on the wonderful verification of the warning, we asked our invisible friends if they would warn us in future in case of danger from collision; they replied that they would give five loud raps in the direction of an approaching vessel, and, as a specimen, five raps were made as if with a muffled hammer.

There were no mediums on board, none who knew of our intercourse, and with the voyage our mediumship ended.

ARE THERE ANIMALS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD?

By A. E. NEWTON.

To our apprehension, this inquiry might be answered correctly *either way*, according to the meaning of the questioner. If he means, Do the animals of this world pass, as individualized existences, to the spiritual state, and there have identical immortality, as man is believed to have?—we should answer, with our present information on the subject, most emphatically, *No*. If we understand the matter, all animals below the human are but *imperfect* or *incomplete* formations—man being the only *complete* type of the animal kingdom. The lower animals, then, are but embodiments of some one or more of the numerous elements which go to make up the human being,—and nothing less than a combination embracing in some degree *the whole* of these elements can constitute the “image of God” (who is the Universal Whole,) and thus possess immortality. Thus man is an epitome of the universe, concentrating all principles or elements within himself; and hence has that *wholeness* from which alone endless individualization or immortality can result.

But if the questioner means, Do those *principles or elements* which when embodied and incarnated, produce the various animal forms of earth, exist in the spiritual world?—our answer is, quite as emphatically, *Yes*. If they did not, there *could be* no animals on earth. For the spiritual world is *the world of causes*, and without causes there can be no effects. Nothing does or can exist in the external world, which has not its corresponding *cause* in the spiritual realm. And as all objects in the external world are but the *effects*, or *correspondences*, or *symbols*, of realities in the spiritual, it follows of necessity that when spirits speak of birds, beasts, trees, &c., in the spiritual world, their language is *symbolical*, and must be understood as referring to the *spiritual principles* or elements from which such objects in the external proceed.

Furthermore, since man is an epitome of all elements, he comprehends within himself the *elements* of all animal forms, and hence can and does project these from himself in the emanations, or (as Swedenborg has expressed it) “affections” which he throws out.

It is well known that the microscope has lately revealed the fact that the human blood contains myriads of living animalculæ, in all the lower forms of animal existence. The blood is but the physical correspondence or instrument of the spiritual life-prin-

ciple ; and hence the latter must also contain the spiritual principles or elements of all forms of animal life.

Hence, those principles or "affections" which predominate in a person give their general characteristics to all emanations from that person. If one is selfishly shrewd and cunning, the fox-principle is prominent in him ; if he is treacherous and cruel, the hyena-principle ; if courageous and faithful, the dog-principle ; if bold and powerful, the lion-principle ; if meek and gentle, the lamb-principle ; if loving and aspirational, the dove-principle ; and so on, through the whole catalogue of zoology. Now, most people can distinguish, even with external perceptions, the predominance of these different characteristics in different individuals ; and hence they often instinctively recognize persons as foxes, lions, elephants, lambs, or doves.

It necessarily follows, then, that when persons' *spiritual* perceptions are opened, either in this life or the other, they distinguish these predominant characteristics more clearly ; and hence human spirits themselves often look like, and appear to be (in truth, really *are*) hyenas, serpents, lambs, or doves, according to their ruling "affections."

Moreover, the emanations of thought and affection from all individuals take form, by natural law, in accordance with their real characters. *Thoughts are things*—living entities. Hence a person who is grovelling and sensual, appears, to spiritual vision, surrounded by loathsome reptiles ; and one who is loving, tender, pure and aspirational, appears surrounded by pets, lambs, doves, and bright and beautiful birds. These are not *mere appearances* ; but are actual realities of the soul's life—far more real than any earthly objects can be. Thus it was that Swedenborg when his spiritual vision was first opened, saw "the floor of his room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads and the like," which he afterwards learned were but the emanations of his own impure condition. Thus, also, is it that mediums now often perceive the presence of birds and other animals as spiritual entities, whenever in the company of certain individuals.

To conclude, we would remark that we consider all forms of life on earth as originating from emanations of thought or affection proceeding from intelligent beings,—from *minds* in lower or higher spheres of existence,—which emanations become embodied or incarnated in earthly matter, and these embodiments are beautiful or unsightly, useful or noxious, as they proceed from elevated and pure, or from low and impure sources. This is, we believe, substantially the philosophy of Swedenborg on this subject ; and we know of no other which is adequate to the case.

One further remark : We do not consider *our opinion* on this

or any other philosophical question,—nor the testimony of any spirit, or the belief of any Spiritualist,—to be necessarily any part of *Spiritualism*. Spiritualism accepts the *fact* that spirits communicate; it by no means endorses *what* they communicate, nor what individual Spiritualists believe.

SPIRITUALISM AND ORGANIZATION.

Among the questions which the Spiritualistic movement suggests for solution is that of Organization. The experience of the world has demonstrated the utility and importance of organizations for certain purposes. It enables those engaged in the promotion of any cause to work more efficiently for certain ends. It will not be questioned that the strength and efficiency of Catholicism and Methodism are largely due to the thoroughness and compactness of their organizations. But do not the members of those communions pay a fearful price for the benefits derived from their compact organizations, in the loss of individuality and intellectual freedom? When an organization is completed, in all its parts, it is virtually controlled by the lower stratum of minds—minds that live and work almost solely for the interests of organization, regardless of the general interests of mankind. On this ground, then, are serious objections to be urged against organizations as they are ordinarily managed.

All new movements, destined to usher in a better era, must be untrammelled by the shackles of sectarianism; because, in being thus shackled, they cannot be outspoken and free, as their work demands. From Moses to Theodore Parker every founder of a church polity was a *comeouter*. The proverb relative to turning new wine into old bottles will ever prove applicable to any new movement that is to bless mankind. The scientific and incontrovertible facts of Spiritualism cannot be accepted by any of our church establishments, because it is felt that the new wine would inevitably burst the old bottles. How could Theodore Parker have done his God-given work had he been hampered by the conventionalisms of sect? His social and genial nature would have relished the social sympathies of the clerical class in Boston and vicinity, but he could not have that sympathy and fulfil his mission. Christ and his Apostles did their work outside, not inside, of an organization. . . . The Universalists and Unitarians of this country have done a noble pioneer work; and all the better they have done it because so loosely organized.

If, in their present efforts to get organized, Spiritualists succeed, their spiritual life will depart, and their condition will be analogous to the brakes and switches on our railways. . . . With all the sectarian advantages that would accrue, the Spiritualistic movement, in the broadest and best sense, would be as impotent for good, if compactly organized, as was Samson of old for the exertion of physical strength when shorn of his locks.

The writer of this knows something of the bitter workings of the sectarian spirit, where men of small minds are enabled to wield its weapons.

Should Spiritualists organize thoroughly, there are thousands who would enlist in their ranks for the purpose of heading the organization now unknown to most faithful pioneers. The severest trials of genuine Spiritualism are to come in attempts that will be made to cramp its free spirit by rigid organization.—*Banner of Light*.

PERSONAL SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns !

MILTON.

God is his own interpreter ;
 And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

I AM going to tell you what Spiritualism has done for me. Shall I occupy your time or the valuable space which you have kindly awarded to me in your journal by recounting the physical phenomena which I have witnessed in its study, or shall I tell you of the change which it has wrought in my heart and in the order of my life? Perhaps a little of both would be well, therefore the least important first.

Now, what I am about to write shall be written in all sincerity, and this article shall alone be valuable for the truthfulness of its statements. I do not expect to please any one—and I beg that your readers will not be offended with me, for I shall allow the truth to flow freely from my pen, and should I say, or rather record, anything astounding to the prejudice or belief of any one, I beg of them to take all calmly, and pass it over as another of those unaccountable diversities of thought which are indeed needlessly alarming. I believe in inspiration, and occasionally I give way to it, and I may do so on this occasion.

All the members of my family—my wife and daughter, and myself, the trio—are mediums. My wife and daughter, while in their normal state, see spirits daily; and this spirit-presence, these angels constantly going and coming, is never a matter of great surprise with them. These two ladies are accustomed to the most brilliant sights imaginable, which I can in no way satisfactorily describe—nor will I attempt it. Previous to my own belief in Spiritualism the most startling phenomena were of common occurrence in my house, such as bell-ringing, knockings, rappings, thumpings, as with a sledge-hammer, on the furniture; showers as it were of hail falling upon the floor; the sound as of persons running up and down stairs, helter-skelter, as if chasing each other, making the while, the most furious rattling against the balusters, as with a cudgel, while the terrified household stood looking on, candle in hand, but seeing nothing! Yet instantly the noises ceased my daughter would then see spirit-forms on the stairs smiling and beckoning or motioning to her not to be afraid. My wife has, in the daylight, seen the spirits of her relations and friends in form, as visibly and looking as palpable as those we all

see in the body. She has been struck in the open day when in a room alone by herself, and with considerable force, with a man's visible shut fist, to which she saw no body attached.

With regard to myself—to God be all the glory—I have great power in healing the sick, both of mind and body, and without medicine. When lately I had the pleasure of making Mr. Fradelle's acquaintance, at the Mesmeric Infirmary in London, he promptly told me that I was a strong magnet, or healing medium, and that it was a matter of certainty with him to know it. Indeed, if I may speak as a mere observer, it is very curious the power I possess of producing, as it were, peace and pleasure, or pleasurable feeling rather, in whatever company I enter. This must have been the secret of my jolliness of companionship in the days when I was a harum-scarum, a long time ago.

In order to further test the facts of Spiritualism, we commenced sitting *en séance*, in order to obtain, as we thought, more important and extraordinary manifestations of spirit power. For upwards of six months—during which time many friends joined us, but most of whom soon gave up the “waiting for spirits”—we had no manifestation, no sign, no rap, nor any indication worth a “rap”—to me at least—but my daughter's wrist was once injured by spirit-power dashing her hand against the hard surface of a mahogany table. The hands of other sitters, both ladies and gentlemen, were similarly moved and knocked about, but these “pranks” were pronounced worse than stupid by our gatherings, and the great circles of twelves and fourteens became once more reduced to the original three—my wife, child, and myself, though since then other friends have joined us. My wife and daughter always saw “something,” but your correspondent was as blind as a bat. However, I made the grand resolution to hold a special *séance* every Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, *in total darkness*, and very shortly after this determination, the sights we saw and the sounds we heard should be seen and heard by those who would properly appreciate them. Lights of all shapes, forms, and colours. Spirits coming, as it were, from out of the solid wall. I say *as it were*, but they *did* come through the solid wall, and returned again the same way. The spirit of my eldest brother David came, one evening, from the centre of a yellow oval-shaped light, walked round the room, surveyed the company, and tapped on the writer's head in a very palpable manner. Miss J. A. C——, a young lady seventeen years old, who has from these sittings become a trance medium, can tell of things seen by her in “Summer Land,” which mock all effort of description. I will not attempt it here. At home we talk of them only in whispers of astonishment and delight.

We become in a manner "crazy" with joy, at the prospect of a hereafter so blessed. When I have been lecturing to the people upon these things I seem to lose all control over my feelings, and give way to expressions of unbounded rapture. O beautiful Spiritualism!—divine philosophy!—science of sciences! In the deep darkness of my terrible ignorance how have I maligned thee! In the blazing revelry of the midnight gathering I once was loudest in the ribald laugh against thy holiest warnings, and have spurned as utterly contemptible, thy merciful messages to mankind, and those manifestations which brought before my trembling unbelieving soul the blessed spirits of those to whom, as I thought I had bid an eternal adieu. What a wilderness of gins and snares and confusions and discords and hells and curses and hopes deferred and dissimulations and pretences and horrors had I wandered through for the long term of near upon forty years ere I knew thee! What "belief" was mine ere the thunders and lightnings of thy truth arrested my soul in its dark career? Why—that man, "created in the image of God," and His noblest work, whose glorious destiny it is to compass the universe of nature, and to assist in the development and management of countless systems of future existences—that this divine thing was a mere animal 'like a dog,' with the curious exceptional powers of laughing, crying, reasoning, believing, praying, and cheating,—that he of all others, alone, cooked his victuals and made bargains; mounted upon two legs, like "others of his class," as some anthropologists phrase it, with hands and flexible fingers, troubled with many wants and proportionate industry—that he was the vainest of living creatures, and that presently he would die, and *there an end!* Ere I knew this living philosophy I truly was 'dead in trespasses and in sins.'

I read all Scripture, just previous to my spiritual conversion, with a greedy delight in fault finding, and exposing with a keen relish the imperfections of all "sacred mediums." I looked upon the priests of every church as nothing but the rightful heirs to a species of serious, but paying "humbug"—the queer property of those ancient magicians, who by virtue of certain cabalistic words and ceremonies gave the appearance of a science to the most absurd of reveries. I did not even give them all credit for sincerity. But thanks be to God! Spiritualism has rent this thick veil of self-confidence and vain conceit from my vision, and I see all things now—from the starry heavens to the green earth—in a new and glorious light. I shall never again blame any man for his "faith," "creed," or "belief;" but I give all credit for sincerity according to the light that is in them, though I may pity that unaccountable perversion which still prefers a *part* to the *whole*. The cold winter of "materialism," as it stands in its

stereotyped meaning, had all but dried up the immortal aspirations of the true life within me. I had forgotten my God and had ceased to pray! I lived for the present, despised the past, and dreaded the unseen and unknown future. Thanks be to God, by that way that we know not of, He had given to me an organism, both mental and physical, which alike protected my individuality from the cruelties of crime, and from the enormities of the grosser evils with which society is too familiar, and for which I have no opportunity. I have no liking for disorder or folly—no affection for foul workers or their deeds, otherwise it might have been worse with me; my sins nevertheless have been more than enough, but my repentance continues, and this is the prayer of my heart:—"That it would please the ever blessed and Eternal Father—the source of all things, visible and invisible—the Alpha and Omega—the inconceivable Life of my life, to unite me in love to Him for ever. Sleeping and waking, whatever I am yet to be, wherever I am destined to go in this ever-changing sphere, that He may keep me safe in my allegiance, true in my duty, faithful in my love, and constant in my faith with Him! Whatever powers of mind, body or spirit, graces, gifts, talents, or goods; whatever of excellence, benevolence, energy, or usefulness is in my soul I joyfully surrender back again to Him for His service, to teach His truth and to spread forth His glory. I wish only, and He knows it, I will only, to be used for his glory and honour! I wish to be filled, to the full capacity of my soul, with His love and wisdom. I want my heart to be so conformed to His work—and I believe it to be Spiritualism—I wish to be made so certain of His presence and approval in all my performances that the praise or blame of men may never weigh with me—neither exciting ambition on the one hand, nor fear on the other. I wish to be brave as a man trusting in God should be, and to be gentle as brave. . . . Blot out for ever—cancel and make void the follies and wrongs of my past life when my heart was a stranger to Thy grace and mercy! O, my most merciful and heavenly Father! forgive me my sins and trespasses as I now most heartily and surely do all those departed and undeparted souls who may have wronged or in any way injured me! If in this my earnest prayer to Thee, I utter an expression of error, pardon me, my heavenly Father! Thus in the pages of a public magazine shall I shew forth the change Thou hast wrought in my heart. By addressing myself to Thee, I wish to let all Thy children see my devotion—the devotion of one who only a short time since was a stranger both to his God and prayer! My soul's delight is now to hold communion with Thee, and even at this great distance from Thy glory I lay my humble claim as one of Thy creatures to praise Thee. Neither may any

circumstances whatever alter cases with Thee, my God, and me. Lead me not into temptation! Shape me into the simple grandeur of the ever gentle and holy JESUS! JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR! In full faith that Thou wilt grant it, O my God, I ask Thee for power to heal the sick. Wherever I go on a mission of mercy do Thou go with me, for to Thee alone shall I give all the honour and glory in every manifestation of thy power, that those among whom I shall labour may know that it is Thy hand that doeth the work, and not mine, and that Thou art the SAME GOD ALMIGHTY, BLESSED FOR EVER."

This prayer which is now uttered, which was engraved in my heart, and which still vibrates within my life, and has flown from my pen on to this paper, will, I trust, be the most acceptable proof of the value and excellence of Spiritualism properly understood. This very language of my heart, these prayerful expressions of my soul are but the results of my appreciation of an eternal fact which looks down every avenue of time and which ten thousand philosophers in as many discourses will never be able to compass completely, or shew an absolutely correct *outline* of in its glorious entirety. And herein consists the ineffable charm that, like the immortal soul, its study will be for ever! The student can know no dying in an educational career that shall know no ending! Spiritualists boast not of a "finished education." O ye who pen yourselves up in small corners of this sphere, nursing fancy theories of your immortal existences—straining at your gnats and swallowing your camels—oracularly pronouncing this and declaring that, on the authority of dogmatic men as liable to error as yourselves—as you turn over the dead leaves of dead men's dead books in dead languages, as rag-pickers do the dust heaps of our cities for articles of very small worth—take care that you barter not the eternal liberty of your souls for a baby-bauble or an old rag. Perhaps you have joined in the common cry which has been raised against Spiritualism; and besides, you have no fancy for appearing among the circles of your acquaintances "ridiculously singular." Perhaps you are "slightly favourable," but you would prefer something more fashionable than this Spiritualism, which, like primitive Christianity, promises anything but social or political promotion to its votaries. If people want a lasting sensation—one they will never fag or tire of—one that will last for ever, and outlive the sun—why don't they accept of Spiritualism, which is ever fresh and ever fair. Spiritualism is not to be understood in a day. Moral and social, religious and theological, political and scientific *incidentals* have been mistaken for SPIRITUALISM; and babies in its study have incautiously propounded a phase of this divine philosophy as the compass of

the whole! These enthusiastic beginners, but doubtless well-intentioned individuals, commence to *teach* almost ere they have begun to *learn*? Before persons take upon themselves to teach Spiritualism would it not be wise to make themselves acquainted with the laws and phenomena of motion, force, equilibrium, of the general properties of matter, of the imponderable agents, and of things common to their "every-day" life? These belong to the alphabet of Spiritualism, a correct knowledge of which is necessary and indispensable to the grammatical study of this science. But our youngsters in Spiritualism would run away from these "hard" lessons, as boys do at our common schools, and feast their untutored reason upon this great subject, as an uncouth rustic would his appetite at a royal banquet, drinking and eating, in greedy madness, whatever comes first. These are they who are well painted by the great Galilean in His parable of putting new cloth into old garments, and new wine into old bottles. Ye who "know all about Spiritualism," do ye know anything of the air ye breathe?

Come, I shall give ye a hundred years to study the atmosphere—that birth-place of all those numberless tribes of creation which constitute the vegetable and animal world. From it these obtain all the different materials which constitute their form—from it they all derive their food. It is the nourisher and supporter of life, and in those processes of decay which are continually taking place during the existence of animals, and which, after death, resolve their bodies into other forms. This air receives the products of those changes, and stores them up for our future use!

And ye, my beloved co-workers in this most holy labour, don't repine at your fortune. Ye have a reward in your hearts "dearer than gold—richer than Plutus' mine." For my own part, I look upon it as the greatest privilege of my existence to tell to all men the plain truth as it is, and always shall be, within me! I intend to make myself so familiar with it here that it shall in no way seem or sound strange to me after I shall have taken my dive through "death's cold flood" into that land of pure delight which I long to see! Servile to falsehood never more shall I be. Welcome poverty, danger, distress, pain, or death—but ever true shall I be to this chosen philosophy of my heart. The simplicity of a child shall shine in every future act of my manhood, assured of the presence of God wherever I go. With Thomson, in his "Hymn of the Seasons," I can truly say, should fate command me to the farthest verge of the green earth—to distant barbarous climes—rivers unknown to song, where the first sun-light gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me since God is

ever present, ever felt, in the wide waste as in the city full, and where He vital breathes there must be joy ! When even at last the solemn hour shall come for me to wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers will rising wonders sing. I cannot go where universal love smiles not around, sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ; from seeming evil still educing good ; and better thence again—and better still, in infinite PROGRESSION.

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SPIRITUALISM AND CIVILIZATION.

No one would dream in these days of defending the theory of Rousseau as to the superiority of the savage to the civilized state. It may be true, that the life of tens of thousands in almost every nation of Europe is a condition of unalleviated, hopeless, grinding misery, of an intensity utterly unknown to savage tribes. It is true, that associated with the highest culture and most superfluous luxury, there is often a hollowness of heart and a physical deterioration, which might well make the possessor envy the North American Indian. But yet we all instinctively shrink from the notion that savagery, even accompanied by peace and plenty, is to be preferred to any form of European civilization. And whence arises this instinct ? Is it not traceable to the universal belief, that progress is the destiny of the human race ? And "the idea of progress, development, amelioration, or extension" (says Taylor in his *Natural History of Society*), "appears to be the predominant notion in the definition of civilization." We have reason, therefore, to think that our sentiments are not in harmony with the Divine Will, unless we are prepared to concur in the domination of this progressive tendency, whatever consequences it may involve.

Progress seems to be the true distinction between a merely artificial and a civilized condition of society. That the former may exist without progress is proved by the state of China, where thought and action are equally forced to accommodate themselves to an unchanging system devised in remote ages ; and where, from the model of the meanest article of furniture to the highest social institution, there is a permanent uniformity. Now, it is a noteworthy fact, that to this very country some of our positivist philosophers are at present casting furtive glances of admiration : and though we believe that our Caucasian descent and our priceless inheritance of Christian truth and spirit will

preserve us from such stagnation, and secure our continual advancement towards an ideally perfect social state; yet clear conceptions of the conditions of progress may materially hasten that blessed consummation. Under this impression we offer to our readers a few observations bearing upon this subject.

If it be granted that progress is the central characteristic of civilization, we may fairly consider the perfection of civilization to consist in such a state of society as promotes the freest development of each individual member, so far as is consistent with the greatest development of society as a whole. Judged by this standard, Europe must be allowed to be at a very great distance from a perfectly civilized state. At present a hundred men live in virtual slavery that one man may possess every possible *privilege*, while destitute of that highest unprivileged blessing of communion of enjoyment with his fellow-creatures. What freedom of development is possible to that man, for example, whose energies of body and mind are daily exhausted by twelve hours of severe manual labour, or as degrading, monotonous, mental drudgery. Our ancestors were slaves to their lowest physical necessities, to fetish worship, and all the debasing superstitions which originate in ignorance of the laws of nature. We are, for the most part, slaves to the artificial, mechanical, and irrational organization of society. Ours is a less rigid slavery, because we have advanced in civilization, and have tasted something of the sweets of liberty—in other words, of free development.

The slavery of our ancestors was manifestly caused by their ignorance; and, I think, we gather from history that man's true liberty, or normal development, has ever increased, in proportion to his knowledge of the physical and moral laws which govern that mundane order, of which he forms the head. The more *perfect* his knowledge, the greater his freedom. Thus, in the sphere of natural law, according to the Baconian apophthegm, man conquers nature by obeying her. We should be most ungrateful did we not acknowledge the development of mind and increasing liberty of thought, which we owe to the earnest students of natural science. The day is doubtless at hand when our *savans* will perceive that there is a much closer relation between the physical and spiritual worlds than they at present admit; but their ignorance of this truth is not a serious obstacle to their advancement in most branches of science, and we may cheerfully leave them to pursue their conquests of the realms of nature, assured that they are unconsciously laying the foundation of man's spiritual emancipation. It is impossible to discover physical laws without revealing, at the same time, something of

the Lawgiver, or of that supreme love and wisdom which preside over the destinies of the human race.

In the sphere of spiritual things, which is the highest and governing sphere, we observe a continual process at work by which the manifestation of that order, which the human mind recognises as divine, has been perpetually changing from formal, inflexible enactments, like those contained in the Jewish Law, into an expression of deeply-seated spiritual laws and relations, imperfectly symbolized in the multiform institutions of Christendom ecclesiastical and civil. The fullest revelation of spiritual law was made indeed eighteen centuries ago. But the truth of Christ was too dazzling in its radiance, too ethereal in its essence, to admit of immediate adoption by the world, in all its pure simplicity. In other words, the divine life of humanity, that it might obtain final expression, submitted to temporary obscurity and imprisonment. But its glory is at length flashing upon the astonished gaze of men. At one time it gleams through the parting veil of holy places and symbolic rites; at another by strange spiritual powers and gifts exercised in the service of their brethren by men of every creed and sect. Sometimes the proof that man is—in scripture phrase—partaker of the divine nature, is given under purely secular circumstances, by happily inconsistent persons, who, professedly denying Christ and his mission, yet by their every action, substantiate the authority of his teaching, and so proclaim that he was indeed the Son of God, and, by sympathy of spirit and life, their elder brother.

Spiritualism has been well defined to be “an effort to discover all truth relating to man’s spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny.” Regarded in this light, and expounded in works like Mr. Howitt’s *History of the Supernatural*, *The Two Worlds* of Mr. T. Brevior, and the pages of this periodical, this science lifts the phenomena of spiritual life out of the category of exceptional events into the region of divine law and order; and thus, it appears to us, most efficiently promotes our spiritual emancipation and development. By the light of this infant, or rather adolescent science we now see clearly, that the truth of a doctrine cannot be proved by a so-called miracle. The meaning and worth of “a miracle”—i.e. the intervention of some intelligent, unseen agency, must rather be tested by the effect which it is calculated to produce upon the mind and heart, and this again can only be estimated by the devout and cultivated reason. The study of spiritualistic phenomena thus elevates the mind above a servile submission to mere dogmatic authority as well as an ignorant resignation of its rights and faculties before a mere “sign and wonder.”

This emancipating tendency of the new science is quite

sufficient to account for the opposition it has encountered at the hands of the orthodox religious world; while the innovating and revolutionary character of spiritualistic teaching, induces a large section of the irreligious world, to regard it with distrust and uneasiness. The weak and timid, and therefore false and unjust, conservatism of aristocratic England dreads each breath of free thought which tends to quicken the seeds of regeneration sleeping within her bosom. It makes many people uncomfortable to see old landmarks in religion, morals, or metaphysics threatened with annihilation. They regard the whole matter, much as the respectable country gentlemen of fifty years ago regarded Methodism. If a man turned Methodist, it was equivalent to his becoming a radical, a blasphemer of social decorums and time-honoured conventionalities. The case is much the same to-day; and, with a true instinct of self-preservation, the man of mere material, selfish aims, and hebdomadal religion, if he has any at all, recognizes in Spiritualism a disturber of his peace. This importunate proximity of unseen realities calls for a re-adjustment of his stagnant ideas, and it makes him tremble for the safety of the "reserved seat" to which he looked forward in the other world, and also of his reputation as an intellectual aristocrat in this. Such a fear is by no means a groundless one; for who can measure the influence which this despised Spiritualism is exercising on a score of worn-out ologies and isms? Its negative effects are those most obvious at present. It is a great truth, which has not yet woven a dress for itself, or elaborated appropriate organizations, as outward and visible signs of its inward and spiritual grace. It wanders about in rags and tatters, and often in most disreputable company, so that some moral courage is required even to acknowledge acquaintance, much more to associate with this truth, in the public roads of life.

We confess that we perfectly understand the aversion with which many earnest minds have been led to regard this subject. "So far," it is said, "from these investigations having an elevating or emancipating effect upon the mind, so-called spiritual manifestations generally appeal to the lowest mental faculties, while pandering to idle curiosity and a thirst for sensational exhibitions." There is much truth in this. And it is not enough to make the specious and oft-repeated reply to such taunts, that an evil and adulterous, or sense-bound, generation needs a sign, and that the fittest for them are dancing tables, knot-tying, and volant trumpets in dark closets, &c. A cultivated mind CANNOT look upon such things except as most disorderly and undivine, although they may have a spiritual origin.

The higher manifestations of modern Spiritualism are not so

obnoxious to contemptuous criticism. But may I be allowed in candour to add, (N.B. I cannot claim Editorial endorsement of my opinion) that many even of the higher phenomena appear to lie open to one objection, which ought to be well discussed and ventilated. If the exercise of *rationality*, in a state of *voluntary freedom* be, as it unquestionably is, the distinctive characteristic of a man, what right has any medium to resign his freewill and become the mechanical mouthpiece of some unknown intelligence.

To return to our more immediate subject, these and a hundred other objections, whether valid or not, do not disprove the fact, that Spiritualism is exercising a most beneficial influence on civilization, by leading to the discovery or illustration of spiritual laws. Even supposing all these various manifestations to be disorderly and vicious, which I do not for a moment believe, their illustrative value would be none the less. How much would the world know of physiology or the laws of health, if disease had not first necessitated the study of pathology?

Hitherto, as we have already said, the negative influence exercised by this movement appears to us the most important, but even the positive teachings of Spiritualism are less opposed to a rational philosophy and generous morality, than the illogical drivelling insincerity of the majority of our pulpits. Even now, in its infancy, Spiritualism is striving to give utterance, in broken language, to a higher truth than any episcopal orthodoxy. And what deeper philosophy on man's spiritual nature the fuller investigation of this wide field of knowledge may inferentially lead to, the future alone can shew.

S. E. B.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE LATE REV. DR. MAITLAND, D.D., AND PROFESSOR
J. R. MAPES.

SPIRITUALISM in England has recently lost one of its most distinguished advocates in the person of Dr. Maitland, and in America in Professor Mapes. The *Athenæum*, *Reader*, and other journals, in their obituary of Dr. Maitland, have done but justice to his scholarly acquirements, and literary reputation. He was widely known as a member of several learned and scientific bodies, and as the author of numerous and able works on historical, scriptural, ecclesiastical, and scientific subjects. He

had for many years paid attention to Mesmerism. He also took great interest in Spiritualism, and was somewhat rudely assailed in the *Westminster Review*, in 1857, for writing in its defence. He was a full believer in the reality of the phenomena, but he could not make up his mind that they were to be attributed to the spirits of departed human beings.

He treated the explanations of Professor Faraday and Sir David Brewster in the most sarcastic and contemptuous manner.

Reviewing the celebrated lecture delivered by Professor Faraday before Prince Albert, at the Royal Institution in 1854, Dr. Maitland says:—

“The shrewd reader will suspect that we are getting towards the subject of table-moving and the mysteries connected with it; and he is right enough as we shall presently see. The long and the short of the lecture is, that ‘society as a body’ has manifested great want of judgment in believing their own eyes and ears, instead of saying to all the troublesome table-talkers and tilters, ‘Go about your business, Newton has laid down the law, man cannot, and God will not, break it.’” Then quoting Professor Faraday’s expressions of surprise that educated people in every rank of society could believe that a table rises against the law of gravitation, he says:—

“It is my belief, that when such a statement of fact finds acceptance in every rank of society, and amongst classes which are esteemed to be educated, there must be in it, or connected with it, some truth worthy of investigation. The fact is one which imperatively claims the attention of every reflecting man. These mysteries, whether true or false, are a stumbling-block to science in its railroad course. It is utterly at fault; and its misfortune is not merely that it has been unable to explain, but that in rushing out ‘to inflict a mortal wound on the monster superstition,’ it has exposed its weakness. . . .

“It cannot be easily and at once got rid of. A man cannot step out and put his foot upon it, as if it were a spider. Let the Professor’s testimony be deeply considered by every thinking and religious man. If he will only keep his eyes and ears open, he will find it to be more true, and more important than he may at first imagine.”*

Dr. Maitland then turns to Sir David Brewster and says:—
“I have now before me a newspaper, containing a letter from Sir David Brewster to Benjamin Coleman, Esq., and dated so recently as October 1855, in which he says:—

“When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance—and finally when we rose up the table

* *Superstition and Science*, published by Rivington and Co.

actually rose, as appeared to me from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain."

"It seems," Dr. Maitland continues, "that Sir David is more prudent than some other philosophers, and does not pretend to explain; but what are we to think when we find him placing himself before the public as a person who really cannot tell whether a table under his nose does or does not rise from the ground? Is it on men so grossly and avowedly incompetent to judge of plain matter of fact submitted to their senses that we are to pin our faith in matters of physical science? They will do the seeing, and we have only to believe. We do as far as ever we can believe the philosophers. No doubt we believe a great deal on their word, which we ought not to believe at all; but we cannot help this. We prefer erring on that side, and are quite willing to strain a point, as long as they put a good face upon it, and keep up our courage by assuring us that it is all right. At the same time, this faith in philosophers rests on a belief that they have some common sense, and at least, an average power of observation."

I corresponded with Dr. Maitland in 1859, and from one of his letters I make the following extract:—

"I believe that certain phenomena are brought about by the agency of *spirits*. What sort of beings those "spirits" may be, I do not undertake to say. But I do not believe that they are "departed" spirits—that is, deceased human beings. At the same time I do not know that they are to be considered as Satanic, or as in any way peculiarly subject to, and under the control of the Devil. For aught that I know, or can find, they may be (in the same limited sense as men and beasts) an independent race; or they may be angels, good and bad. In fact, I do not feel bound, or know how, to say what, or whence they are. My chief reason for believing what I do respecting them, is what I find in the New Testament; but that does not make the matter clear. The spirits so often mentioned, and forming such an important feature in the New Testament history, appear and disappear (I mean in the history) without explanation."

The American papers in announcing the death of James J. Mapes, "the Model Farmer," and eminent professor of chemistry, speak in the most eulogistic terms of his great genius and high literary and scientific attainments.

"He was a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and Geographical Society of Paris, and one of our state universities conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. As a farmer, Professor Mapes has given hundreds of

useful discoveries to the world, and not a few important inventions. The subsoil plough, and the rotatory digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice was sought and accepted in regard to chemical manures all over the country. He organized the Franklin Institute at Newark, and became its first lecturer, and so early as 1844 he was the president of the Mechanics' Institute of New York. Professor Mapes was one of the most agreeable of men, possessing great geniality and no small share of wit and humour, and was gifted with an extraordinary flow of language," &c., &c.

During my brief sojourn in the United States I had the pleasure of making Professor Mapes's intimate acquaintance, and of enjoying his hospitality for two or three days at Newark, his country house. He was one of those who in the earliest advent of modern Spiritualism, set earnestly to work to explode the "delusion," but the facts which he witnessed at the commencement of his investigations, shewed him that there was a reality in the manifestations for which, with his materialistic bias, he was not prepared. Finding, as he told me, that there was something worth investigating, he secured the services of Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter of the well-known Fox family, as a medium, and collecting a party of ten friends, all sceptics, they held meetings every Monday evening, for five years, during which period every conceivable test was applied, and resulted ultimately in the conversion of the whole party to a full belief in the spiritual philosophy. His daughter developed as a writing medium, and Mrs. Mapes, who had no knowledge whatever of the art, became a water-color drawing medium. Two specimens of her work were presented to me, which now adorn my drawing-room, and are pronounced by English artists as inimitable, though they were both produced in little more than one hour. In the last conversation I had with Professor Mapes, he summed up his argument for Spiritualism in the following words:—

"If after making every allowance for the incongruities, false theories, fanaticism, and the common errors attached to Spiritualism, only ten per cent. of the whole should prove true and unimpregnable, it is still as sound a science as chemistry was at the beginning of this century, which has thrown aside ninety per cent. of the teachings then received as truths."

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

I have received further accounts from Mr. P. A——, the Glasgow medium, of the manifestations received through him, which will doubtless prove interesting to my readers. And I have personal testimony from two gentlemen who have been present on different occasions at these remarkable *séances*, who

fully confirm some of the most extraordinary facts already recorded in connection with Mr. P. A——'s mediumship.

Mr. P. A——, whilst in the trance state, has made some curious water-colour drawings. One of them is described by Mr. P. A—— in the following terms—and it is considered by a friend of mine who has seen it to be a wonderfully elaborate and very artistic production:—

“ It is a painting measuring seventeen and a half inches by thirteen and a quarter inches, it is also a transparency, being the third of the kind, how the effect is produced I cannot tell, not having seen the painting until it was finished. The pavement is tessellated in a very singular manner, and the sides of the southern transept seem niched, each niche being occupied by a spirit, there are seven on each side, the spaces between the niches are beautifully panelled and flowered, as is likewise the roof; the central portion seems, in the painting occupied by a large dome overhead, in which the solar system circles. The sun is painted yellow, but on being viewed as a transparency it becomes red, in like manner all the spirits come out brightly; their white garments, appearing radiant; the panels change from the golden colour to an azure blue. Under the main dome there is a large fountain, from which a sort of bright halo comes, when held to the light; far in the distance are two long aisles running under groined arches, and in between the two is the president's entrance and seat of authority; a description, however, fails to convey a very clear idea of the subject described, and as I will ask Mr. G—— to photograph it for you, I will leave the minor details for your own eyes. This drawing was procured in my own room, whilst alone and in the trance state, seven hours being the whole time occupied in its production, three hours one night and four hours the night following; the first night the cardboard was taken from me and hid before I was allowed to awake. They said the magnetism of the eyes would affect the next and last sitting if I were allowed to look upon it. The stages were these: First, I was told to stretch my paper on the drawing board, and be ready for next night, this was done. On the next night, after obtaining my assent, I became entranced and thereafter I knew nothing of what was going on. The following three hours being an entire blank to me, farther than that they told me I had been impressed to paint. I am acquainted with mechanical drawing, as I require it in my profession; but I never tried either architectural or free-hand drawing, or painting or sketching; in fact, I can do nothing in that line, neither do I find that these spirit paintings, drawings, sketches and portraits, have assisted me one iota to better acquaintance with it, neither has it increased my ability in mechanical drawing.

"I thought that I had given you a sketch of the spirit-ring in some former letter, but as I see from your letter that I have not, I subjoin the details. The figure of Franklin came to me one day, and shewed me a ring which *appeared* to be gold, and told me that he was going to place it on Miss D——'s finger as a pledge of friendship and guarantee of his ability to produce some startling spirit-manifestations. I heard no more about it until two days after, when Miss D—— wrote to tell me of a singular manifestation which had occurred to her two days previously. She said she had been sitting passive, when the doctor appeared to her, and after making an address, he put the ring upon her finger. I have examined the ring minutely, and find by testing that it is genuine gold. It is a plain hoop, rather heavier than those worn as wedding-rings, and seems stamped in the inside; the characters, however, are black, and therefore I could not find, with the help even of a good microscope, whether they meant anything or not. The ring is about five eighths of an inch in diameter, one sixth of an inch thick, and one eighth of an inch deep, the section being semicircular as is common in plain rings. Miss D—— has a small finger, and consequently the ring has abundance of play (say a quarter of an inch (if tightly drawn to one side), but any attempt to draw it off is stopped by the middle joint (it was on the middle finger of the right hand), neither could she get it off herself. We tried it with horsehair, soap and water, &c. The most remarkable peculiarity in the ring is its expansion and contraction; and, as the doctor affirmed of it, on the approach of any malefic influence, either mentally or physically, the ring immediately contracts, and as the objectionable individual or influence approaches, and the intention gains ground, so does the ring contract, gradually, until the flesh of the finger rises on every side, and the finger becomes cold from the stoppage of circulation. I have applied callipers to measure it, and found that it was an actual contraction of the ring. Its diameter varied as the influence approached or retired, and the ring gradually expands in a corresponding ratio until it regains its former size, and play upon the finger. The doctor took it away once since it was given to re-spiritualize it, or renew its power, and returned it. Miss D——'s own spirit-father took it away next to the spirit-land for the same reason. It was returned, and is once more away, and we are told that its return will be accompanied by some new manifestation. At the last *séance* there were several spirits present, all of whom spoke in audible voices. The following are the names given us by themselves, but we have no means of determining their identity or real names, still they have adhered to the same names all through. First, "Jerry," of whom I have a portrait. He said that he

left this world about 200 years since; he is scarcely if ever absent from our *séances*; he is usually the first comer, and laughs, jokes, sings and chats very pleasantly to us; he is the most jocular of them all, and exceedingly piquant in his repartees, in which he is quite an adept; he says he was a schoolmaster while here, and sometimes tells us a great deal about some essay he is going to write, but he complains of the difficulty of finding a publisher where he is, and asks us to undertake the job for him. Second. Dr. Franklin came, but did not stay over five or ten minutes. He said a few words and left. We have his portrait also. Third. A spirit called "the Captain," who spoke but little that night. Fourth. A lively spirit called "Redhead," who speaks with great volubility. Fifth and Sixth. Two male spirits, whose names I do not remember. Seventh and Eighth. The Pythoness, or High Priestess of Delphi (whose portrait we have also), and a spirit called "Maggie." Both spoke and sang a little that evening for a short time. One called "Sam," who is a gigantic spirit. He was the first spirit to speak to us a twelvemonth ago—(we have his portrait likewise). And a spirit called "Bill Wason," who has a tremendous voice, like no other voice I ever heard, yet he speaks well and distinctly, and sings well—albeit uncouthly. These were all we had on the 5th. Jerry sang; Maggie sang; Pythoness and I think Bill Wason sang. The personal appearance of Pythoness is briefly as follows:—Complexion, a shade lighter, perhaps, than the Egyptian, hair hanging in long wavy tresses to the waist, head encircled by a jet coronet; the outer garment is a black surplice with red sleeves; on the breast is the cross, and a sun on each side of it; round the top of the surplice the twelve signs of the Zodiac are arranged on a blue ground, shewn through square apertures cut in the top of the surplice; round the head is a halo or glory, in which are ten stars, or spots of light of a brilliant or electric blue, &c., &c. Maggie is a buxom-looking spirit, who says she was a governess when on earth. Her dress seems immensely hooped, and her face is round and pleasant; hair and eyes black; mouth good, but rather gross; the mark of a cut upon the throat, and a stab on the left breast but I noticed them from time to time becoming fainter. We have her portrait as she was twelve months since, also a portrait of her sister, a dancing girl, who occasionally comes to the table. Sam is a large boned, broad shouldered, and tall spirit, his hair standing all up on end; an immense mouth, usually open to its utmost stretch; an immense pair of black whiskers and moustache. He was a pirate captain and has progressed considerably, used to swear at us fearfully, never swears at all now. He was the first spirit who spoke audibly. Jerry, is a tall thin spirit, a comical sort of good-natured

fellow, his hair arranged (when viewed in front) like a clown's cap, so as to give one the idea that his hair was stuck on in three balls, one ball on the forehead and the other two over each ear. Whiskers exceedingly long and exceeding lank, with a long and lank imperial pendant from the chin, the three long tufts hanging down much as three chains would do of a like length; the neck is remarkably long and scraggy. The dress varies sometimes, but is never well defined with him; he is lively, merry and good-natured. Dr. Franklin answers the popular description of him to a nicety. We have his and other portraits. An address was received at the close of the year, by the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. A long lecture followed, concluding with the following verse, all, I am assured, spoken by the spirit in a clear and audible voice:—

Years, my friends, have passed away
 Since I quitted the form of clay—
 The form that once with stately air,
 Walked through the streets of Vanity Fair.

SONG AND SARABAND WRITTEN BY A SPIRIT.

In a recent article I referred to the new and highly-successful play of M. Victorien Sardou, the celebrated drawing medium, *Le Famille Benoiton*, which he has publicly announced as being entirely the inspiration of departed celebrated dramatic celebrities with whom he is in constant communication.

It is not only in the drama that spirits in Paris have lately shewn an interest. A recent number of *Le Grand Journal* of Paris has the following singular narrative:—

"All the editors and all the amateurs of music in Paris know M. N. G. Bach, pupil of Zimmerman, who took the first prize as a pianist at the Conservatoire in the competition of 1819, one of our professors of the piano the most honoured and esteemed, and great grandson of the celebrated Sebastian Bach, whose name he bears worthily.

"Informed by our common friend, M. Dolingen, editor of the *Grand Journal*, that the apartment of M. N. D. Bach had been the scene of an actual miracle on the night of the 5th of May last, I asked Dollingen to conduct me to M. Bach's, No. 3, Rue Castellane, where we were received with the utmost courtesy. I need scarcely add that I have not made public what I learned there without the fullest permission.

"On the 4th of May last, M. Leon Bach brought to his father a spinette admirably carved. After long examination of it, M. Bach discovered on an interior board an inscription, stating that it was made at Rome in the month of April, 1564. He passed part of the day in contemplation of his precious spinette; he

thought of it as he went to sleep, and it is no wonder that he had the following dream :—He saw a man stand at his bedside, who had a long beard ; shoes rounded at the toe, and large bows at the instep ; large, full breeches, a doublet with slashed sleeves, stiff collar, and a hat with pointed crown and broad brims. This person bowed to M. Bach and spoke as follows —“ The spinette that you possess belonged to me. It frequently served me to entertain my master King Henry III. When he was very young he composed an air with words, which he was fond of singing, and which I frequently played to him. This air and these words he composed in memory of a young lady that he once met with in a hunt, and of whom he became deeply enamoured. They took her away, and it is said that she was poisoned, and that the King was deeply distressed at the circumstance. Whenever he was sad he hummed this song ; and then, to divert his mind, I played on my spinette a saraband of my composition, which he much loved. Thus I came to confound together these two pieces for I was continually playing them one after the other.”

“ Then the man of the dream approached the spinette, and played a few notes, and sung the air with such expression, that M. Bach awoke in tears. He lit a candle, noticed the hour—two o’clock—and again fell asleep. Now it was that the extraordinary scene took place. In the morning, on awaking, M. Bach was no little surprised to find on his bed a page of music covered with very fine writing and notes quite microscopic. It was with difficulty that he could decipher them by the aid of his eyeglass, for he is very near-sighted.

“ He then tried the air on the spinette. The song, the words, and the saraband were exactly as the person of the dream had represented them. Now M. Bach is no somnambulist ; has never written a verse in his life, and is a complete stranger to the rules of prosody.

“ Here is the refrain and the three couplets as we have copied them from the MS. We preserve their orthography, which, we may observe, is by no means familiar to M. Bach :—

“ J’ay perdu celle
Pour qu’y j’avois tant d’amour ;
Elle sy belle
Avait pour moy chaque jour
Faveur nouvelle
Et nouveau desir.
Oh ! ouy sans elle
Il we faut mourir !

“ Une jour pendant une chasse loutaine,
Je aperçus pour la première fois.
Je croyois voir un ange dans la plaine
Lors je devins le plus heureux des roys !

"Je donnerois certes tout mon royaume
 Pour la revoir encor un seul instant ;
 Près d'elle assis dessous un humble chaume
 Pour sentir mon cœur battre en l'admirant.

"Triste et cloîtrée, oh ! ma pauvre belle,
 Fut loin de moy pendant ses derniers jours.
 Elle ne sent plus sa peine cruelle ;
 Icy bas, hélas ! je souffre toujours."

"In this plaintive song, as well as in the joyous saraband which follows, the musical orthography is not less archaic than the literary orthography. The notes are of a form different from those of the present day. The *basse* is written in one key and the song in another. M. Bach has obliged me by playing to me these two pieces, which have a melody simple, naïve, and penetrating. For the rest, our readers will soon be able to judge for themselves, as the pieces are in the hand of the engraver, and will be published in the course of the week by the editor, Legoux, Boulevard Poissonnière, No. 27.

"The *Journal de l'Etoile* says that Henry III. had a great passion for Marie de Clèves, the Marchioness d'Isles, who died in the flower of her age in a convent, the 15th of October, 1574. Was she "la pauvre belle triste et cloîtrée," who is mentioned in these verses? The same journal says that an Italian musician named Baltazarini went to France at that epoch, and became one of the favourites of the King. Did not the spinette belong to Baltazarini? Was it not the spirit of Baltazarini who wrote the song and the saraband? We dare not attempt to fathom these mysteries."

OLD AGE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

By the REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

IT has been imagined that religious faith does not like to draw attention to the decline which precedes, often by years, the approach of death; that the spectacle of a human being in ruins terrifies the expectation of futurity, and humbles the mind with mean suspicions of its destiny. Scepticism, which delights in all the ill-bodings which can be drawn from evil and decay, takes us to the corner where the old man sits; shews us the bent frame, and fallen cheeks, and closing avenues of sense; points to the palsied head, and compels us to listen to the drivelling speech, or perhaps the childish and pitiable cry; and then asks, whether *this* is the being so divinely gifted and so solemnly placed, sharer of the immortality of God, and waiting to embark into infinitude? I answer,—assuredly *not*: neither in the wrecked frame,

nor in the negation of mind, is there anything immortal: it is not this frail and shattered bark, visible to the eye, that is to be launched upon the shoreless sea. The mind within, which you do *not* shew me, whose indications are for a time suppressed,—as they are in every fever that brings stupor and delirium, in every night even that brings sleep,—the mind, of whose high achievements, whose capacious thought, whose toils and triumphs of conscience and affection, living friends will reverently tell you,—the mind, which every moment of God's time for seventy years has been sedulous to build, and from which the deforming scaffold is about to fall away,—this alone is the principle for which we claim immortality. Say not that, because we cannot trace its operations, it is extinct: perhaps, while you speak, it may burst into a flame, and contradict you. For sometimes age is known to wake, and the soul to kindle, ere it departs; to perforate the shut gates of sense with sudden light, and gush with lustre to the eye, and love and reason to the speech; as if to make it evident, that death may be nativity; as if the traveller, who had fallen asleep with the fatigues of the way, conscious that he drew near his journey's end, and warned by the happy note of arrival, looked out refreshed and eager through the morning air for the fields and streams of his new abode. And if any transient excitement near the close of life can, even occasionally, thus resuscitate the spirit; if some vehement stroke upon a chord of ancient sympathy can sometimes restore it in its strength, it is there still; and only waits that permanent rejuvenescence which its escape into the infinite may effect at once.

It is not a little difficult to understand, in what way these objectors would desire to improve the adjustments of life, in order to get rid of the grounds of their scepticism. Would they totally abolish the infirmities of years, and maintain the energy of youth unto the end? *Then* would there remain no apparent reason for removal or change: death would have looked tenfold more like extinction than it does now: and we should assuredly have reasoned, 'If the Divine Father, in his benignity, had intended us to persevere in life at all, He would have left us in peace in this dear old world.' As it is, there appears, after the decrepitude of age, an obvious need of some such mighty revolution as death: the mortality of such a body becomes a clear essential to the immortality of the soul: and our departure assumes the probable aspect of a simple migration of the mind,—a journey of refreshment,—a passage to new scenes of that infinite universe, to a mere speck of which, since we can discover its immensity, it seems unlikely that we should be confined.

Or is the demand of a different kind; not for immunity from bodily decline, but for an exemption of the soul from its

effects? for faculties unconscious of the sinking frame,—dwelling in a tenement of whose changes they shall be independent? And what is this, when you reflect upon it, but to ask for a total separation of the material from the spiritual element of our nature,—for the very boon which we suppose to be obtained in death, a disembodied mind? For a corporeal frame that did not affect the mental principle, would no more be any proper part of us, than the limbs of another man, or the substance of the sun: its mere juxtaposition or coincidence in space with our sentient soul (even could such a thing be truly affirmed) would not mix it up with our identity. Unless it were the interposed medium through which we communicated with the external world,—the appointed pathway of sensation; unless, that is, we experienced vicissitudes of internal consciousness precisely corresponding to all its external changes,—we should have no interest in it, and it would have as little concern with our personality as the clothes or the elements in which we live. A hand that should leave us affected in the same way, whether it touched ice or fire; a tongue that should recognize no difference between food and poison; an eye that should convey to us the same impression through all its altering states,—would be unfitted for all its functions, and be a mere foreign encumbrance upon our life. That our organization reports instantly,—with a speed that no magnetic signal can surpass,—to the mind within; that it works changes in our conscious principle precisely proportionate to its own, and affording a true measure of them,—is the very attribute which constitutes its exactitude and perfection. If then it were absurd to wish for limbs that could undergo exhaustion and laceration without our feeling them, and nerves that would give no knowledge of fever or inflammation, it would be no less irrational to desire a release of the mind from those infirmities of age, which are but a long fatigue,—life's final disease. All the lights of perception and emotion flow in upon us through the coloured glass of our organic frame; and however perfect the power of mental vision may remain, if the windows be darkened, the radiance will be obscure.

And in the two most marked characteristics of old age,—the obtuseness of immediate perception, and freshness of remote memories,—may we not even discern an obvious intimation of the great future, and a fitting preparative for its approach? The senses become callous and decline, verging gently to the extinction which awaits them, and in their darkness permitting the mild lustre of wisdom and of faith,—if it be there,—to shine forth and glow; and if not, to shew in what a night the soul dwells without them. And that the mind should betake itself, ere it departs, with such exclusive attachment to the past, is surely suitable to its position. True, the enthusiastic devotion of an awed spectator,

standing near to say farewell, naturally takes the opposite direction, and steals before the pilgrim to his home, and wonders that the old man's talk can linger so around things gone by. But is it not that already the thoughts fall into the order of judgment, and practise the incipient meditations of heaven? In that world of which we have no experience, we can at first have no anticipation: and in the place whither we go for retribution, we must begin with retrospect. All things and thoughts, all passions and pursuits, must live again: stricken memory cannot withhold them: there is a divination of conscience, at which their ghosts must rise, to haunt or bless us. And when the old man incessantly reverts to years that had receded into the far distance, and finds scenes that had appeared to vanish come back even from his boyhood, and stand around him with preternatural distinctness, when ancient snatches of life's melodies thrill through his dreams, and the faces of early friends look in upon him often, the preparation is significant. He is gathering his witnesses together, making ready the theatre of trial, and collecting the audience for judgment. These are they that were with him in his manifold temptations, and can tell him of his victory or his fall; that exercised such spirit of duty as was in him: whom his selfishness injured, or his fidelity blessed. Remembrance has broken the seals of its tombs; its sainted dead come forth at the trump of God within the soul, and declare the tribunal set.

Nor does he leave the world which has been his locality so long, as a scene in which he has no further interest. Possibly even its future changes may not be hidden from his view; and at all events his sympathies dwell and will dwell there still: and all that most truly constitutes his being, the work he has done, the wills he has moved, the loving thoughts he has awakened, remain behind; enter the great structure of human existence, and share its perpetuity.—*Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

CONTINENTAL SPIRITUAL JOURNALS.—FRENCH: *La Revue Spirite*, Paris, monthly; *La Revue Spiritualiste*, Paris, monthly; *L'Union Spirite*, Bordeaux, weekly; *L'Echo d'outre Tombe*, Marseilles, weekly; *La Verité*, Lyons, weekly; *L'Avenir*, Paris, weekly. GERMAN: *Psyche*, Tittan, Saxony, monthly. ITALIAN: *Annali dello Spiritismo*, Fium, monthly; *La Luce*, Bologna, monthly; *La Gazzetta Magnetico, Scientifico, Spiritistica*, Bologna.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1866.

AN ESSAY UPON THE GHOST BELIEF OF SHAKESPEARE.

By ALFRED ROFFE.

INTRODUCTION.

To disbelieve in the objective reality of spiritual appearances in general is the rule of the present age, and is conceived to be one of the marks and consequences of its intellectual progression; and therefore is it, we think, to be accounted for, that the above subject has never (at least, so far as is known) been treated of. Most of Shakespeare's admirers doubtless imagine that such an intellect as his could never have given credence to a ghost; nor are they very curious to ask, how it was, *on artistic grounds*, that the greatest poet should have produced what many think his greatest work, upon a supernatural theme—upon a theme whose basis is either nervous disease, credulity, or imposture; for into some one of these things are all ghosts now resolved.

If, however, the modern philosopher holds it to be part of *his* appreciation of Shakespeare that he could not have believed in a ghost, it is also certain that the ghost-believing student of the poet-philosopher will claim him as a teacher, on spiritual grounds, and will at least endeavour to show cause why he does so. Holding that ghost-belief, rightly understood, is most rational and salutary, he will deem that it must have had the sanction of such a thinker as Shakespeare.

If there is any one principle which ought to be particularly adhered to above all others in any speculations regarding Shakespeare's opinions, it should surely be, never to adduce a mere *opinion*, expressed by one of his characters, as *his* opinion. Of those who do so, it will probably be found that, to use Horatio's expression, they do but "*botch the words up fit to their own thoughts*." In the essay now made to shew that Shakespeare, apart from his feelings as a poet, believed, as a philosopher, in

supernatural realities, no support to the idea will be sought from such means. Of course, such attempts must be held as equally illegitimate on the opposite side; and it does, indeed, seem wonderful that any real admirers of Shakespeare could ever make such attempts, since they may know that it is very easy so to attribute anything, even the most contrary things, to the author; as witness, for example, the dialogue between Posthumus and the Jailer, in *Cymbeline*.

Nothing, indeed, is easier, than for an author merely to make his characters express *opposite opinions*, without, however, having any fixed opinions or clear knowledge of his own upon the matter in hand; but *it is quite another thing* so to state the opinion as to involve his own knowledge. In attempting this, every one conversant with any given subject knows how instantaneously ignorance is detected where it exists.

We are told that law terms, sea terms, &c., &c., are used by Shakespeare in a manner that implies real knowledge of more than the mere existence of the words. So the ghost-believer looks at Shakespeare, *not* to see what *opinions* are expressed about ghosts, but to ascertain whether what is *said* by the characters, or *done* in the story, implies that the author possessed a philosophy of the subject.

Here perhaps our sceptical friends will smile at the mere idea of a ghost-believer's philosophy. Nevertheless, they must be assured that, if we are mad, we do, at all events, claim to have "a method in our madness." For instance, a ghost-believer would say that the story of *Hamlet* *might* be a hard fact, as much as the story of *Tom Jones* might be one. He believes, and can therefore think that Shakespeare might have believed: 1st, That ghosts do appear objectively; 2nd, That several persons at once may see a ghost; 3rd, That one person may, and another may not, as with Hamlet and the Queen; 4th, That the ends for which ghosts appear may be good, bad, or indifferent—may succeed or may fail, and that there is both fact and philosophy for all this. So much received, we may believe in *Hamlet*.

If we are told that the men who can believe all this can believe anything, we say, No! For example, we could not believe in such a story as that of *Frankenstein* and the monster whom he is represented as, in some sense, creating. We should say that such a story, *as a hard fact*, was altogether contrary to the laws both of the spiritual and of the natural worlds, and we are quite certain that, *so understood*, the writer did not believe in the like of it. Such stories, therefore, we conceive to be essentially *faulty art*, whatever talents may be shown in their execution. In saying thus much, it may be well, in a passing way, to note, as a circumstance not forgotten, that there are writings in which

(unlike *Hamlet*) the images are *professedly allegorical or fanciful*, although this essay does not pretend to touch upon them. Such writings, however, would have *their* true and false, as well as those which are *professedly literal*.

THE MEANING OF GHOST-BELIEF.

We will now, then, proceed to state what is meant by ghost-belief, and what are its supposed grounds. In the first place, then, the Spiritualist conceives it to be a great truth, that every human being is truly and properly a *ghost*, or *spirit*, clad for a time in an earthly body. Whether Shakespeare thought this or not, he has very beautifully expressed the idea, in his *Twelfth Night*, when he makes Sebastian say—

A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.—*Act V., Scene 1.*

Although it has been assumed previously that no *opinion*, expressed by one of the *poet's characters*, is to be quoted as being necessarily *the poet's opinion also*, yet any piece of wisdom or of thought, as distinguished from an opinion, may be called his wisdom, or his thought. Now, if it should be deemed that no *wisdom* is contained in a given passage, say the one just quoted, still the fact remains, that the thought of the Spiritualist has been so felicitously expressed—and that too in a place where Shakespeare might just as easily have made Sebastian answer more like a modern philosopher, by saying that he was "*not a spirit, but a man of flesh and blood*." The character of Sebastian is one which may well justify us in concluding that, of the two possible answers to his sister's exclamation—

If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us—

Shakespeare would assign to him the one which he himself considered as *the most sensible*. The same thought which has been thus assigned to Sebastian is to be found likewise in Lorenzo's speech in *The Merchant of Venice* (Act V., Scene 1), where he discourses of the harmony of the spheres, and tells Jessica that—

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this *muddy vesture of decay*
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

In the next place—and this is a point of the highest importance—the Spiritualist believes that the ghost, or spirit, which is truly the man, *is in a human form*, as much as the body is; the body being in that form, simply because the ghost or soul is so. Men instinctively personify the virtues and the vices by human forms. Ask the painter to delineate Revenge and Mercy, and he will, as a matter of course, present you with a male and a

female figure, in which Revenge and Mercy will be depicted, *not merely* in the expression of the heads, but *in the whole formation* of the body, and *in the action of every part*. If the artist be competent to paint what he *feels*, and every one else *feels*, all will *know* his meaning. That every ruling passion affects and shapes the whole body, is conceived by the Spiritualist to be an irresistible argument for the human form of the ghost or soul, and the fact has been expressed by Shakespeare in his usual masterly style; it should also be well noted, that he has assigned the expression of the fact to the wise and observing Ulysses. Speaking of Cressida, Ulysses says—

Fie, fie upon her !
There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

Again, how common is it for us to say of some one who at first sight we thought ordinary, or even ugly, but afterwards find to be morally amiable, that we have lost sight of the bodily defect, and have become conscious of a pleasing, and, in some instances, of even a beautiful expression—a thing inconceivable upon any ground but that of the human form of the ghost or soul; a form beautiful if the moral state be good, ugly if the moral state be bad—which latter fact is again wonderfully exemplified in the *diabolical expressions* we sometimes perceive *in faces naturally handsome*. In both instances, the beautiful and the ugly ghost or soul shines through the external, earthly countenance, and actually, when the good or evil feeling is at work, *alters the very form* of that external countenance, thus furnishing the complete demonstration that good and evil feelings are *absolutely in forms*, and such forms, of course, as they mould the external into; that is, into forms beautiful and angelic, or monstrous and diabolical.

These all-important facts Shakespeare has fully included in Desdemona's words—

I saw Othello's visage in his mind.

The common expression that *we see the mind in the countenance*, of course conveys a truth, or rather a part of the truth, but Desdemona's words are fuller; for they give the fact that *the mind has a visage of its own*. This is to be taken as being an absolute truth, which is also the reason why it is eminently poetical. To say that anything can be really *poetical* and yet *not true* is a mere contradiction. Moreover, Shakespeare did not so express Desdemona's feelings by a merely accidental stroke; we must always think that what in the most of persons is simply *felt*, was, by Shakespeare, also most clearly *seen*.

The doubt or denial of the great truth that the human soul has the human form, which is

A combination and a form indeed,

places the doubters in the most distressing dilemmas. They call their doubts and denials philosophy; but what kind of philosophy can that be which deals only in negations?

The arguments for the immortality of the soul (to say nothing of the views in general of a future state) are infinitely clouded and weakened, if its human form is not taken note of as being pre-eminently the foundation-truth upon which all arguments relating to the soul should rest. That foundation-truth being itself capable (as it certainly is) of the fullest demonstration, it follows that all truths which spring legitimately from that foundation-truth must have all the firmness of their original stock.

So much having been premised, let us now suppose any one deeply interested in the subject of the soul's immortality, and anxious to have the clearest views possible upon that sublime theme, sitting himself down to the perusal of Bishop Butler's celebrated *Analogy*, in the hope of attaining to the mental satisfaction for which he seeks, and what would be the result? We venture to think that it must needs be disappointment; an opinion for which some reasons shall now be suggested.

In this well-known work, then, of Bishop Butler, there is a chapter entitled "Of a Future Life," which, of course, contains whatever the eminent divine who wrote it considered as most worthy for him to utter upon the subject; yet, in conclusion, he feels himself called upon to volunteer an admission that all he has been able to say is but little calculated to satisfy curiosity; meaning, evidently, a curiosity directed towards the general outline of a future life—a wish, in short, to have some faint idea of what it is like.

It is, indeed, true that Bishop Butler follows up his admission by observing that, nevertheless, all the purposes of religion are as well answered as by a demonstrative proof. Doubtless he believed so; but it cannot be denied but that such dogmatic assertions are looked at with great dissatisfaction by the sceptically inclined; and the Spiritualist believes that, if the truest and deepest grounds were taken, there would be no necessity for any such admission as Bishop Butler has felt himself called upon to make. The fact that curiosity is a feeling of the human mind, and one that, properly directed, performs the high use of leading us on to knowledge, renders it at least very possible that views of truth which are but little able to satisfy curiosity may be very incomplete views, and such as we *therefore ought not* to rest

satisfied with, even as believers. Shakespeare wrote very wisely when he made Pericles say—

Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

It is, by the way, very common to hear that curiosity which seeks to know something more of the future life than the bare fact of such a life, stigmatized as being a vain curiosity, and many religious persons would even condemn it as involving a desire to be what they term,

Wise above what is written.

If it were a curiosity which could not be gratified, it might then justly be called *vain*; but is there, or can there be, a natural curiosity which cannot be gratified? The Spiritualist doubts it; nor can he admit curiosity in itself to be anything but excellent, and most especially so when directed to lofty subjects: consequently, he believes that every curiosity which mankind can feel, or rather *cannot but feel*, may attain to a legitimate satisfaction.

Supposing, now, that in the exercise of this most rational curiosity concerning the soul and our future life, we should have arrived at the conviction that the soul is in the human form, and it seems immediately to follow that such a soul, in the future life as well as in this, requires its objectivities, or things out of itself; and not only do we feel that we require them, but we find ourselves upon the track of understanding *how* we may have them.

We find then, in the next place, that not only can we affirm a human form for the soul, but we can also affirm a heat and a light as belonging to the soul; a heat and a light, too, so much more potent than the heat and light of nature, that it is only by virtue of the former that we can know or perceive the latter. It is well known to us all, that heat and light are constantly affirmed of spiritual things; as when, for example, we say that our intellects are *enlightened*, or that a *light* has been thrown upon a subject—meaning, that reasons have been given and seen, and so forth. Also, we can affirm that *the passions and feelings*, as distinguished from *the intellect*, are felt as a heat or fire, often extending most perceptibly into the natural body, which those passions and feelings will cause to be, as it were, on fire, even upon the coldest days—for we all know that a man may *burn* with love or with rage upon such days; thus proving that there is another heat or fire besides that of the natural sun, and which heat or fire works from within to without, or from the spiritual to the natural sphere.

Having thus opened our understandings to the fact that the soul is in a human form, and that it enjoys a spiritual light and heat, we are then led on, by the most rigid logic, to the admission

of a spiritual sun, from whence this spiritual light and heat originate. This second grand truth arrived at, *our rational curiosity* has received its answer—for if there is a spiritual sun, then there are spiritual atmospheres; and all these truths put together point out to us a spiritual world of forms which shall be *objective* to the soul, or real man.

If, now, these positions can be admitted, all is then told to us that can be asked, since what we all desire, and, indeed, *all that we do desire*, is to be assured of the possibility of our having, in the future life, an external form or body, and a world external to that, both of which shall harmonize with our *inmost life*.

That this much-longed-for harmony is, in the present world, absolutely impossible, is but too well known, even in the case of any one endowed with the best regulated mind, and with every other advantage that this world can afford. Not only does the natural body decay, and become from day to day a less manageable engine, but *an opposition*, rather than a *harmony*, is felt to arise from almost everything in its turn. To have our bodies and every external circumstance in harmony with the internal, is to every one the exception, although it is what we are constantly striving for; and, therefore, any view which makes it apprehensible that such a consummation (which would constitute a real heaven) is possible, surely is worthy of attention; especially when *all* for it is positive and absolute, resting, as it does, upon those surprising manifestations of the soul—the fine arts, and the forms of expression instinctively used by men.

It is certainly singular that, notwithstanding the acknowledged power of the fine arts, they do not seem ever to have been considered in their bearing upon these most recondite questions; and it is, as we apprehend, quite the tendency of the religious classes to smile at any one who claims for the inner world an objectivity similar to that of the natural world. The idea seems to be, that the one world must be something every way so different from the other, that, in short, we can form no idea at all about the matter. This, however, is a mere negation on the part of the intellect, or, in plain English, a refusing to trouble itself at all with the question: whereas, if the feelings were spoken from, as they should be, it would become perfectly clear that *nothing more nor less* than the harmony of the internal and the external was *the want* of the soul. Now, if the hope and desire for a future life be, as amongst religious men it is confidently deemed they are, powerful arguments that there is such a life, this other desire for *the harmonious inner and outer life* as powerfully shows what that future life must be like.

Thus, then, to use Shakespeare's words—

The wheel has come full circle;

and thus are we fairly brought round again to our starting-point, and are enabled, as it is hoped, to see more clearly how much lies in this question of the ghost-belief of Shakespeare. We can see that a belief usually stigmatized as merely superstitious, even by the Christian world, may, nevertheless, prove to have been the belief of the highest poet; but then, to have been the belief of that highest poet, it must also be a belief which the highest reason, properly exerted, can sanction. If the tree is to be known by its fruits, have we not a right to say that a rational ghost-belief bears fruits of the most wholesome kind. It helps to bind religion and the fine arts together, and to solve problems of universal interest yet supposed insoluble even by the most eminent men, when, as in the case of Bishop Butler, they omit to go down into the very roots of men's feelings (that is, of the soul's feelings) as they are manifested in the forms of language and in the fine arts.

SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE.—DR. ALDERSON.

Dr. Alderson was the author of an essay upon "Apparitions," in which, as usual, he refers apparitions to a diseased state of the brain, and, after stating his cases, expresses himself thus—

From what I have related, it will be seen why it should happen that only one at a time could ever see a ghost, and here *we may lament that our celebrated poet*, whose knowledge of nature is every Englishman's boast, *had not known such cases, and their causes*, as I have related; he would not then, perhaps, have made his ghosts visible and audible on the stage. Every expression, every look, in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, is perfectly natural and consistent with men so agitated, and quite sufficient to convince us of what they suffer, see, and hear; but it must be evident that, the disease being confined to the individual, such object must be seen and heard only by the individual.

Thus far Dr. Alderson. Nevertheless, that Shakespeare, both in his *Macbeth* and in his *Hamlet*, has shewn himself fully conversant with the disease-theory, the following passages will completely evince:—

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but
*A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?*

Again, Lady Macbeth exclaims—

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.

Also, the Queen, in *Hamlet*—

This is the very coinage of your brain;
*This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.*

Seeing, then, that Shakespeare did know of such a theory as Dr. Alderson's, a few remarks will be offered upon it. According to that theory, we are to think that disease is *the efficient cause* of apparitions. Now, let it be observed that *an eye*, in the course of nature, is the organ of seeing. Forms and colours seem to require *an eye*, upon which they shall be impressed, in order that they may be seen; but here we have a set of cases in which certain forms and colours become visible which yet are evidently not impressed upon the retina of *the bodily eye*, and then the conclusion is at once jumped at that these forms and colours are mere images in the brain, having no objective reality whatsoever. Nay, more, this brain must be *a diseased brain*. It does not avail for you to point out that in many cases *the visions are beautiful* to the eye; and also that *beautiful music* is perceived, which seems to require an ear: all must be referred to *disease* as the *efficient cause*. Such are the things which *the incredulous* can bring themselves to believe. Beautiful forms and beautiful sounds, although in themselves *essentially order*, are thus held to spring from *disorder*.

All this, however, is merely *assertion*, and *no real reason* has yet been given why the apparitions and the sounds should not be impressions upon the spiritual eye and ear, and from objects in the spiritual world, which is the proper habitation of the ghost or spirit, as the material world is of the body "the gross dimension," the "muddy vesture of decay."

Dr. Alderson begs the question altogether, when he asserts that apparitions are never seen but by one person at a time, and that one in an abnormal state. But grant that it even were so, that would not at all necessarily touch the question of the objective reality. Why should not the disease be the *occasional* cause only, and not the *efficient* one? In certain nervous states, the senses which deal with the external world are sometimes so highly raised that, for instance, a conversation taking place in a remote part of the house shall be heard perfectly, which could not have been heard at all had the person hearing been in a normal state. So a disease, disturbing for awhile the harmony between the spirit and the natural body, causes the former to have *its* perceptions more or less opened to the objects of its own proper world.

Again, when real objectivity is spoken of, it must never be forgotten, that *even in the material world there are very different kinds of realities*; and this is a point which the Spiritualist has never seen met, or, apparently, even dreamt of, by the sceptics. A phantasmagoria is *real*, yet *not really* what it seems to be; and a portrait is a *real representation* of a man, although it is *not a real man*. Now, allow that the spiritual world, being also a

world of causes, must, as such, have *its real representations of its realities*, and all the difficulties attendant upon waking or other dreams will fast begin to vanish. Drive away from the mind the groundless conception that all are merely affections of the brain, and the striking phenomena of every kind of dreamings are seen to have necessarily *a reality in their own sphere*, even if the reality be only of that sort which a phantasmagoria or a picture have in theirs. In both cases, the reality, although only of the representative kind, *implies* other realities also: that is, realities *on which, or in which*, the representation can take place, and also *real powers* adequate to form the representation.

In conclusion, we may rest fully assured of one thing—namely, that *whatever Shakespeare has done* respecting supernatural appearances, *has not been from ignorance* such as Dr. Alderson has attributed to him.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS SPIRIT OF INQUIRY.

It has then been seen that it certainly arose not from *ignorance* upon Shakespeare's part, when he chose, in his great work, to introduce a ghost who is visible not only to one person but to three persons at once. Let us rather conclude that it was from *knowledge* that he did so: for, in the first place, how is it possible to believe that so great an artist did not use every means for *thinking justly* upon supernatural themes, *while writing* upon them; and, secondly, we should remember that there is a possibility of his even having had experimental evidence in his own person. Many more persons have such evidence than is commonly supposed, and it is surely easier to think that Shakespeare's inner life was as remarkable as his works than to think otherwise. However, be that as it may, he most thoroughly knew what the true spirit of inquiry should be, and he has knit up into a single line a direction for that spirit. Hamlet's words—

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy—

are continually quoted; but let our most especial attention be directed to what immediately precedes those lines. When Horatio exclaims,

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet has had assigned to him this fine rejoinder—

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

Here is a piece of advice utterly at variance with the feelings and practice of all those persons whose tendency it is to write and to talk, not merely against the supernatural, but against anything else whatsoever which to them appears *strange*, whether it be the circulation of the blood, the lighting by gas, or the

travelling by a railway. All these things and many more have been stigmatized, and all for the want of such wisdom as this single line contains; for this is one of the cases wherein we have a right to make the distinction already alluded to, between the mere expression of an opinion *belonging only to the character*, and the utterance of a piece of real practical thought or wisdom *belonging also to the writer*.

If it is asked how we would show that the true spirit of inquiry is actually embodied in this single line, we would state our position thus. *Welcoming* the strange fact gives it its just chance of being admitted as a truth, if it really be such. *Welcoming it as a stranger* will secure us from being ultimately imposed upon; and the phrase is most felicitously expressive of a kind of attention or courtesy due towards the matter inquired into, while it warns us against that absolute trust which we give to a tried old friend. Upon such grounds it is that we conceive "the be-all and the end-all" of right-thinking inquiry to be contained in these words of Hamlet. The Spiritualists feel well-assured that Shakespeare, both as a philosopher and as an artist, acted upon the axiom he has assigned to the philosophic Prince, and they also lament that to do *the very contrary* should be the almost universal practice.

SHAKESPEARE AND "OUR PHILOSOPHICAL PERSONS."

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakespeare has made the old lord, Lafeu, exactly characterize that unphilosophical scepticism which sets itself above the wise axiom allotted to Hamlet, of giving welcome, as to a stranger, to the strange; at the same time, the speaker administers to such a scepticism the most grave and the most just rebuke.

Lafeu. They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make *modern and familiar*, things *supernatural and causeless*. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, *ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge*, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

How wisely does this passage censure that spirit which, assuming to be philosophical, attempts to explain away the operations of the internal world into "states of the brain," "deceptions of the senses," or "impostures." This is, indeed, "*ensconcing themselves into seeming knowledge*," on the part of the "*philosophical persons*," who really ought to know that, as far as imposture is concerned, every true thing is simulated, and that, indeed, this very simulation is in itself a testimony to some underlying truth.

Coleridge has made a remark upon Shakespeare's use of the word "*causeless*" in Lafeu's speech, which remark shall be here transcribed.

Shakespeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all wisdom, here uses the word "causeless" in its strict philosophical sense, cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural.

This is surely an excellent observation of Coleridge, and points out also to us that the expression, "we should submit to an unknown fear," contained in the next sentence, is not to be understood in the low sense of any intellectual prostration, but as corresponding to the transcendental "causeless."

It is certainly impossible to overrate the importance of admitting the transcendental, or that which towers above mere logic. For want of such an admission, we may find people arguing against the existence of a God and against the immortality of the soul, because those facts cannot be *proved*, as they phrase it, *logically*. Yet these very persons, if they happened to be lovers of the arts of poetry, painting and music, would at once feel the monstrous absurdity of attempting a merely logical critique upon those arts. They would instantly see that a man who wanted to have it *logically proved* to him that Shakespeare, Michael Angelo and Handel were great men, was simply *proving* his own insensibility to the arts in which they excelled. So it is with the two great questions above mentioned. Whosoever allows the transcendental, the *feelings*, to be opened within him, affirms absolutely a God and a future life, and can also then, by his reasoning faculties, satisfy the affirmation. Those who will not allow the transcendental to be opened within them, but will insist upon beginning with the merely logical, can never reach to the highest truth, whether it be in religion or in the fine arts. It is, therefore, most interesting to see that Shakespeare has thus set his mark upon this all-important point. He has written a speech, in which, in the most close and beautiful manner, "*things supernatural and causeless*" are affirmed, and the consequences of their denial pointed out.

As the character which speaks must always be considered in estimating Shakespeare's meaning, it may be observed that Lafeu is painted as a humorous, and also as a wise and good man. He is on the freest terms with the worthy King, and even the wild young lord, Bertram, is made to say—

I do know him well; and common speech gives him a worthy pass.

There is certainly something very exquisite in his sly and good-humoured (as well as profound) hit at the "philosophical persons," and he still carries on a similar strain, while exulting in the King's wonderful cure, after being, as he observes, "relinquished of the artists, of all the learned and authentic fellows." It is evident how heartily Lafeu would have rejoiced at some of the wonderful cures wrought in our own day by means of

mesmerism and homœopathy to the infinite discomfiture of OUR "learned and authentic fellows."

If Shakespeare himself had been a "philosophical person," he never could have written Lafeu's speeches. In them he has shown that he saw *clean through* the sceptical spirit, a *thing impossible for a sceptic to do*.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF TRUE ART.

It will, we may presume be conceded, that whatsoever is essentially true of one of the fine arts must also be true of the others; and it is proposed to test this by quoting Hamlet's advice to the Players (wherein proof is given of the author's views as to the artist-like in acting), and substituting for the word *playing*, the word *poetry*.

Let your discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so done is from the purpose of *poetry*, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, although it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

Now assuming that these were Shakespeare's own views upon *playing*, and it does not seem likely that in this place he would make Hamlet speak otherwise than rationally, can it be doubted that he would also have applied such views to *the poem to be played*; yet, if a ghost be only the product of a diseased brain, and the appearance of a ghost to three persons at once a sheer impossibility, "the modesty of nature," has been very much "o'erstept" in the poem of Hamlet, and if the end of all the art is,

To hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature,

what can be more "overdone," according to the sceptical philosophy?

Nevertheless the poem of Hamlet does not seem to have made

The judicious grieve,

and even those who think an apparition only a state of the brain feel that a powerful effect has been produced, although upon every sound principle of artist-like reasoning, nothing but displeasure should have ensued in the minds of those who believe that in any given work, the mirror has *not* been held up to nature.

In the meanwhile, the ghost-believer thinks himself fully justified in pronouncing Hamlet to be, from every point of view, "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning."

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS ADMIRERS.

The practice of insisting upon ghost-belief as being a mere superstition, does certainly seem to place many of Shakespeare's most able and zealous admirers in a false position, when they are treating of him as an artist. But let them be heard in their own words. And, 1st, Mr. Morgann, in his excellent essay upon the character of Sir John Falstaff, thus expresses himself in a note :—

Ghosts differ from other imaginary beings in this—that they belong to no element; have no specific nature or character; and are effects, however harsh the expression, supposed to be without a cause; the reason of which is, that they are not the creation of the poet but the servile copies or transcripts of popular imagination, connected with supposed reality and religion. Should the poet assign the cause, and call them the mere painting or *coinage of the brain*, he would disappoint his own end and destroy the beings he had raised. Should he assign fictitious causes, and add a specific nature and a local habitation, it would not be endured, or the effect would be lost by the conversion of one thing into another. The approach to reality in this case defeats all the arts and managements of fiction.

Let us compare this critique upon ghosts with Shakespeare's treatment of the ghost in *Hamlet*. He has there given him a most specific character—that of an injured man seeking for revenge. It sounds strangely, too, to hear a professor of Christianity speaking of what is understood to be the soul of a deceased man as of an effect without a cause; and then we are called upon to think that a great poet could make *servile copies* from popular imaginations, when the truth is that all great artists make it their delight to copy nature, even to the minutest details, as well knowing that in no other way can the most lasting effects be produced. That anything weak or false, or the copy of such things, should produce great artistic effects, is surely against all sound reasonings; and we therefore conclude that when the philosophical sceptic denies a ghost he does so merely from intellect, which is very likely to be in the wrong, and not from feeling, the ultimate test of all works of art.

Although the ghost in *Hamlet* has every mark of reality, yet the local habitation, by which apparently Mr. Morgann means a place in the external world, was not needed for him. His place was in the spiritual world, and Hamlet and his friends saw him with their spiritual eyes, at the same time that the platform was beheld by their natural eyes. That such was the case Shakespeare knew perfectly well, and this accounts for the fact of the Queen not being able to see the ghost, although Hamlet did. The ghost did not wish the Queen to see him, and therefore he did not present himself to her spiritual eyes. Shakespeare knew that man is an inhabitant of two worlds, and consequently that all these things involved the gravest truths. Were it not so and that they were merely the *servile copies of false imaginations*,

they would justly offend every cultivated mind; but we have daily experience that they do not do so.

Secondly, Coleridge speaks of the ghost in *Hamlet* as involving

A superstition connected with the most mysterious truths of religion, and of

Shakespeare's consequent reverence in his treatment of it.

Here again the ghost-believer cannot but have an uncomfortable sensation of incomplete criticism. A superstition, that is, a weakness and a falsity, seems to have but little claim for reverential treatment from a great artist. Why could not Mr. Coleridge have said, instead of "*a superstition*,"

A truth connected with the most mysterious truths of revealed religion.

Thirdly, Lessing says—

Voltaire has regarded the appearance of a dead person as a miracle, and Shakespeare as a natural event. Which of the two thought most as a philosopher is a question that we have nothing to do with. But the Englishman thought most as a poet.

Here we have the pleasing admission that Shakespeare has treated the appearance of the ghost as a part of the normal system of things; for so much is fairly implied in the phrase, "*a natural event*." But why does Lessing say that whether this was philosophical or not is a question with which we have nothing to do? and why is a distinction made between philosophy and poetry which seems to imply that what was bad in the one might be good in the other? Is such a distinction good philosophy? and have we not everything to do with the question in estimating Shakespeare as an artist? When the soothsayer, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, is asked—

Is't you, sir, that know things?

he significantly replies—

In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Can it be doubted but that Shakespeare would have also said for himself what he has written for the soothsayer? Surely it cannot be doubted; and in that "*infinite book of secrecy*" Shakespeare would have found all that he has written.

Fourthly, Mr. Charles Knight, speaking of the appearance of the ghost to *Hamlet*, observes that

The images are of this world, and are not of this world. They belong at once to *popular superstition* and the *highest poetry*.

Mr. Knight, soon after this, makes some remarks connected with which a few observations may be offered. He says—

How exquisite are the last lines of the Ghost; full of the poetry of external nature and of the depth of human affection, as if the spirit that had for so short

a time been cut off from life to know the secrets of "the prison house" still clung to the earthly remembrance of the beautiful and the tender, that even a spirit might indulge.

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me."

The point which the present writer wishes here to touch upon is as follows. The sceptic may say to the ghost-believer thus: "How upon your own shewing could a spirit who has left the earthly body, the 'mortal coil,' be cognizant as Shakespeare has made this ghost, of the objects of the earthly world? You, the ghost-believers plainly inculcate as your philosophy that each world to be objectively known, requires the spiritual or the natural organs as the case may be.

To this objection, which is indeed a most obvious one, it is replied, that the solution is easy and that the proof of facts kindred to those in Hamlet, lies within the reach of every one who is really disposed to make the proper inquiries for them.

A philosopher, who was also a seer, has observed, and to the best of our judgment, has shown, that although a spirit assuredly cannot of himself see the objects of the natural world, yet he can do so, when in communication, or, as the mesmerist would say, in *rapport* with a man or men. The spirit, then, through their natural organs, perceives what they perceive, and that such kind of communication between two persons is a mere fact, is known to all who have paid any due attention to mesmerism and its results.

In certain mesmeric cases, a person thrown into the peculiar sleep, shall taste the eatable or the drinkable which is being partaken of by one with whom the sleeper is in *rapport*, he shall hear the voice of that one, but not the voice of others, and so on.

In the fine effect then, which Shakespeare has here produced and which has called forth such praises from Mr. Knight, the poet still does not

O'erstep the modesty of nature.

Shakespeare knew better than ever to aim at any effect, by untrue, and therefore unartist-like means.

MACBETH.—DR. JOHNSON.

The following remarks by Dr. Johnson upon Macbeth, will serve as we imagine, to display some of the weaknesses of the usual Shakespearian criticism. They are quoted also as affording us a starting-point for the further unfolding of a different criticism, while the reader will have the advantage of seeing both sides of the question placed before him in the very words of each pleader. Thus then has written the worthy doctor:

In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censors, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience. . . . Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true, nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience, thought awful and affecting.—See Dr. Johnson's "Introductory Remarks upon *Macbeth*."

Now there is certainly something very strange in such remarks as the preceding, to those who cannot admit that a great work of art can possibly stand upon an untrue and merely childish foundation: to them there is a somewhat altogether displeasing in the idea that Shakespeare should need to have excuses made for writing *Macbeth*, and they wish to learn whence it is that the work still stands its ground if such criticisms be well founded. There is, or there is not, a supernatural world, and no one would have affirmed such a world more strongly than Dr. Johnson; then arises the question whether it can, *in any age*, be wrong for the artist to make use of that supernatural world to the best of his skill. If it is skilfully made use of, we find that such works still give delight, in spite of the sceptical philosophy, which, as it has no hold upon the heart, can never very powerfully affect us where the fine arts are in question; or if that philosophy does affect us, it is by diminishing the pleasure which those arts are calculated to give. Shakespeare, however, was both a heart and a head-philosopher, and perfectly well knew that all *real beliefs* had a *root*, and belonged to human nature. Consequently, when constructing a poem upon such themes as witchcraft or enchantment, Shakespeare would examine *the root* of those ideas, and he would know that by so doing, and only by so doing, could he produce a work which time could not injure. The Witches in *Macbeth* are not incredible, except in those who deny, or, when they are criticising, forget a spiritual world. Shakespeare has treated the Witches as spirits as may be evident from the fact that they suddenly vanish, their appearance being only to the spiritual eyes of those who saw them. The same point is involved as that which has already been touched upon in speaking of the ghost scenes in *Hamlet*.

Dr. Johnson alludes to the ridicule which he conceives to be attached by a modern to the scenes of enchantment; but ridicule is, in itself, no test of truth. We must first know who and what

the ridiculer is; for there is nothing, however good, which is not ridiculed by somebody. The incantations of those evil spirits, the Witches, and the ingredients of their cauldron, are not necessarily ridiculous to those who believe in an inner spiritual world, and who also believe that every form in nature is deeply significant of, and likewise comes from, that spiritual world. Had those evil spirits, when at their wicked work, used ingredients expressive of what is good and heavenly—such as precious stones, beautiful flowers, and the like—that would have been really ridiculous, and every one, whether a sceptic or not, would have been displeased with the inconsistency. As it is, there exists, in fact, a “dreadful harmony” in all that takes place, which harmony, however, must be more especially sought for in Shakespeare’s poem; for he is not to be held as responsible for any stage misconceptions in the matter, those very stage misconceptions themselves clearly having their origin in scepticism. It might make a very great difference indeed as to the whole stage treatment of the Witches, if the question were duly raised whether they should be considered merely as strange-looking old women only to be personated by the comic actors, or as evil spirits, inhabitants of the inner, hellish world, who, with a terrible earnest, are laying out their wicked snares, their “riddles and affairs of death.”

LIFE'S LESSON.

LIFE is full of sad surprises,
 Cares, and griefs, and sudden tears;
 Vain the foolish, false surmises
 Of the fruitful happy years.

Friends prove false, and love grows cold;
 Sorrow still the heart bereaves;
 Youth's high hopes, like fairy gold,
 Turn, alas! to worthless leaves.

Mother, sister, wife, and friend,
 Darling of our heart and home,
 All are taken: at the end
 Of life we stand alone—alone!

Only God, and heaven, and angels—
Only these are left, I trow;
 Only these, and God's evangels—
 Faith and love, are left us now!

O foolish heart! thy murmurs cease,
 More than all He takes away,
 God gives us back with large increase,
 O trust, and wait the Perfect Day!

T. S.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE HISTORY OF THE MAID OF KENT.

THE article in the March number of the *Spiritual Magazine* for the present year upon the Holy Maid of Kent, especially when taken in connection with certain remarks upon Julian the Apostate, contained in another article in the same magazine, have suggested to the mind of the writer an idea now laid before the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, hoping that further elaboration of the hypothesis may thereby be obtained.

The passage relating to Julian bears so noticeably upon the idea about to be suggested, that with the reader's permission it is here quoted in full:—

We must not indeed shrink from the admission that intercourse with the invisible world has been the origin of all superstitions and all erroneous theologies, that to it even may be due their persistence for a while after they cease to harmonize with the general spirit of the society over which they once held dominion. The most striking example of the latter species of influence is to be found in the fact, of which the evidence is ample, that such was the source of that imperial zeal which in the fourth century ran counter to Christianity, and sought so ardently the restoration of the ancient creed. History represents one of the ablest of the Cæsars, whose mind, of a cast at once statesmanlike and philosophic, had been trained by Christian preceptors under a prelate's eye, as having been ensnared by crafty pretenders to superhuman science, and through their arts, inspired with devotion to Paganism, which filled his soul; but to the reader familiar with spiritual phenomena it is evident, even from the sneering narrative of Gibbon, that the apostasy of Julian, and his intense faith, *was in truth due to communication with the invisible world; spirits of departed Pagans still clinging to their earthly creed, seem to have impressed him powerfully, visiting him, and conversing with him in the forms of the Olympian gods; we may learn, says Gibbon, "from his faithful friend, the orator Libanus, that he lived in a perpetual intercourse with the gods and goddesses, that they descended upon earth to enjoy the conversation of their favourite hero, that they gently interrupted his slumbers by touching his hand or his hair, that they warned him of every impending danger, and conducted him by their infallible wisdom in every action of his life."*

The idea which I would suggest is this, whether, both in the case of the Holy Maid of Kent, and in Julian, we have not before us striking instances of the operation of a fixed law of the Divine economy, ever to be observed at work, when any religion or creed is about to die; and whether, if we search carefully, these instances may not in our hands become a clue, whereby we may trace out the influence of the disembodied spirits upon the lives and actions of men, operating with a sway mighty as that of the wind upon the waves.

Spirits, we have long since discovered—not alone through the teaching of Swedenborg, but also through the individual experience of modern phenomena—continue in the world of spirits to hold the same opinions as those held by them before their departure. At all events, in the majority of instances, this

seems to be the case—especially if these spirits belong to a conservative order of mind—and, ordinarily, the spirits continue unchanged in their opinions for an incalculably long period after casting off the flesh.

Thus it is easy to imagine with what intense anxiety the spirits not yet advanced out of the sphere of their earthly affections and creeds, must watch the rise and progress of new and, to them, necessarily antagonistic and dangerous beliefs. This intensity of their feeling—especially if their relatives and descendants should be amongst the earthly combatants—must necessarily draw them irresistibly earthward, and cause them in all great periods of transition from one phase of religious truth to another, to mingle, to an extent almost incredible to us, in the struggles of opinion waging amongst men. Sympathy would attract like to like; and the desire of the spirits being—as in both cases referred to—the demonstration of the verity of the old faith, through signs and wonders, which not even their opponents in the flesh should dare to gainsay, they would seek out carefully amongst the human beings open to their influence, through similarity of belief, for those organisms most suitable for the manifestation of their presence, and develope them as their “mediums.” In many cases the very exaltation produced by religious enquiry, and by the excitement of the universal mental crisis, would in itself prepare the “medium” for the use of the spirits, and bring him into *rapport* with them. The whole life and educational training of Julian appear singularly to have fitted him to receive spiritual communications; add to which, if we are to receive the testimony of Gregory of Nazianzen, we discover in his boyhood traces of physical mediumship.

“When Julian and his brother Gallus were induced to undertake the labour of erecting a chapel over the tomb of the martyr Mammæ, the work went on rapidly under the hands of Gallus, but the stones which Julian laid were constantly overthrown as by some invisible agency. Gregory of Nazianzen says that he had this fact from eye witnesses; and he seems to regard it as a prophetic miracle.”—*Progress of the Religious Ideas*, by Mrs. Child.

Still more striking was the attempt to which these Pagan spirits excited Julian, namely, to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem to disprove the prophecy of Christ. This is recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus, an officer in Julian’s army, whom Gibbon praises as a most reliable historian. Julian invited the Jews from all parts to rebuild the temple, but every attempt failed, for fires burst out of the foundations and repeatedly drove away the workmen. Crosses and stars of fire covered the clothes of the work-people, as if to shew that it was the Cross defeating Paganism.

When through such marked “mediums,” therefore, as the

Maid of Kent, and especially through such as Julian, emperor and philosopher, the whole strength of the invisible battery of spirit is directed against the foe, no wonder if the advancing army of the new truth suddenly stagger, and even for a time suffer a defeat. In the celebrated picture painted by Kaulbach of the "Battle of the Huns," where the spirits of the slain, in vast swarms, Huns and Romans, crowding onward from the distant heavens, are seen, according to the ancient legend, to descend upon the bodies of the slain and re-enter them, only, however, to raise up the corpses once more to an unending conflict in the skies, we behold a great philosophic truth, and a truth kindred to the one now under consideration. Nevertheless there is this great difference. It is not into corpses, but into the souls and bodies of living humanity that our spirits descend, and there re-commence the undying conflicts of old and new phases of faith.

Could we, however, raised into an angelic beatified condition, and firmly planted upon the "Rock of Ages," watch surging beneath us these waves of mind, the question suggests itself whether we should not only recognize a vast and awful harmony in the operation of the laws affecting the combatants, but even recognize this conflict as vitally needful for the evolvement of the entireness of truth? Should we not behold God the Spirit, and Union of all spirits making use of His spiritual hosts, and of each spirit in its separate order of development, to do His behest, and to carry on in its degree the work of human—and doubtless also of its own spiritual progress—even whilst apparently seeming simply to itself, to obey the law of sympathetic attraction implanted within its own small individuality?

Should we not, in the ever-recurring instinct of the new truth, to ignore and even to destroy the old, and, in the instinct of the old truth, to ignore and destroy the new, learn to recognize these two antagonistic, struggling, yet eternally linked together, vitalities, as emanations from the heart of Deity, as the never-pausing, ever equally returning throbs of the sublime, all-loving, mysteriously-veiled Heart of the Universe, throbs which, in the ears of angels, for ever chime through the upward circling ages, in sweetest married-tones of harmony, "Law and Liberty, Conservatism and Liberalism, 'Night antagonizing Day, and Day antagonizing Night?'"

Should we not, in these recurrent convulsions around the couch of each moribund religion, around the cradle of each infant truth, born, not unfrequently, of the dying religion, learn to recognize the operative forces of the Alpha and Omega of all time?

I will conclude with an extract from a French work, giving an instance from our own times, of the return of spirits t

attempt the preservation of their own old Pagan faith, in opposition to the spread of Christianity.

In No. 216 of a French Roman Catholic work, entitled *La Propagation de la Foi* (September 1864), we meet with the following singular account of spiritual phenomena on a mighty scale, which, it appears, preceded the recent revolution in Madagascar. The details of this revolution will be fresh in our readers' minds, together with the endeavours of Radama to introduce Christian usages amongst his subjects.*

"Before relating the tragical end of Radama II.," observes a writer in *La Propagation de la Foi*, "it is needful to recall another fact which has scarcely made a greater noise than the former, and which has had two hundred thousand persons as witnesses;" it may, indeed, be regarded as the prelude or *avant-courier* of the attack made upon the unfortunate prince. This fact is the Ramanenjana—

But what is the Ramanenjana? you ask.

This word, expressive of *tension*, designates a singular malady which shewed itself first in the south of France. There was knowledge of it at Tananarive already a month previously. At first a vague rumour circulated amongst the people regarding it. It was said that vast troops of men and women attacked by a mysterious affection were going up towards the capital from the south in order to speak to the king on the part of his defunct mother. It was said that these troops progressed by short day's journeys, camping each evening in the villages, and increasing in numbers by the recruits made upon the way.

No one, however, imagined that the Ramanenjana was near to the city, when suddenly it made its appearance there a few days before Palm Sunday.

Here is what has been written to us on this subject:—

"At the moment when we still believed Ramanenjana, or *Ramina bè*, as it is called, was far from us, it has burst forth amongst us like a bomb-shell. We hear everywhere in the city, of convulsions and *convulsionnaires*. Their number is calculated to be ten thousand. They are encamped at the present time at Machamasina, a *champ de mars* situated at the foot of the capital. The uproar made is so great that we are prevented from sleeping; you may imagine that the noise must be great, when from the distance of a league it reaches us and troubles our repose.

"On Shrove Tuesday a grand review was to be held at Soanerana. When the drums beat the '*rappel*,' more than a thousand soldiers quitted the ranks and commenced dancing the Ramanenjana. It was to no purpose that the officers shouted, stormed, menaced; the review could not take place.

"This malady acts especially upon the nerves, and exercises there such '*pression*,' that it soon causes convulsions and hallucination, which it is difficult to account for simply from a scientific point of view.

"Those who are attacked at first suffer from violent pains in the head, in the nape of the neck, and then in the stomach. At the end of a little time convulsions commence. It is at this point that the patients begin to speak with the dead; they see the Queen Ranavalana, Radama the First, Andrian, Ampoinémérnia, and other spirits of the departed, who speak to them and give them various commissions.

"The Ramanenjana appears to be especially deputed by old Ranavalana to signify to Radama that he must return to the old state of things, that he must cease prayer to cease, must send away the whites, must forbid the presence of swine within the holy city; otherwise great misfortunes would menace him, and she would renounce him as her son.

* The old Queen Ranavalana died in 1861, and her son Rakoto mounted the throne under the title of Radama II. The king sent an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, and the Queen replied by an autograph letter. Various presents accompanied this letter from the Queen of England; amongst them was a quarto family Bible, also a coronation robe for the queen. The coronation took place on September 1862, and on the 12th of May Radama II. was put to death in a general insurrection, being strangled by one of the fanatic *convulsionnaires*.

"Another effect of these hallucinations is, that the greater portion of the persons subjected to their influences imagine themselves to be carrying burdens after the dead; this one believes that he is bearing a packet of soap, another a copper, another a mattress, another firearms, another keys, services of plate, &c.

"These ghosts must travel at a speed truly infernal, since the unfortunates who follow have the greatest difficulty to keep up with them, although they always run at full speed. No sooner do they receive the commission from the ghostly world than they begin to stamp with their feet, to cry aloud, to beseech for mercy, moving their hands and arms, shaking the ends of the 'lamba' or piece of cloth which crosses their bodies. Then they dart forward, shouting, dancing, leaping, and agitating themselves convulsively. Their most ordinary cry is 'Ekala!' and another, 'Isahay maikia!'—'We are in haste!' Generally a great crowd accompanies them, singing, clapping their hands, and beating a drum. This is, they say, in order to increase their excitement, and hasten their crisis.

"Although this malady especially attacks slaves, it, nevertheless, spares no rank. Thus a son of Radama and of Marie, his concubine, was seen suddenly to become a prey to these hallucinations of the Ramanenjana, and he commenced shouting, dancing, running like the rest. At the first moment of alarm the king himself set off in pursuit of his son; but in his precipitate career, having slightly wounded his leg, a horse was ordered to be kept saddled and bridled for him in case of future need.

"The course pursued by these possessed crowds is never very decided. Once, propelled by I know not what irresistible force, they spread themselves over the country, now on one side, now on another. Before the holy week they hastened to the tombs, where they danced and offered a piece of money.

"But on Palm Sunday a new fashion seized them, and this was to go into the lower part of the town and cut a sugar cane; this they brought back in triumph upon their shoulders and placed upon the stone sacred to Mahamasin in honour of Ranavalona. There they danced and agitated themselves with all their usual convulsions. After this they removed the cane and the piece of money, and returned from the stone, leaping and dancing as they had gone thither.

"One of the possessed carried a bottle filled with water upon his head, to drink from and sprinkle himself from by the way; and it is surprising to relate that, spite of his movements and convulsive evolutions, the bottle remained in equilibrium, you would have said that it must have been nailed and sealed to his skull.

"We have just learned that a new fancy has seized them, which is that they require every one to pull off their hats when they see the dancers pass by.

"Woe to all who refuse to obey this injunction, howsoever absurd it may be. Already more than one struggle has resulted, which poor Radama had hoped to avert by imposing a fine of 150 francs upon the refractory. In order not to infringe this new royal command, the greater number of the white population have determined to go out bareheaded. One of our fathers found himself exposed to a still more grave attack; this was nothing less than making him pull off his cascock. The Ramanenjana pretended that the colour of black blinds them. Fortunately the father escaped and re-entered his house without being obliged to appear in his shirt.

"The attacks of these *convulsionnaires* are not continuous. Various of them having made their grimaces before the sacred stone—it is upon this stone that the heir to the throne is mounted and presented to the people,—threw themselves into the water, then returned tranquilly to repose themselves till attacked by a new crisis. Others at times fall exhausted upon the roads and public places, there sleep and wake up cured. Some, however, remain ill several days before they are entirely freed from the disease. With others the evil is more tenacious and will last nearly a fortnight.

"During the attack, the patients recognise no one. They do not willingly reply to questions addressed to them. After the attack, if anything is remembered, it is vaguely and as an occurrence in a dream.

"One somewhat remarkable circumstance is that in the midst of their

evolutions the hands and feet of the patients remain cold as ice, whilst the rest of their body is bathed in perspiration, and their heads are as if boiling."

A. M. H. W.

In New Zealand, during the late war, a similar pagan outbreak has taken place. Men, evidently under the influence of the spirits of their departed priests, proclaiming war on the Christianity taught them by the missionaries, and reviving all their old Heathenism. Others, again, have said that the angels of the white men have come to them, with counter arguments and endeavours, so that there has been a furious war of spirits as well as of men.

Wild and infernal as is the spiritual outbreak just narrated, still, is it not in accordance with that Divine law which

"From seeming evil still educes good?"

FORESEEING SPIRIT DRAWING.

In the year 1859 I was attending school about seventy miles from home. One evening a room-mate suggested as a pastime that we should try which of us could draw the best profile of a lady. I assented, and we commenced. I am no artist—never was, and never pretended to be one; but now it seemed as though I could portray anything, any one, or whatever I pleased. My friend soon finished his drawing, and spoke to me (as he afterwards informed me), but I made no reply, and seemed intent upon my work. He could not make me raise my eyes, move a muscle, or divert my attention in any way; so, thinking that I was simply "contrary;" he left the room, and was away about three hours. When he returned, he said I was sitting in the same position as when he left me, but I was not drawing. I had finished my picture, my eyes were closed, and my face very pale. As for me, I remember having drawn the outline of my profile, and then all seems a blank. The next thing I can recollect was being lifted off my bed, two days after the occurrence just stated, to have my bed made. I was not able to go out of the house for sixteen days after that.

The portrait which I had drawn was considered by good judges a fine one, and, although drawn upon unsuitable paper, and with a single pencil, had every feature and expression as plainly and clearly delineated as any pencil drawing I ever saw. It resembled no one I had ever seen at the time, but it seemed to me as if I should some day see, love, and marry the original of my strange drawing.

During the remainder of my stay at school I looked for her in every concourse of people, but in vain! On returning home I was requested to show my "sleepy drawing" which I had written so much about. The first one who saw it exclaimed, "Why this is Miss —, our new neighbour!" (One of our neighbours, during my absence, had "sold out," and a man and his family from the East had taken possession.) Finally, all acknowledged that it was an exact likeness of the new-comer's daughter. The next day they (the neighbours) were invited to spend an evening at our house. They came—when behold! there was the very face I had been searching for, and the exact original of my drawing! She is now my wife. We loved each other "at first sight;" neither of us had ever loved before, and a happier couple are not often found. The profile is hanging in our parlour in a gilt frame, and is the subject of scrutiny for every visitor, and a wonder to all; but few know its true history.—K. N.—*American Phrenological Journal*.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

CONSIDERED MORE ESPECIALLY IN REFERENCE TO THE
QUESTION—IS SPIRITUALISM A NEW RELIGION?

By THOMAS BREVIER.

III.

THE view of religion that has been presented is neither novel nor arbitrary; it is not simply the view of an individual or of a sect, but the common, fundamental basis, ground, and aim of all religion, whatever the differences may be in the additions made thereto, or in collateral issues, or in the means adapted as most conducive to the common end. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness;" were the exclamations of the pious Hebrew Psalmist three thousand years since. And in a similar spirit a devout freethinker of to-day, who has essayed to trace what he calls *The Natural History of the Soul*, writes:—"The soul, weak and wandering, like a storm-driven bird, learns to nestle in the bosom of the Infinite One, seeking peace or strength, until at length love towards Him is born within it; then out of love springs insight—insight of his prior and greater love to it—whence the opening of a purifying, strengthening, and happy intercourse of the secret heart with Him. . . . It wants holiness and goodness like His own, that, being perfectly like Him, it may be indissolubly united to Him."* Even the doctrine—so widely prevalent in the East—that the highest blessedness for man is in the absorption of the individual into the universal soul, is but the blind yearning of the secret soul for God—the dim, confused reading of the truth that Christianity has set forth in such luminous characters—that man's supreme good consists in being infilled with the Spirit of God in the ever-deepening receptivity and unfoldment of his faculties in their conformity to the Divine order. Hence his capacity of indefinite progress and spiritual growth

"For ever nearer to the life Divine."

"The subjects with which religion has to do, are God and man considered in the relation in which they stand to each other. It, consequently, includes all the philosophical questions which can

* *The Soul, Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations.* (Chap. IV.) By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

throw light upon that relation."* It is thus both speculative and practical. The former deals only with the external, the superficial, and the doubtful or unknown; it belongs to the searching, curious intellect: the latter, in its deep and true sense, is the inmost soul and very life of religion, and is of paramount and universal obligation. It is distinctively concerned with the psychical and spiritual nature and all-pertaining and conducive to the highest life, progress, welfare, and destiny of this—the essential and immortal man. He is ever growing either more godlike or more brute-like and fiend-like: this conflict between good and evil within him is the Holy War that is ever waging, and the victory is won or lost, as he welcomes the armies of Immanuel, or as the hosts of Diabolus find lodgment and harbour in the citadel of the soul.

This fundamental principle—that religion has its root and ground in the soul; that its concern is with the spiritual nature, or with other things only as subordinate and related thereto—is the key to open the door of reconciliation of opposite and, apparently, conflicting statements; so that while holding to the series of negations in my first chapter, we may yet confidently and with equal truth maintain, without inconsistency, a series of counter affirmations—their verbal opposite. Thus, while asserting that ritualism—that, for instance, baptism, or immersion in water, *per se*, has in it nothing directly of the nature of religion, affecting only the body (or the spirit only so far as it may be reacted on through the body as its instrument), yet when it truly symbolises and is consciously used to signify the purification of the spirit—the cleansing it from all that may defile—the baptism of the soul in the sacred Jordan that shall make it fit for companionship with the spirits of the just, when it is a sign of membership in a spiritual and divine kingdom, it becomes an ordinance of religion, and one of great significance and force.†

So, too, the partaking in common of bread and wine in itself is but a means of bodily refreshment, and has in it no more religion than an ordinary luncheon; but as a memorial observance—an act of loving obedience of disciples to their common Lord; as representing that Divine bread and wine of truth and

* *Penny Cyclopædia*: Article, "Religion."—I quote from this, in preference to any professedly theological work; as, being intended for the general reader, it is presumably free from special bias, and may be taken as a faithful reflection of the commonly accepted view, which it has been my aim to set forth freed from all questions of controversy.

* "External ceremonies are nothing more than signs of internal worship, which comprises all that is essential. These ceremonies are intended to impress ignorant man through the senses, and to nourish love in the recesses of the heart."—*Fenelon*.

love which came down from heaven to nourish the spiritual life; as the pledge of a common fellowship, of brotherhood, and equality before God, whatever the differing circumstances of temporal condition, it becomes a sacrament of religion—a proclamation of the intrinsic and surpassing worth of the spiritual over the merely animal nature.

So with bodily attitude and posture in worship. Kneeling, for instance, may be a formal, unmeaning act, as destitute of all special religious character as the act of riding in a railway carriage; but, if it proceeds from a corresponding spiritual act,—if the soul be on its knees,—if it be a true expression of its reverence, humility, and self-abasement before God for its conscious transgressions of the Divine law,—then it is a most fitting and religious act. So belief, as the mere outcome of an intellectual process, has little or nothing to do with religion—the spiritual life and growth in Divine things: the most profound theologian may be farther from God and godliness than the illiterate peasant, or those little children of whom Christ pronounced that of such were the kingdom of heaven. But belief may be—thank God it often is—much more than this. It is grounded in the moral nature—a necessary outgrowth from character; it is not mere speculation, but the insight derived from sympathy and from keeping the avenues of the soul open to the source of all truth; so verifying the Scripture that he that *doeth* the will of God shall know of the truth, whether it be of God. Every good seeks its corresponding truth, till they marry and become one. When belief thus becomes more and other than a mere notion or opinion,—not a mere product of the grinding of the intellectual mill, but a principle grounded in the spiritual nature, known and felt as truth, and working in harmony with all the higher movements of the mind and will, and the conduct of the life, it, too, is operative in the work of religion, blending naturally with reverence and trust, and becomes transmuted into Faith.

And thus with all things: in so far as they are merely temporal and physical, unconnected with the spiritual life, the element of religion is wanting; while all that relates to the soul and spirit of man, and aids his progress in the Divine life rightly appertains to it.

To speak of a *new* religion (save in a very qualified sense as implying only new methods or adaptations for the cultivation and expression of religious life) indicates a want of clear understanding, or an imperfect appreciation, of its true character. There may be new systems of theology—fresh bundles of opinion, speculation and modes of thought concerning God and things metaphysical; there is not, nor can be, a new religion, any more

than there can be a new geometry. There may be new *forms* of religion, as there may be new modes of constructing a mathematical demonstration; the nature of God, with which it is the object of religion to bring our human nature into perfect harmony, is no more subject to mutation than the properties of lines and circles. Religion is something to be experienced and lived; it is not now to be discovered or invented. The principle of religion is perfect, as God is perfect, but our realizations of it are most imperfect. Our "systems" are but the concrete forms in which it externalizes and seeks to express itself. They may well or ill perform their office; too often they become degraded and corrupt. In passing into the human soul, still more in passing into systems and churches, religion becomes narrowed and alloyed with the limitations and evils of our imperfect humanity; it is not the Divine but the human element that is at fault, mingling with, resisting, counteracting, and perverting it. When, to us, God is not the All-good, the All-righteous One, our type of human excellence also and of necessity falls into a lower and inferior mould; and so, too, as our lives become corrupt our spiritual sight is blinded. Only the pure in heart see God: the impure see but the magnified images of themselves—

Gods partial, vengeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes are hate, revenge, and lust.

But as the scales fall from the blinded eyes, as conscience is awakened from her deep lethargy, and the sanctities of life are reinstated, these earth-gods fall from their place of reverence, and the true God and Father reveals himself in the living temple, and Religion, like Hope,

Springs immortal in the breast.

Considerable vagueness and misapprehension sometimes arise from employing the term Spiritualism in different senses. Besides its scientific side, which we have not now to consider; on its moral side it is used to denote simply the belief in, or actual intercourse with, spiritual beings; in which sense it is a common term, including all varieties of faith and practice, from those of the Yezid, or Devil-worshipper, to the rational worship and devout communion with God, as a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and an enlightened, grateful recognition of spiritual ministry by His permission and appointment. Or, again, it is used as signifying the development and growth in true spiritual life—the indwelling Christ, or God in us, as it is variously expressed by different bodies in the Christian Church. But when Spiritualism is spoken of as a new religion, it is evident that it cannot be, and is not intended to be, understood

in either of these senses, but in the more restricted sense of the views based on *Modern Spiritualism*, or the series of phenomena of spirit-manifestation and intercourse which began in America about eighteen years since, and now extend over the length and breadth of both continents.

This enables us to bring the question to a plain, definite issue, for it becomes one not of speculation but of fact. If Modern Spiritualism dates from 1847, and constitutes a new religion, *wherein* is it new? What is there in religion since 1847 that there was not in it in 1846? Point out the *differentia*. The immortality of the soul; the existence of a spirit-world; the manifestations and ministry of spirits, and communion with them; the assurance that Divine mercy and spiritual progression are not limited to the natural world and the present life; that the future retribution is not arbitrary, penal, and vindictive, but the inevitable consequence of the acts here done and the character here formed—these are all ideas of the old world and of the old faith. Some of these articles may be controverted by particular bodies, but for the most part they are universally accepted. If there be anything else to urge as evidence that Spiritualism is a new religion, I should be glad to be informed of it; I have sought for it with some diligence but no success.

One point adverted to is much dwelt on; and though I cannot trace its logical connection with the proposition under review, it yet, on other grounds, deserves a somewhat extended consideration. It is held that the better knowledge of spirit-life and the grounds of religious duty and moral obligation presented by Modern Spiritualism justify the claim put forward in its behalf to be considered a new religion. Our place and state, our condition and surroundings in the spirit-world are determined by a law of moral gravitation—the attraction of spiritual affinity. In their intercourse with us spirits reveal, though it may be unconsciously, their several qualities and states: not alone the good, the loving, the true come to us, bright and joyful, inspiring us with joy and hope; but the cruel, the worldling, the profligate, the miser, the suicide also at times manifest themselves in their low and dark conditions, as the consequence of their past lives: their remorse and anguish, and still more their impenitence and their confirmed love of evil are terrible, and impress the mind by the exhibition of the reality as no mere preaching, however eloquent, can do. All this I fully admit and insist on. It is, indeed, not new that a man's works shall certainly follow him,—that as he soweth so shall he reap,—that his sins will surely find him out. Bishop Butler, in the last century, took this continuance of the consequences of our actions into the future life as the basis of his

famous work—*The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*; and most of us may have read it also in our New Testaments. It is a truth of great moment, whether it be new or old; but its sufficiency as a motive power and its true place in religion is the matter immediately before us, and which I now proceed to consider.

Theologians and philosophers alike have been and are divided as to whether acts derive their chief value from their motive or their consequences. Those Spiritualists who adopt the theory I am controverting accept the latter view; I altogether dissent from it as a lower ground, and as debilitating to the moral powers; and hold that the results which it is supposed to favour, and which are expected from it, are unsustained by experience. On some occasions, and in small matters, a conviction and dread of consequences in the hereafter may act as a sedative and restraint; and in quiet times, when the current of life flows smoothly, or with weak and gentle natures, it may suffice for decorous behaviour and decent habits; but at the first strong gust of feeling it is too often swept away like thistle-down by the breeze; it is utterly powerless before the pent-up force of the strong, resolute will; and is burnt up like chaff in the consuming fires of passion. And what if it make a man prudent? Prudence is a desirable and useful minor virtue, but it is not religion, even at its best; and is a sorry substitute for its "pure serene ever-burning flame, pervading all our nature, animating all our acts, consuming our evil principles, and kindling us to everything good, great, and useful." It cannot even wrestle successfully with flesh and blood, or

Wake the better soul that slumbers;

how then can it withstand the fiery darts of its spiritual foes, the fierce assaults of temptation, or maintain the conflict when the enemy is already within the gates? Nay, even such poor strength as it has is drawn from supplies nearer home—from considerations that seem less remote—riches, honour, power, and fame; these things, and such as these, with most men are more potent than the dread of consequences in another world, however strong their intellectual conviction of these may be. And were it otherwise, how must it degrade the ministry of religion to employ it in offices like these! To inspire men with dread—to supplement the jail and the gallows—this, indeed, were hangman's work for religion; and scarce less degrading were it to religion to employ her to coax men (as children are coaxed with sugar-plums) by the promise that if they will but be good they shall certainly hereafter be made very comfortable and be well paid for it.

It is a terrible and mischievous burlesque of religion that would thus make it the minister to human selfishness, provided only that it be a little more subtle, enlightened, and far-sighted than ordinary, and coated with a thin varnish of sentiment.

The aim of religion is not to cultivate selfishness of any kind,—not to disguise it under fine names and fair pretences; but to deliver men from selfishness of every sort and degree, here and everywhere, now and at all times, in time and in eternity. Especially is this so of the religion of Christ. The religion of Paganism, as interpreted by the poets and in the heroes of classical antiquity, was characterized by vaunting self-assertion, self-seeking, self-glorification. That which Christ taught and illustrated in his life and by his acts, is the religion of ministry and service, of humility, self-denial—the most complete self-renunciation and sacrifice;—the reconciliation of the sinful soul to God by awakened contrite love, leading it to absolute surrender in all things to the Divine will. Not till this temper of heart is born in us is there even the beginning of religion. He that would be greatest must be the servant of all. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it. Such are the Divine paradoxes of Christian verity.

To place the moral value of acts, not in their source, but in their results, is to make it dependent, not on character, but on the accident of position. If this were so, the single act of a statesman, who, by a stroke of the pen, affects the destinies of a nation, were, in the sight of God, of far greater worth than the whole lives of thousands of obscure, toiling, suffering men and women, who, in the small circle of daily duties, battle with sore temptation, and perform blessed acts of kindness and charity, known only by God and a few fellow-creatures moving in paths humble as their own; and Christ shewed an untutored and defective judgment in preferring the poor widow who cast but two mites into the treasury (though it was all she had) over the rich men who, out of their abundance, cast in much.

And what noble, heroic, devoted enterprise ever sprang, or ever can spring, from the calculations of a selfish prudence? Was it this which prompted Jeanne d' Arc, or Savonarola, or Luther, or Garibaldi to their great achievements? Was it personal regards, present or future, or a holy enthusiasm—a sublime sense of duty to be performed regardless of consequences, which made the early Christians rise superior to fear, and led them, rather than renounce Christ and worship idols, to brave the persecutions of pagan Rome; and impelled even timid and tender women rather to dare the raging lion or the raging flame? And as they thus laid the first secure foundations of liberty of conscience, has not

also its superstructure been built up by those in later ages of temper like to theirs? Was it the thought of self and the devil, or the love of God and His truth, which impelled the Albigenes, the Vaudois, the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Huguenots, to battle to the death for liberty and the pure Gospel, as they understood it, and the rights of conscience? Was it not because they loved and revered something higher, holier than self—because they had trust in God, and to do His will was their very life, that, despite what may be intellectual errors in their creeds, they did so much for their own times and for posterity? Not until some unselfish love is enkindled—some secret spring of disinterested affection in the heart is touched, can the waters of spiritual life, the true divinely human life, flow freely over the arid deserts of the selfish, unsympathetic nature, as the water from the rock when touched by the prophet's rod.

While, then, I fully recognize that the life that now is in a great measure shapes the life that is to be and to endure, and that with us, to a corresponding extent, lies, therefore, the responsibility of our future lot, I yet demur to the fitness and sufficiency of this consideration as an operative power on the human soul to induct it into the religious life, or to sustain it in the sharp crises of temptation, or to win it to any work of magnanimity and generous devotion. I demur to the view that on this ground, or on any ground yet assigned, or, as far as I know, assignable, Spiritualism is a new religion; or that it can fairly sustain the claim to be a religion at all.

Do I, then, mean to affirm that Spiritualism has no bearing on religion, or none of any significance and value? That is as far from my thought as the other extreme; and I hope to point out briefly some of these bearings in my next and concluding chapter.

MR. ADDISON'S REVELATIONS OF HIS MEDIUM TRICKS, THROUGH THE "MORNING STAR."

THE *Morning Star* of the 16th April contains a long account [not we should think by Mr. James Greenwood, who is the gentleman who acquired such deserved fame by his visit as a casual to the Lambeth Workhouse, but more probably by Mr. Edmund Yates] of his introduction and visit to Mr. Addison, the friend of Mr. Sothorn, and who is familiar to our readers as the medium *malgré lui*. Mr. Addison acquired this description in consequence of his personal denial as a gentleman, that his tricks were performed by the aid of mechanical contrivances,

or by confederates, and yet he said that he could get out of a box or a coffin screwed down, or make himself invisible. It was retorted, "you must be a medium then, if you can do these things," since which he has called himself the medium *malgré lui*. Mr. Coleman, who has frequently referred to Mr. Addison's performances, has several times put the issue in a very understandable way, by saying to Mr. Addison, "Either you have stated falsely when you assured your visitors that you had no mechanical aids for them to discover, and no confederates, or you must be a medium."

The revelations made by Mr. Addison of his whole method of procedure, to Mr. E. Yates, or whomever is the writer, and through the latter to the *Evening Star*, in which they occupy three columns, are a full and entire justification to Mr. Coleman in all that he has said of Mr. Addison, and although the writer gives as the heading of his article "the tricks of the mediums—a key to the art," his whole statement is one which conclusively proves to any impartial observer, that the Davenport and other manifestations could not possibly be accounted for by any of the modes, clever though they are, of Mr. Addison. It becomes a strangely curious phenomenon how, from the facts which he narrates, a contrary idea could have appeared possible to any man of high intelligence and honesty. The Davenport and other manifestations have been constantly produced in other persons' houses, and under circumstances which precluded the possibility of false bottoms to cabinets, duplicate ropes, strings, and sacks, sliding sides to boxes, or of an electric battery in the kitchen with communicating wires, to be worked by a servant below, according to a telegraphic order given by touching a knob on the floor. It becomes laughable, if it were not so sad, to see a gentleman wasting his faculties, and his money, on the inventions Mr. Addison has brought together in his house, when one knows that one has only to shew that none of the real manifestations have the advantage or disadvantage of those mechanical aids, in order to upset his entire conclusion, horse, foot, and artillery. We ourselves have repeatedly seen the Davenports in friends' drawing-rooms, in which they had never been before, and where there were no false bottoms, nor duplicate ropes, nor electrical machines, nor confederates. The same we can say of Mr. Home and of other mediums whom we have seen scores of times, when no electric battery would account for what was done. For all these cases, which are the every-day experience of Spiritualists, Mr. Addison's exhibition is of no value whatever, and we cannot but express our wonder that a person of ability to write as Mr. Yates does, supposing him to be the writer, should not see that it does not touch the real phenomena, unless and until he can shew that the

real phenomena are done in the same way. Were they done in the same way, Mr. Home, or Mrs. Marshall, or the Davenports would have to send their box of tricks beforehand to each house they visit, and there make all the previous preparations.

Mr. Addison has performed a feat moreover, which no medium has ever done, of at last shewing us all his tricks. It would have been of great advantage to his honour, if he had not on previous occasions made statements at variance with what now appears to be the fact regarding them; but no spirit medium has yet disclosed, nor we venture to add, can disclose how he produces his phenomena. We feel sure that there is no other house in London except Mr. Addison's, at 45, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, which contains either a cabinet with a false bottom to it, or a box into which a man can get with a sliding side to it, or an electric battery with wires adjusted to produce the raps. If this be so, what becomes of the writer's idea, that he has obtained "a key to the art." On the contrary, he has demonstrated a discovery how the things are not done, not how they are done by mediums. And yet this silly revelation will go down well with the public, and the writer will reap the advantages of popular approval, although he has only put forward what he should have been ashamed of giving as a revelation of anything but of his and Mr. Addison's folly, in supposing that they were doing anything but wasting their time by devoting it to so trifling a purpose.

A SEANCE WITH MR. HOME.

It is a reproach frequently brought against Spiritualism, that the presence of the sceptical impedes the action of its phenomena. Leaving to those who may have the time the task of arriving at some explanation of the fact, if it be one, we proceed to narrate briefly a few events which occurred at a *séance*, on the 30th January, given by Mrs. M—ll G—y, where Mr. Home was present, and where all the circle, if we mistake not, accepted Spiritualism as a reality. One gentleman, however, while he did so, had serious doubts as to the source of the phenomena, and as to the propriety of courting these developments.

We had not been long sitting at a large table in the front drawing-room, when the usual manifestations began, which increased with such force that the whole room was literally shaken. While the table palpitated violently by the power, the words, "Take six with you into the other room," were addressed by raps to Mr. Home, and caused those who were selected by

the spirits to adjourn into the back drawing-room, where they sat down at a table, having removed the lamp and opened the window, as desired by the spirit message. One of the six happened to be a lady whose daughter had been lately taken to the spirit-land, a girl who had been known on earth as "M——," the Hindostani name for pearl. To this lady the following message was spelled out, "Mother—Symbol is under mother's hand for"—— She immediately told us that she felt something like a large bead under her hand, and when the light was brought in it was found to be an unattached pearl, which had never been bored, and that had been brought to our circle by no earthly hand. After another message respecting the future disposition of the pearl, they returned to the other room and rejoined the rest of the party. A large accordion was played with more than common skill while Mr. Home held it with one hand; once or twice we distinctly perceived that two hands were touching the keys, and "Home, sweet Home," which the young girl had formerly played upon the harp, was now played with variations upon the accordion. Answers were also given by the instrument instead of by raps.

In the midst of our conversation Mr. Home fell into a trance; this was, perhaps, the most salient feature of the *séance*, for while in this state, which must have lasted about an hour, he appeared to be influenced or possessed by the spirit friends who surrounded us, personating in manner those whom he had never seen, but who had been known by the several members of our circle. This was most remarkable in the case of one whom we will call by the name designated to her by Mr. Home, namely, that of Margaret, although she had only been known by that of Christy, as a servant in the family of one of the gentlemen present, and had been drowned forty years ago. Mr. Home went through the action of drowning, and gave such proofs of the identity of "Christy," that the son of her former master, who was the gentleman present, was fain to accept them as unmistakable. While entranced, Mr. Home also explained to us the difficulty that the spirits had experienced in bringing the pearl: it had passed through no less than three orders of spirits.

"Margaret" had not come without an object to our *séance*; as there appeared to have been a slight suspicion of foul play in the manner in which she met her end, her aim was obviously to clear the character of a fellow-servant who had since joined her in the spirit-land.

L. M. GREGORY.

LEGAL DECISION IN FAVOUR OF SPIRITUALISM.

"SPIRITUALISM has made a triumph in the failure of the attempt to persecute Dr. Fitzgibbon, at Washington, which is a full offset to the Colchester Buffalo case. Dr. Fitzgibbon was arrested for "giving exhibitions of jugglery," without a license. The case was brought up for trial, and was postponed from day to day, to give the prosecution and the Judge an opportunity to examine the manifestations. At the first trial, Mr. T. Gales Forster addressed the Court at the request of Mr. Ashby Lloyd, the counsel for the defence, and at the close Judge Waters ordered the release of the Doctor, he having witnessed the phenomena, and being fully satisfied that neither necromancy nor jugglery was practised. The case created much interest, and the Spiritualists stood up in defence of Dr. Fitzgibbon, only asking a fair investigation. The result is before the world.

A complaint was also made against the Doctor, by the U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, for not taking out a license; but after an examination by the Collector, he was released, Mr. Clepham, the Collector, deciding that the whole affair came under the head of public lectures.

Now here are two very grave and important decisions made in favour of Spiritualism; points of decision affecting the whole body politic, as well as of Spiritualists proper; decisions made by men in high authority—and yet the secular press will not this time allude to the matter. How different from the course when Mr. Colchester was convicted!"—*Banner of Light*, April 14, 1866.

We shall see if the English press, which extracted with eagerness the announcement of the conviction of Mr. Colchester, will be equally eager, or even honest enough, to notice the present case.

EXTEMPORANEOUS ADDRESSES BY
EMMA HARDINGE.

THERE is a sentence in Tacitus which Thomas Carlyle designates "the most earnest, sad, and sternly-significant passage in writing known to him." It runs thus: "So, for the quieting of this rumour (of his having set fire to Rome), Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call Christians. The originator of that name was one Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius suffered death by sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out, not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish."

"Tacitus (adds Carlyle) was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth and no deeper has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred or can occur in the annals of mankind."

Well may this passage be called sad and sternly significant. The masses of mankind may indeed be somewhat wiser in the nineteenth than they were in the first century; but yet the same uncertainty in estimating present things and men prevails more or less in all times. And what is true in general of all present things and men is more especially true of those agencies which are connected with the inner life of man, and with the first principles on which society is built. For it is just these very causal elements which history tells us are least susceptible of measurement by recognized standards of criticism—mental, moral, or æsthetic. Though such causal elements may and must, like everything else, be necessary portions of the universal order of the world, yet the very fact that they call attention to themselves, whether attended with approval or disgust, proves that there is something abnormal in their character, which renders them the outlaws of criticism, and also of that confused, worthless echo of intelligent criticism termed “public opinion.”

Closely associated with the carnal elements in active operation at present upon the mind of Christendom is, we feel perfectly sure, the volume which lies before us, consisting of the first seven addresses delivered by Miss Emma Hardinge in Harley Street, between November 6th and December 18th. Yet, probably, few of the leading critics of the day will condescend to notice it; and those who do so will be certain for the most part to pass an adverse judgment upon it. We have slowly and unwillingly learnt by painful experience how hostile is the average English mind to all new forms of truth. We fancy that scarcely any amount of purblind prejudice would any more excite our wonder. These lectures abound with novel forms, both of scientific and religious truth, and are therefore certain to arouse the strongest conservative animosity. This will be only too glad to seize upon any pretext, however paltry, for depreciating remark, and therefore we much regret that the pages of a book, in many respects invaluable, should be disfigured by some mechanical and verbal errors which a careful correction of the press should have removed. Except in the presence of these trifling blemishes, we consider the book deserving of almost unqualified praise. Its close and vigorous reasoning, the high poetical beauty and rhetorical power of many passages, and the generally healthy religious tone pervading the whole, cannot fail to render it interesting to all intelligent Spiritualists.

These Addresses are introduced by a judicious and eloquent preface from the pen of Mr. Alfred Watts, wherein he asserts that they will be found to contain a consistent and well-harmonized body of principles. It is this characteristic which

constitutes their great value ; and we believe that we shall best contribute to our readers' gratification by presenting them with a brief analysis of these principles, employing, as far as possible, Miss Hardinge's own language ; and we hope that some may thus be induced to make themselves acquainted with the fuller exposition of such valuable outlines of a spiritual philosophy. In a single article we can only do them scant justice. In considering that some of the subjects of the lectures were chosen at the time, and that they were addressed to most miscellaneous audiences, it is remarkable that they are almost entirely free from tautology, and that while they admit of systematic arrangement, they will be seen to cover a very large field of thought.

The fundamental principles of the lecturer's philosophy are those enunciated in the discourse which treats of the nature of spirit. It assumes the form of a commentary on the following sentences which Miss Hardinge is content to adopt as a species of primitive creed. "I believe in a spiritual origin for all things; I believe that the totality of all being is Infinite and Eternal; I call it in totality, 'God,' 'Creator,' 'Father;'' I believe that in every age, and amongst all people of earth, the presence and inspiration of God has been realised in the systems known as religions; I believe that matter is a proceeding from God, being the passive or negative pole of which spirit (which is in its totality God) is the active, positive and creative power. I believe in a Trinity proceeding from the Infinite, composed of spirit, which is mind—of life, which is magnetism—and of matter, which is body."

Now, finite man cannot comprehend the Infinite. But one emanation or portion of the eternal spirit he can in some measure understand, and this is himself, his own spirit. And by studying this he may become acquainted with the realm of spiritual being beyond himself. We may, for example, arrive at reliable conclusions as to the advent of spirit upon this planet, as revealed in earth's natural history.

By the experiences of the days you know, judge of the ancient age you know not of. Now you can realize that where the proud and beautiful queen cities of the West throng with busy life, were once outstretched the prairie and the silent forest, the unwitnessed bloom of flowers and ungathered wealth of fruits ; even so, in the dim past ages of this earth's creation, in the period when in the throes of time this planet first was born, God's mind, God's spirit, and God's presence was as imminent then, as though his images in human form had dotted the earth with incarnate spirits as now. You look upon the works of human hands to-day, behold great princely palaces, Gothic cathedrals, and splendid works of art: you know all these were reared up by human hands—built by the nameless dead. Who questions that human souls were the workmen's motive power? Who doubts that human minds contrived the forms? As you look upon every work of art throughout this earth, it needs not that you should know its author, or learn the age, or height, or form of him who executed it; it is in itself a token to your sense that the workman was a man, and that

man a spirit. Even such evidence as this does the machinery of the old earth present you with, of the master mind in the universe—the universal soul in matter—the mighty alchemist who, in the laboratory of ages reduplicated the image of himself in us his children, so soon as in the fulness of time, matter was sublimated from the inorganic rock to the organism of plant, and fish, and beast, and bird, and at last in creation's apex—the microcosm Man.

From the starting point of animated life, the rudest animals we see display the elements of that volition which is the highest and special attribute of spirit. I do not say that in the lower creatures we have the evidence of that completed power which in the human being we call soul, but I do say that even from the inorganic rock, which age after age elaborated and prepared, matter in higher and more various forms was given forth until it gave birth, by decomposition, chemical changes, and recombination, to the vegetable world. From the points when these two combining with atmosphere and water, heat, light, electricity, and moved on by the Creative Spirit, produced at last forms of animal life, you have successions of graduated and progressive forms, ending at last in the first manifestation of *spirit in matter*, in the rudimental shape of that instinct which enables a form of matter by locomotion to move from place to place. Humble as is this power, it still is evidence of some intelligence or will which guides those movements, and in this you have the first faint dawn of thought. Pass onward through time's cycles, and you will discover, from the poor mollusca and the humble radiata, up through the various invertebrate creatures to the vertebrate, one ascending prophecy of the coming sovereign—Man. From the fishes of the sea to amphibious creatures, from the cold-blooded reptile to the forest beast and atmospheric bird, form, matter, and will ascend higher and yet higher. Every form of life seems struggling to assume nobler proportions, until the spine (that spine, which as the continued column of the mighty brain, the centre of nerve-power and seat of mind, stands representative of nature's highest organisms) the spine no more runs laterally along the earth, but stands erect and drinks in the solar ray, in that triumphant and commanding attitude which draws the line of demarcation between the man and animal. The glorious gift of speech, too, defines the grand ascent of the sovereign ruler above the subject beast, and predicates a power of intellect, subserved by this faculty of interchanging thought, which marks the power of Godlike mind, of which speech is an attribute but thought is the substance. In the fulness of time, then, nature prepared for and received her sovereign—Man.

In him we find a compendium of all the powers of lower creatures. In the glorious gift of human reason is the assemblage of all the fragments of intellect, manifest in the varied instincts of the animal kingdom. Having traced to the triumphant progress of the ages nature elaborating God's glorious image—man; having perceived his advent on earth, preceded by prepared stages of creation, we face the startling query, What is the next and higher order of beings, and may not man himself be naught but a prophecy of some more noble creature, destined to succeed him? To this it may be answered—

That we, who have seen, and heard, and felt the presence of the resurrected soul of man, rising from out the ashes of the tomb to the glorious light of immortal youth and beauty, have in our spiritual natures discovered the next link in God's harmonious chain of being to ourselves? That such a link exists, connecting man with higher and even the highest of the intelligences of creation's prophetic nature—history, reason, and all analogies declare. Then such a link is found, and, in the ascended spirit of the dead, that link is manifest.

Another question often suggested is this—Is spirit outworked by matter as a chemical result of the atomic action, or is spirit

an original element and matter a mere temporary result of the operations of spirit as the producing cause?

To this question Miss Hardinge replies by the following suggestive illustration:—

Here I stand, and can this hand of mine uprear the roof above me? This hand is the matter that we boast of—what can it do? Nothing of itself; absolutely nothing. As an entity moved by will, or moved *alone* by will, in its feebleness, this hand is nothing but a subject of my spirit. I have two slaves whom I will summon: their names are Machinery and the Printing-press. My spirit calls these into operation, and mark the result. By labour-saving machinery I shall build me mighty palaces, vast Gothic cathedrals, splendid galleries, and enormous piles of matter; I may cover the world with a building, which Titans may inhabit, by labour-saving machinery! By this, moreover, I may stand here, the denizen of some poor and lowly cottage, but I shall send to China for my tea, to Java for my coffee, to the Islands of the Sea for my spices, to Golconda for my diamonds, to Ceylon for my pearls, to the furthest arctic shores for my furs, to the tropics for the plumage of gorgeous birds, rare plants, and delicious fruits. I shall put a girdle round the earth, and north, south, east, and west shall send me tributes of all they have: I shall not move from out my place, for my slave, Machinery, shall bring me all this riches.

But more than even this: 'tis not only that I can command the elements, and compel lightning, and fire, and earth, and air, and water to do all this for me, I can sit at my own fireside and learn how ancient men lived and dwelt, and what they did, and what they said, and what their cities were; I shall recall the most distant periods of the past; nothing shall be hid from me; the history of all living creatures for me shall be disclosed; all peoples and all nations have written their records for me, and the printing-press shall bring it to my table, till I find that man is a gigantic animal, with a memory extending back into all the ages of the past; and all this is mine, and re-produced for me at the cost again of a few poor coins, till the history of all human experiences are at my command, and become my knowledge, through my slave, the Printing-press. And this, too, is my power—"the power of atoms." My power! This hand, which cannot wield one block of the material that I have spoken of; this eye, which cannot penetrate beyond this chamber; this foot, which cannot measure above a mile of space beyond it; this feeble, fragile form, which the first summer's heat or winter's cold may destroy; this form, which a hundred years hence shall be dust and ashes, scattered to the four winds of heaven; this crumbling form, which even the painter's canvas or the sculptor's bronze and marble could not perpetuate an image of above a few dim years!—is this the power which thus can rule the earth, conquer the elements, and defy even time and space, until by machinery we can almost re-create the world, and by the printing-press record the tale to every living creature? Poor crumbling dust! No power of thine can effect one stroke of this magic labour. What can these hands accomplish unmoved by the master mind within? What can these atoms do unlighted by the mighty soul which alone redeems their darkness from the grave? The soul is the power, the soul the motor—soul alone the workman. Think, too, what that soul shall be, when these atoms are no more! I stand on the mountain height that overlooks the awful rush of great Niagara; I hear the hoarse roar of its thundering voice, and ask how long that tongue of flood has shouted its anthem of terror to the winds? They tell me that for thirty thousand years, at the very least, these mad waters have torn their way through miles of solid rock to the chasm of awe where they now pour down their foaming mass to the river-bed below.

Perhaps this tale is true! But if the great flood has indeed been thirty thousand years carving its way to its present rifted bed, where shall it be in thirty thousand years to come? Is not the spirit of change even now treading with silent footprints the writhing rapids, the struggling foam, the rugged rock, and the leaping torrent, and writing with the sure but ineffacable lines of destiny—"Niagara must die!" The rapids' murmuring wail shall be hushed;

the cataracts' anthem of thunder cease; the mountain height be levelled with the dust; the rocks all crumbled into earth; and flower enamelled grasses, stirred by the summer's breezes, rest tranquilly above the grave of dead Niagara—*but I shall live for ever!* Thirty thousand years—it may be thirty millions hence, when every memory of the ancient world is lost, and Niagara's very name "is not," I shall still be living—for I am part of Alpha and Omega, of the indestructible nature of Him "that liveth, and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore."

You, as Spiritualists, have turned a new page in the magnificent volume of effects in creation, whose title is "Spirit," "Spirit—the Alpha and the Omega," and in this revelation we discover the promise fulfilled that an angel hand should "break the seventh seal which veils the mystery of God." Small, and to some of us even insignificant, as seems the witness of the spirit-circle, its phenomenal gleams are lights which reveal, in their aggregate, these solemn truths unto us. There we behold foregleams of the powers of soul, which so vastly do transcend the laws of matter. That soul's continued existence and triumph over death; our own embodied spirit's power of communication with the invisible world around us, and its various occult forces. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, prophecy, trance, vision, psychometry, and magnetic healing. How grand and wonderful appears the soul, invested even in its earthly prison-house with all these gleams of powers so full of glorious promise of what we shall be, when the prison gates of matter open wide and set the spirit free!

Some general knowledge of the attributes of spirit prepares us to investigate the character of the connection between the natural and spiritual worlds; and here, again, we are compelled to turn our eyes inward, and contemplate the wonderful and subtle organism which constitutes the apex of created being—man. There is scarcely an element of matter, a single force, or form of motion—scarcely an idea incarnate in being which is not represented in the human body. It is there that all the sciences of chemistry, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, acoustics, optics, meet with all their most varied and exquisite illustrations. But glorious as is this human body, sublime as are its powers, behold it parted from its spiritual tenant, and lying at our feet a natural body only! A few short days pass over it, and what does it become?

When we contemplate the wonderful attributes of mind, to which no obstacles of time or space can form an horizon,—of mind that rolls back the curtain of the past, and pierces with the eye of science through the long chain of causation to the untried future; when we consider how the empire of soul, by knowledge penetrates the mysteries of almost illimitable space, and compare all this with the little pigmy form that shrinks in the biting blast of winter, and faints beneath the scorching heat of summer;—when we remember that the wondrous power that makes this form its instrument, is related to its fragile tenement by a thread so yet more fragile than the prick of a dagger's point, the atom of a poisonous substance, a flash of heaven's fire, or the stumbling of a foot,—that these, or less than these would quench the light and make this demi-god a lifeless clod of inert powerless earth,—surely we must conclude that the vital spark is something more than chemistry; that the glorious form, how beautiful soever it be, which we call Man, when vitalized by spirit, which ALONE IS MAN, when robbed of this, is but man's cast-off garment! And still the material tenement is beautiful, and so admirably adapted to outwork the spirit's purposes, that we may well forgive the Materialist for sometimes thinking it is God, instead of God's image only.

Philosophy has searched with the Rosicrucian; toiled with the Alchemist,

and speculated with the sage, to unlock the wondrous mystery of life,—and still that one great problem has baffled all his science to discover. We know there is a line that connects the natural and the spiritual, for we are standing on the threshold of the very time that holds this problem solved; we stand there with Mesmer and behold the effects of life passing from form to form. In faith and knowledge too, in this bright day of spiritual revelation, we stand there with Swedenborg, and behold once more the clairvoyant eye of spirit piercing the obstacles of matter, traversing worlds of space, and revealing states and conditions of that vast hereafter which had been at best a hope; almost a faith, but has now become a knowledge. Those familiar with the writings of the seer of Sweden will recollect he told us there was a connecting link between mind and matter, visible to his spiritual eye; that there was a relation binding the natural to the spiritual body, which shone to him in such marked connection that he described it as a cord, which seemed to unite the soul and body; one which is never broken except at death. There are flitting lights of revelation too, gleaming amidst the dark tales of witchcraft, which inform us that there is a shade or spectral form, which goes out from the organism of matter, and appears from time to time in distant places, and though not a disembodied soul, appears in the shape the soul must wear in the body. Amidst the wildest superstitions, and associated with the grossest forms of folly, stigmatized as supernaturalism, there are still suggestions of this strange and mystic link, half shadow and half substance, such as Plato might have meant by the "sensuous soul" he writes of, or the ancient poet sought to represent when he pictured "shades," "not spirit nor yet body," wandering like Achilles in the realm of shadows; *something hovering between the nether and the upper worlds.* But the day of simple speculation on these themes is passing fast away.

Swedenborg, Hahnemann, and Mesmer, have each thrown a light upon the mysterious link which binds together the unintelligent atoms of matter and the intelligent will. All who are familiar with the phenomena of the spirit-circle know that this link exists, and they trace its manifestations as obviously as they would electrical phenomena. All the incidents relating to it, when gathered together, determine us to give to that invisible substance, which combines the natural and spiritual worlds, the name of magnetism.

Magnetism! That mighty force by which is upheld and balanced in heaven's eternal scales the countless gem-like worlds that swing in space. Magnetism! The force which moves in a dual mode by attraction and repulsion; by attraction gathering up the atoms of matter and aggregating them into worlds; by repulsion determining the place of each world, and preventing the mighty mass cohering into a centre. Magnetism is that power which, outworking as His tool the Eternal's will, formed and determined the place of every atom pervading even the restless ocean wave, the lashing tempest, and the roaring storm; amidst the winds and sighing breezes it arranges each atom in its place, and outworks throughout the universe inevitable law.

The relation between the natural and the spiritual is a theme, so grand that whilst it carries us into arcana, where we veil our faces, and worship trembling, we yet in response to the enquiries of the hour, by searching God's Scriptures in His universal gospel—Nature, find that the relations between the natural and the spiritual subsist throughout the whole realm of being; that the link that connects them is that which we call in the lightning of the skies "electricity;" in the physical world, "magnetism;" and in the animal kingdom, "life." The grand trinity then of matter, life, and spirit, constitutes humanity, and the larger and grander trinity of these three elements—is THE UNIVERSE.

In a lecture entitled "The Philosophy of the Spirit-Circle," Miss Hardinge applies the foregoing principles to explain the

peculiar conditions necessary for the existence of the singular powers of late denominated mediumistic, but which, under other names, have been exercised from time immemorial. She says,

Admitting that God's laws are adequate to define the spiritual as well as the natural body of history, and that no miracle or transcendence of natural law can exist, there remains but one mode of explaining the phenomena of the ages, and that would seem to be, by the discovery of some occult force in nature sufficiently potential and applicable to our case, to cover its phenomenal manifestations. It is believed that such a force was known to the ancients, and by them sufficiently understood to be reduced to a science, practised under the title of "magic," in the system of which the occult powers of crystals, vapours, stones, and drugs, the influences of certain human and even animal organisms, giving forth magnetism, and thereby creating the power to fascinate, enchant, control the body, and sometimes the mind, of certain susceptible subjects, produced that science of mysticism vaguely defined in later times as "magic."

I shall not discuss the question of how far these practices are opposed to the evident spontaneity of prophetic, apostolic, and modern mediumistic gifts, for despite the splendid halo which antiquity throws around the forms of the long ago—despite the glorious light of oriental imagery in which the seers of Judaic inspiration are enwrapped—the line of demarcation to the cold investigating eye of science cannot be found between the old and new, where the causes and effects alike cohere in the realm of nature, and in the domain of laws immutable and continuous through all ages. Prophets, seers, and apostles of old were priests of the order of Melchisedec, deriving their office from neither father nor mother, nor from the ordination of human hands, but from the great fountain and source of spiritual life, and St. Paul concludes that these powers were direct gifts of the spirit from God. When we investigate the writings of this noble spiritual teacher and compare them with the mode in which modern manifestations are produced, and remark in each a spontaneity which appears to defy all attempts at explanation from art or science, we are fain to come to the conclusion that had our mediums lived 3,000 years ago, they might have stood robed in the splendid mantles of antiquity on the same pinnacles of awful reverence which enshrine the sacred heads of the seers of old. The question then narrows itself down to a consideration of what may be the law of modern mediumship, since we affirm that law it is which governs the manifestations of spiritual communion with earth, or the relations between the visible and invisible worlds.

The manifestations of the spirit-circle are susceptible of classification into physical and mental phenomena, and involve physical and mental states of a special character on the part of the mediums. These states seem to be produced partly from conditions existing in the *surroundings* of the mediums, and partly from some occult force *in themselves* which enables a world of invisible beings to use their organisms as telegraphic instruments for the communication of their wishes, purposes, and powers.

Having got thus far, the lecturer digresses for a moment to describe in a wonderfully beautiful passage (which, did our space admit, we would fain transcribe) the method in which one universal force, acting in the two modes of attraction and repulsion, elaborates every form and fulfils every function of created life.

It is this element which in the modes of attraction and repulsion extends the little microscopic atom, into the magnificent structure of manhood—in one

word, it is *LIFE*; we call it vaguely electricity, magnetism, nerve aura, or nerve force, it is one and the same element throughout, though varied in correspondence with the media of the atoms through which it is manifested; even as the sunbeam falling on the rose, quickens into life, and strengthens by its influence the exquisite colour and delicious fragrance of this queen of flowers; yet, the self-same sunbeam lighting on the festering heap of corruption by the wayside, generates miasma, fever, and the poisonous exhalations which destroy and pollute the life of the beautiful, which its own force has aided to stimulate into being. Thus this magnetic power becomes life and death by its medium of manifestation. 'Tis motion quickening all things into being, whether for good or evil, and its results are determined by the nature of the atoms in which it is exhibited, and this is the electricity of modern science, and the force by which the spiritual and natural body combined in man forms a battery and produces the phenomena that we call "*LIFE*." . . .

If the brain generates an excess of magnetic life, and this be peculiarly concentrated in the direction of the intellectual organs, such persons become psychologists, great statesmen, and the master-minds of life. Should it be diffused throughout the whole physical system, it renders the subject in his physique strong, muscular and powerful. Should its energetic action be limited to certain organs of the brain alone, then you have those manifestations of special intellect and predominance of intellectual gifts, which single men out as poets, painters, musicians, and inventors.

The lecturer finds the most marked evidence that the brain generates that quality of magnetism called *negative*. In some individuals the magnetic force appears to be unequally distributed throughout the system; it appears in excess in some directions, in deficiency in others.

A general lack of balance is perceived either in the physical, intellectual, or moral departments of such persons—sometimes in all; but the inequality of temperament thus produced, invariably manifests itself in an unusual degree of nervous irritability, extreme sensitiveness, and very constantly in that high degree of susceptibility to all electric or magnetic forces in the visible and invisible worlds, as to produce the phenomena which you now call in modern phrase spirit-mediumship.

Suffer your minds to recall your own personal experiences of those who have been distinguished amongst you as mediums, and you will remember them as remarkably susceptible through all the various organs of the senses, to atmospheric changes, impressions made on them through sight, sound, taste, and smell, but above all susceptible in the highest degree to influences conveyed by various human beings, through what is called their magnetic sphere. These "Sensitives" we now call "Spirit-mediums;" and spirit-mediums they become—or telegraphic instruments for spirits, because they by their negative quality of magnetism form good batteries for the positive magnetisms of their operators to work with. Now assuming that all human organisms are susceptible of classification into characteristic groups, so do we find the phenomena manifest through spirit-mediums resolving themselves into different phases of power.

Thus we find with some the energy of the magnetic life acts upon the back brain or cerebellum, and produces that strong, gross, earthly character of magnetism which enables spirits to produce manifestations of a sort which distinguishes the mediums for "physical force" phenomena. We find in other mediumistic persons, cause to believe that the excess of the magnetic life clusters about certain organs which, although not manifesting themselves in specialties of individual character, creates tendencies of mind which become, by mediumship, developed in the direction of certain arts and sciences, productive of "gifts" for tongues, poetry, invention, painting, music, or other intellectual attainments, which, if latent in the mind, are evoked and called forth by mediumship or the power of spiritual control. It is as if the fire of heaven kindled the incense laid upon the altar of the soul, and quickening powers held dormant

in the mind result in developing mediums for some special gift of an intellectual character. There are others, again, where magnetism, though generated in excess, passes off so rapidly that the life-principle itself becomes deficient, rendering the physique deprived of magnetic life, frail, and physically rather than intellectually unbalanced; these persons form often good spirit-mediums, but their gifts are most commonly found in the direction of spirit-sight, or clairvoyance: the form or prison-house of matter is not strong enough to restrain the spirit and hold it within its earthly shrine. It is in such fragile tenements, too weak to restrain the ever-aspiring spirit, that the soul goes forth, and produces the strange phenomena of unaccountable visions, seership, and somnambulism. We commonly find these tendencies of spiritual exaltation associated with a frail physique, though not invariably so, and thus it is we are apt in our ignorance to mistake effects for causes, and attribute a state of feeble health to mediumship—a mediumship which often results from lack of physical strength, though rarely produces it by its exercise, except in cases where the life-principle is rapidly parted with: when the form loses what the spirit gains in power. Mediumship, as it at present exists, in spontaneity rather than as the result of a scientific system regulated by knowledge, results from lack of power in the atoms of matter to retain and concentrate the life-principle generated in the nervous system in excess, and used as a magnetic battery for the purpose of working a spiritual telegraph.

Every one is familiar with the electro-galvanic battery, constructed for the production of that same electricity or magnetism of which we have been discoursing.

We take a plate of copper and one of zinc; these metals associated in the battery are in what is called opposite states of electricity. The one is capable of giving off attractive the other repulsive force. The one is the positive the other the negative; the one the plus the other the minus. We place between these two a fluid which has a stronger affinity for one of the metals than the other; that is, it acts with more energy in decomposing one than the other of the plates, and thus magnetism is generated—whether it be in the voltaic pile or the simple electro-galvanic battery—for the generation of electric power three elements, consisting of two metallic plates or substances in opposite states of electricity, and a medium or fluid between the two is always required.

The phenomena resulting from these combinations are various in proportion to the construction of the instrument for generating force. Sometimes the results are those tiny sounds which interpret the thoughts of potentates and kings, and put a lightning girdle round the world, sending mind's messages from pole to pole. Sometimes the battery gives off continued force, capable of being increased until it can move ponderable bodies; or it shall be the machine which, like the philosopher's stone, shall change metals from one plate to another, in the process of electrotyping, or it may give off sparks of electricity that shall condense invisible gases into water, and this again into crystals, changing from the invisible to the visible, and performing all the functions of creation from the extreme of rarefaction to the extreme of condensation, until the mind, contemplating in amazement the possibilities which this wondrous magician electricity suggests, beholds in imagination the tool by which a world has been condensed from the unparticled elements of primeval states of matter, and contemplates the agency by which a process of chemical decomposition might reduce a planet again to inorganic and chaotic void.

You cannot point to one single function of being, nor one form of motion known in the universe, where electricity is not the tool, and where its action is not manifest as the force by which primordial elements have been reduced to forms by being placed in chemical affinities with one another. Now place the spiritual body of the medium as the copper, and the spiritual body of the disembodied soul as the zinc, and the atmosphere as the solution between them, and your mediumistic battery is complete. And wherefore, if the simple forms of matter which man's mighty and controlling spirit can act upon—wherefore, if the subjects of the soul can thus be made to produce all the wondrous phe-

nomens that re-create a world, and make man in truth the image of his Creator, with all the attributes and functions of the Infinite represented in his finality—wherefore, if man is thus gifted to act upon matter, shall not himself, the grandest of all magnets; himself, the microcosm of all lower forms of matter; himself only subject to God and the angels—why shall not he form a better battery than any of the mere fragments of matter which are all combined within himself? He does so, and thus arranges and classifies the entire of the phenomena into the science of modern Spiritualism.

In considering the subtle and ill-understood character of this mediumistic force, we may shrink back aghast from the difficulties that seem to surround the subject, and question whether this knowledge may not be too intangible for us to attain to, but still I affirm that it is a branch of natural law, as surely susceptible of being reduced to a system as any other branch of philosophic lore which deals with the realm of imponderables for its subject. We know that any lack of chemical adaptation in our galvanic battery will neutralize the effects that it might produce: even so of the more sublimated battery formed of spiritual essences. A single wave of disturbance in the atmosphere around the spirit-medium affects the solution between the magnetic plates of the spiritual bodies. Whosoever these are changed, look for change in their phenomenal manifestations. Still more potential are the human magnetisms of those who approach the medium. Some bring refracted rays, like sunlight passing through a prism. If sunlight is broken into many varying hues by refraction, must not magnetic rays, emitted from each one's form, be similarly subject to similar disturbances? And thus it is that in the unnoted failure of the spirit battery you seek for truth, and falsehood answers you—the sun of truth is passing through a prism; its rays are broken, and appear no more as a pure white light, but in the parti-coloured hues of falsehood, and it is far more often mistake and lack of necessary condition than wilful design that perverts the truth of spirit revelations; nor is it so much a moral or intellectual as a physical organism that forms the prism; for that organism is the grand compendium of all physical forces, and hence magnetism flowing from these is chiefly characteristic of physical conditions. Without arrogating to ourselves any other power of instruction on these most momentous questions than that of pointing to the subjects for investigation, we may venture to say we have shewn enough to justify assertion that a new and glorious field for scientific search is opening up to man in the philosophy of the spirit-circle, and that none have the right to demand exact and satisfactory phenomena until they can, by knowledge, take part in their production, and aid by good conditions in the working of the battery.

I must now offer a few words more in explanation of the nature of spirit-mediumship. I have stated that the medium is but a plate in the spiritual battery, and in speaking of this instrument, I speak of *copper*, and not *gold* or *diamonds*; carrying out this analogy yet farther, I speak of a metal capable of generating magnetic force. Can you therefore require from the organism whose very lack of balance constitutes its force, all the concentrated powers of intellect or spiritual excellence, which would use up the magnetic life to fashion rather than give it off? You may urge that this plea, if analyzed, would prove that spiritual gifts may be an evil rather than a blessing, and scarcely think their gift is one indeed "to covet after." I answer you, that God's facts are manifest as much in the noisome insect as they are in the fairest forms of nature. God's facts are still facts, whether they are understood by you or not; and whatsoever of criminality, moral obliquity, or error exists in the world, all has its place, and all is full of meaning, could we but read the page aright.

As yet we have dealt with only three of seven lectures, but the space which we feel justified in occupying is, we are sorry to say, nearly exhausted. We must be content to indicate very briefly the manner in which the foregoing principles are employed to illustrate that element of the marvellous and mysterious which forms so important a portion of the history of the past.

One lecture, containing a comprehensive review of ancient magic, points out the distinction between those occult powers of man brought into action by various mechanical means, such as drugs, rapid movements, music, &c., but doubtless often intensified by spiritual assistance, and the spiritual gifts of modern times, which are for the most part of a spontaneous character, and not induced by voluntary submission to abnormal conditions. Another address, which we especially commend to our readers as a striking example of logical acumen and rhetorical tact, is devoted to proving that no intelligible distinction can be drawn between those marvels recorded in the Old Testament, and commonly regarded with veneration, on the one hand, and the so-called witchcraft and necromancy of the same period, on the other; while the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are shewn to be closely connected with both. The relation assumed to exist between Modern Spiritualism and the revelation of the Divine will in the person and words of Jesus Christ is set forth in a lecture already printed in this magazine. A final address on "Hades" is the most forcible appeal to the dictates of the heart in vindication of the certainty of communion with the departed that we remember to have met with. The argument is old enough, but its mode of presentation, at least, is fresh and beautiful.

We must now draw our analysis of this remarkable volume to a close. Perhaps there may be nothing absolutely new in it, but we know of none which contains within the same space so suggestive and eloquent an exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism. We should not omit to notice that, subjoined to several of these lectures, are examples of the wonderful facility and effectiveness with which Miss Hardinge is ever ready to answer any questions proposed to her relating to her subject. Another series of Addresses is in course of publication, and we hope will have an extensive circulation, which chiefly consists of such answers given at a moment's notice to questions selected at hazard, many of them of the most interesting but subtle and perplexing nature.

S. E. B.

On Sunday Evening, the 22nd inst., Miss EMMA HARDINGE delivered at the Institution, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, a most eloquent and impressive discourse on "The Progress and Destiny of the Soul." The hall was crowded in every part, and notwithstanding that its habitual attendants are mainly secularists, the lecture was most enthusiastically received. Cannot the Spiritualists in this country take steps to retain the valuable services of this gifted lady among us for at least some considerable time. We would strongly urge all who are able to do so to attend the lectures announced for delivery by her at the Marylebone Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square.

THE LATE MR. EDWARD BROTHERTON, OF MANCHESTER.

WE find the following appreciative notice in the *Manchester Guardian* of 24th March last:—

With sincere regret we announce the death of Mr. E. Brotherton, which occurred yesterday at noon, after a few days' illness. To the readers of this journal the deceased was perhaps best known as the writer of two or three series of letters, under the signature of "E. B.," on the subject of education. The earnest eloquence with which Mr. Brotherton pleaded the cause of popular education attracted considerable attention in this city, and led to the establishment of the Education Aid Society, of which he may be said to have been the founder, as he afterwards became the guiding spirit. On retiring from business, and after spending the first year or two of his leisure in continental travel, he returned to Manchester to devote himself with all his energy to a life of quiet usefulness. He studied the statistics of popular education, and having convinced himself of the inadequacy of the existing system to meet educational wants, he set himself to the task of doing all that his powers could accomplish to remedy the evil. During the few years that he has been spared to labour at this task of love he manifested a rare capacity for the work. Endowed with much winning grace of manner and temper, which those who knew him long and intimately never saw ruffled, he yet possessed determination and perseverance which opposition could not diminish. Those who have had the privilege of being associated with him in the good cause to which his whole time was generously and unsparingly devoted have lost a valued friend, to whom all of them looked up with respect and admiration. He was cut off in the full vigour of his physical and mental powers, a victim, we fear, to his unceasing devotion to the good of his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Brotherton has "peacefully passed away to his higher home" and more congenial sphere. To us he seemed to abound in the spirit of goodness and fraternal love. It was pleasant to be with him, from the kindly genial sympathy which abounded in his nature. To such a man, though so sadly needed here, and therefore with duties so onerous and so pressing, the change to the bright spiritual world can never come too soon for his own happiness. Though unknown by name to many of our readers, he contributed a series of articles in our volumes of 1863-4 on "Spheres and Atmospheres," under the signature of "Libra." They are amongst the best and most philosophical applications of Spiritualism with which we have been favoured, and we have adduced them as examples of what has been done, when opponents have asked us to shew some of the philosophy which we speak of as flowing from Spiritualism. Mr. Brotherton also furnished us with the first particulars of the hauntings of Herr Joller's house, near Lucerne, and which appeared in the Magazine for November 1863. He made a personal investigation of the truth of the manifestations. This remarkable case was afterwards treated at full length by Mr. Howitt, who made it one of the *causes célèbres* of Spiritualism.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1866.

AN ESSAY UPON THE GHOST BELIEF OF SHAKESPEARE.

By ALFRED ROFFE.

II.

THE GHOST OF BANQUO.

IN an essay upon the play of *Macbeth* may be found the following passage of criticism, in the sceptical school (as usual), relative to the Ghost of Banquo:—

If we believe in the reality of the ghost as a shape or shadow existent *without* the mind of Macbeth, and not exclusively within it, we shall have difficulties which may be put under two heads—Why did the ghost come? Why did he go, on Macbeth's approach, and at his bidding? . . . It is clear from the scene, that Macbeth drove it away, and also that he considered it as much an illusion as his wife would fain have had him, when she whispered about the air-drawn dagger.

The above piece of criticism is cited on account of its mode of testing the question of objective reality. With sceptics, by the way, very curiously, a ghost, to begin with, is always expected to be thoroughly reasonable in every one of his comings and goings, although men are not uniformly so. What, however, for the present we would earnestly request of the sceptic is, to do with these apparently abnormal things as he would with any branch of natural science; that is, inquire as to facts. He would then find that the instances are indeed numerous in which persons, just deceased, appear to those whom they have known, and then *quickly disappear*.

These passing manifestations also occasionally take place when the person appearing is not either dead or dying: neither does it follow necessarily that the person seeing, or, as the sceptic would say, fancying that he sees, must always be thinking of the one seen. An examination into the general facts leads to the conclusion that thought of the person appeared to, on the part

of the one appearing, is the cause, according to certain laws of the internal world, of the manifestations, which should therefore, it is conceived, be understood as having an objective reality. This theory, and its facts, must be considered in judging of Shakespeare's intentions. Of him we should always think as of the artist and the student of nature, until it can be shewn that he ever forgets himself in those characters.

While treating upon this subject, let it be observed, that it is the scepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theatre, since, as the sceptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this scepticism, it could never have been doubted that the ghost should be made visible to the theatre, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality.

THE AIR-DRAWN DAGGER.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes."

Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.

The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for "the air-drawn dagger." To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not however being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in

the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real, *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.

That the spiritual world must have its *representations* as well as its *realities*, is a point which has already been touched upon, and this dagger, called by Lady Macbeth "the air-drawn dagger," we suppose to be one of those representations. Its objective reality, however, still remains untouched; for, once grant that the spiritual world is a real world—nay, the most real world—and it follows, that whatsoever is represented in it has its basis in reality, as much as an imitative dagger in a painting has its basis in the colours and canvas, which are also realities.

The belief that every man is attended by spirits, both good and evil, is not unconnected with this view concerning *represented objects* in the spiritual world. That our thoughts appear to be injections is within every one's experience, and the guardian angel or the tempting demon are constantly admitted in poetical language, or the language of the *feelings*, because they are *felt* to be truths. If, then, thoughts, both good and evil, are what they appear to be, injections—which injected thoughts we are free to receive or to reject—they must be from a source capable of thought, namely, from the inhabitants of the spiritual world. From that same source would also come those vivid representations, such as that of "the air-drawn dagger," which are felt to be in harmony with our present train of thoughts. That the dagger should have *this kind of reality* is quite consistent with Macbeth's reflections upon it. As being a representation to the *internal sight only* (for it is presumed that all would agree that it was not depicted upon the retina of the external eye), he cannot, of course, clutch it with his bodily hands, nor, indeed, even with his spiritual hands. Finding, therefore, that it is not "sensible to feeling as to sight," he calls it a "dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain;" and to him it could *appear* nothing else. However well persuaded a man may become that the sun is stationary, or that his thoughts are not properly his own in their origin, yet he is ruled by strong appearances to the contrary *as to his expressions*. And in Macbeth's case, the brain was really "heat-oppressed," from the fire of wicked wishes which he had encouraged, and made his own by adoption.

The fact of *the change* which Macbeth perceives, as to the dagger, is, as we conceive, quite in harmony with the doctrine here advocated, of spiritual representations. First of all, he sees simply a dagger, marshalling him upon his way, but afterwards he sees upon its blade and handle spots of blood, "which was not so before." Hypnotism, as we are informed, continually

displays facts similar to this of "the air-drawn dagger," in which the mind having been artificially fixed upon some point, becomes so much open to the power of another mind, as to see representations of the injected or suggested thoughts. You can cause the patient to see, as it were, a lamb, and you can change this lamb at your will into a wolf. The Spiritualist does not desire any one to think that these are real lambs and wolves: he is content to have it admitted that they are real representations of them, reflected upon *the internal or spiritual eye*, and he is not aware of anything which should oblige us to believe that *any sight* is possible without *some sight-organization*, such as is the eye, and such as is not the brain, apart from the eye.

From all these considerations it will be perceived, that when some one, a sincere religious enthusiast for instance, relates his visions, the Spiritualist is not obliged, any more than is the most decided Materialist, to admit that kind of absolute truth which the visionary may claim for those visions. For aught that the Spiritualist philosophy teaches, the most sincere visionary *may* be as completely under an illusion as the spectator of any conjuration or dealing with optical deceptions in this world can be. The only difference being, possibly, that it was a spiritual conjuror who had been operating before the visionary.

Mr. Fletcher, in his *Studies of Shakspeare*, has stated a point concerning this "air-drawn dagger" which tends to shew, as usual, how confused all criticism must be, while the critics persevere in thus obstinately ignoring the spiritual world. Mr. Fletcher in the work now alluded to, strenuously opposes the Ghost of Banquo being made visible to the theatre, because, in his opinion, the poet merely understood the ghost as an effect of Macbeth's mental workings; and in order further to illustrate what he conceives to be the absurdity of visibly displaying the mere effect of such workings, Mr. Fletcher observes, somewhat satirically, that:—

We are not aware that any manager has ever yet bethought himself of having an actual dagger suspended from the ceiling before the eyes of Macbeth's representative, by way of making this scene more intelligible to the audience.

In our section concerning Banquo's ghost, it was not thought necessary to enter upon any special discussion as to the proprieties of stage-representations, although we fully believe that there is a most powerful stage-reason, namely, *intelligibility*, for making the ghost of Banquo visible to the theatre; but that reason does *not* apply to the dagger—because what is spoken by Macbeth makes intelligible all that he experiences with respect to that dagger. Also, when we go on to perceive that the spiritual world has, and must have, not only its *realities* but its *representations* likewise—of which last the dagger is apparently

one—we have an additional argument still, to shew that the reasoning which may belong to Banquo's ghost would not necessarily apply, in all its points, to this appearance of the dagger.

It should, however, be noted, that the Spiritualist does not venture to say that under *no* circumstances should the dagger be made visible to the theatre: he believes that, supposing *Macbeth* superintended and performed by persons who seriously pondered the questions of the spiritual world, and the play also witnessed by a theatre of such persons, the idea of making the dagger visible might be, at least, *entertained*; because all concerned would look at the whole affair from a grave point of view, and would not be on the search for the ridiculous—which search is, indeed, frequently, nothing else but an effect of ignorance or thoughtlessness. Truly, of many, many things, do Hamlet's words hold good, that—

The readiness is all.

SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH.—DR. MAYO.

In a volume by Dr. Mayo, entitled *Letters upon the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions*, occur certain remarks as to Macbeth, and also as to Shakespeare himself, which remarks it is here proposed to extract, with the view of still further illustrating some of our own positions. Here follows our first and most considerable extract:—

In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, sensorial illusions are made to play their part with curious physiological correctness. The mind of Macbeth is worn by the conflict between ambition and duty. At last his better resolves give way, and his excited fancy projects before him the fetch of his own dagger, which marshals him the way that he shall go. The spectator is thus artistically prepared for the further working of the same infirmity in the apparition of Banquo, which, unseen by his guests, is visible to the conscience-stricken murderer. With a scientific precision no less admirable the partner of his guilt, a woman, is made to have attacks of trance (*to which women are more liable than men*), caused by her disturbed mind: and in her trance the exact physiological character of one form of that disorder is portrayed—*she enacts a dream*, which is the essence of somnambulism.

One almost doubts whether Shakespeare was aware of the philosophic truth displayed in these master-strokes of his own art. The apparition conjured up in the witch-scenes of the same play, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, are moulded on the pattern of vulgar superstition. He employs indifferently the baser metal and the truthful inspiration of his own genius; realizing Shelley's strange figure of

"A poet hidden

In the light of thought,"

as they say the sun is himself dark as a planet, and his atmosphere alone is the source of light, through the gaps in which the common earth is seen. I am tempted—but it would be idle, and I refrain—to quote an expression or two or a passage from Shakespeare, exemplifying his wonderful turn for approximating to truths of which he must have been ignorant—where lines of admired and unaccountable beauty have unexpectedly acquired lucidity and appositeness through modern science. While, to make a quaint comparison, his great contemporary, Bacon, employed the lamp of his imagination to illustrate the paths

to the discovery of truth, Shakespeare would, with random intuition, seize on the undiscovered truths themselves, and use them to vivify the conceptions of his fancy.

Dr. Mayo, in the work from which the foregoing passage has been extracted, is quite prepared to admit as facts numerous phenomena which the more decided sceptic altogether refuses to hear of; such, for example, as the divining rod, second-sight, clear-seeing, the facts of mesmerism in general, and ghosts, which last Dr. Mayo divides into *real* and *unreal*—utterly denying however any *objective* reality to either class. This is a species of scepticism greatly in advance of the more common and unreasoning kind, which refuses to listen to any evidence, inasmuch as it clears the ground so far as certain facts are concerned, leaving only the question to be discussed with the Spiritualist, as to *the causes* of the facts.

As most immediately relating to the subject of the present essay, Dr. Mayo's ideas concerning ghostly appearances, and his division of them into *unreal* and *real*, shall now be touched upon.

In the first, or *unreal class*, then, Dr. Mayo places such as in his opinion are generated *solely within the mind of the beholder*, and he adduces the case of Swedenborg as a remarkable instance of that kind. Such cases Dr. Mayo does not consider to be insanities, but refers them to a state of mind arising from intense thought upon some subject, (in Swedenborg's case, religion,) and then the thought shaping itself so vividly that the man is himself quite convinced of an objective reality, the truth being that all is merely subjective. (Here, by the way, Dr. Mayo *assumes*, without the shadow of a *proof*, that mere vividness of thought will give the appearance of outness to the things thought of.) Other *unreal* ghosts are considered by Dr. Mayo to be of the kind which Baron Reichenbach has explained; *i.e.*, those supposed to have been seen hovering over graves, which the Baron, by means of the observations of Mademoiselle Reichel, in her sensitive state, has shewn to be simply most subtle physical emanations from the graves, and visible only to persons in certain states.

That second class of ghostly appearances which Dr. Mayo characterizes as *real*, comprehends those in which, from the nature of the cases, he conceives that the mind of *the person seen* has acted upon that of *the seer*, and so has caused an image to be perceived; to which image, however, as before stated, Dr. Mayo still altogether denies an *objective* reality.

As an example of that kind of relation to which Dr. Mayo would be ready to give credence, as belonging to this second or *real class*, he mentions what has been recounted of—

A late General Wynyard and the late Sir John Sherbrooke, who, when young

men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was daylight—Mr. Wynyard and Sir John Sherbrooke both saw pass through the room where they sat a figure, which Mr. Wynyard recognized as a brother, then far away. One of the two walked to the door, and looked out upon the landing-place, but the stranger was not there, and a servant who was on the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time, news arrived that Mr. Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition.

Dr. Mayo then proceeds thus:—

I have had opportunity of inquiring of two near relations of this General Wynyard upon what evidence the above story rests. They told me they had each heard it from his own mouth. More recently, a gentleman, whose accuracy of recollection exceeds that of most people, has told me that he has heard the late Sir John Sherbrooke, the other party in the ghost story, tell it much in the same way at a dinner-table.

Dr. Mayo brings forward, as helping to explain relations of this sort, the account of what Zschokke, in his autobiography, terms his “inward sight,” by virtue of which he had repeatedly found himself cognizant of the history (even to most minute external points) of persons whom he had never before seen or known of. Dr. Mayo thus explains his final inferences:—

I shall, says he, assume it to be proved that the mind, or soul, of one human being can be brought, in the natural course of things, and under physical laws hereafter to be determined, into immediate relation with the mind of another living person.

If this principle, Dr. Mayo proceeds, be admitted, it is adequate to explain all the puzzling phenomena of real ghosts and of true dreams. For example, the ghostly and intersomnial communication with which we have as yet dealt, have been announcements of the deaths of absent parties. Suppose our new principle brought into play; the soul of the dying person is to be supposed to have come into direct communication with the mind of his friend, with the effect of suggesting his present condition. If the seer be dreaming, the suggestion shapes a corresponding dream; if he be awake, it originates a sensorial illusion.

To the Spiritualist it will appear that Dr. Mayo's illustration of what he classes as *unreal* appearances, from the case of Swedenborg, is, indeed, when duly examined, anything but favourable to his own views. Swedenborg had just the same amount of evidence to all the five senses that he lived in *two* objective worlds, that men in general have that they live in *one*. If it be said that a man can for thirty years be thoroughly convinced in his own mind, as to *all* his senses, of an internal world, *and yet be deceived*, the question may well be asked—*What warrant has any man for the reality of the external world?* which reality he assumes upon just the same amount of evidence, that is, the evidence of the senses, and no more. If Dr. Mayo's view were fairly wrought out, which happily it cannot be, it would lead on to universal scepticism: none of us could feel sure of any existence but our own; for it cannot be allowed to stand as an argument in reply (although often urged as one), that such cases as Swedenborg's are merely exceptional, but that *all men* agree as to a real external natural world. *How do you know*

that there are these other men of whom you speak? Only by impressions upon your external senses; and it was by impressions upon the internal senses that Swedenborg became cognizant of persons and things of the internal spiritual world. In short, all scepticism upon these subjects resolves itself into merely arguing in a circle, at some point of which the sceptic arbitrarily stops; for, like Falstaff, the sceptic will give no reasons "upon compulsion."

Although Dr. Mayo admits a variety of recondite phenomena, the bare thought of which would frighten most sceptics from their propriety altogether, yet he does so, apparently, with the more willingness, because, by laying many of them together, he conceives them to be susceptible of an explanation which does not transcend the natural world. Dr. Mayo is not, however, a Materialist; and, indeed, he specially reproves the singular idea that *mind* should be considered as a *product of the brain*. Still, when the Doctor speaks of "the mind," one has no feeling conveyed as of anything *most* clear and definite. In Dr. Mayo's view, "the mind" of Mr. Wynyard, when he was dying, could act upon "the minds" of his brother and his friend, and, by so acting, could produce an image of himself, which image has yet no objective reality. Now, give to "the mind" an edge and a definedness—say, that it is pre-eminently the real entity—that it is the man himself, and that it is in a human form; and then it may be seen that you cannot very reasonably deny the objective reality of such a presentation as that of Mr. Wynyard, and that you can only deny it by the help of this shadowy and undefined mode of speaking (and thinking) of "the mind."

Dr. Mayo unites with the general body of the sceptics in pronouncing *the clothing of spirits* to be alone enough to destroy our belief in any objective reality for the wearers of the clothes.

The worst of a true ghost, writes Dr. Mayo, is, that to be sure of his genuineness, that is, of his veracity, we must wait the event. He is distinguished by no sensible and positive characteristics from the common herd. There is nothing in his outward appearance to raise him in your opinion above a mere fetch. But even this fact is not barren. His dress—it is in the ordinary mode of the time, in nothing overdone. To be dressed thus, does credit to his taste, as to be dressed at all evinces his sense of propriety; but alas! the same convict him of objective unreality. Whence comes that aerial coat and waistcoat, whence those visionary trousers? alas! they can only have issued from the wardrobe in the seer's fancy. And, like his dress, the wearer is imaginary, a mere sensorial illusion, without a shadow of externality: he is not more substantial than a dream.

Very wonderful, certainly, to the Spiritualist is the logic of scepticism—there cannot be real coats and waistcoats in the spiritual world! that is enough to settle the question as to the reality of the wearers, although if such arguments are to be persisted in, they may as well be applied at once to *the bodily*

form itself of the spirit. In the natural world, a man's body is as much from the elements of nature as his coat and his waistcoat are. The truth is, that to deny that the spiritual world is, to the spiritual man, objective and similar to the natural world, is tantamount to denying it altogether; for who can really believe in that of which he has not the least conception; and without objectivity there is no conception, either in the worlds of matter or of mind. Such denials as the foregoing are an assuming to be wiser than are the great artists who represent what is spiritual *by forms*, and thereby somewhat minister to an earnest want of the mind, which want is in itself alone enough to shew, that all scepticism involves nothing less than a separation of the intellect from the feelings, to the infinite detriment of the former. Dr. Mayo conceives that all is set at rest by asking, "whence come the aerial coats and waistcoats?" but suppose the question tested by an inversion of itself, and that *we* should ask, whence come what Dr. Mayo conceives to be the *real* coats and waistcoats? It must then be replied, that all nature and its substances are of a divine and spiritual origin, and that when a man makes up some of those substances into the forms of coats and waistcoats, those forms are also of a spiritual origin, because the man contrives them by a spiritual act.

Dr. Mayo gravely observes, that Shakespeare has moulded the Ghost in *Hamlet* upon "the pattern of *vulgar superstition*," and adds also that Shakespeare "employs indifferently the *baser metal* and the truthful inspirations of his own genius." Now we must venture to say, that if Shakespeare had done so, it would have been particularly unpardonable in a play in which he has taken occasion to make Hamlet so severely reprehend *all compliances with vulgar taste* on the part of the players, and has so pointedly shewn, as already noticed, that the end of all art is to hold the mirror up to nature. It is indeed anything but easy to understand how a great artist could possibly employ *indifferently* the *baser metal* and the true; nor is it much easier to understand how it is, that in spite of philosophical scepticism, the base metal should still pass current. To believe such things as Dr. Mayo thus attributes to Shakespeare, implies, we will not say, at least as much credulity as to believe in ghosts, but, as we cannot help thinking, infinitely more.

Again, Dr. Mayo states that "there are lines of admired and unaccountable beauty" in Shakespeare, which have been unexpectedly found to have acquired "lucidity and appositeness," by their fitness to scientific facts, of which facts he must have been ignorant; and he characterizes such things as "*random intuitions*," and, perhaps, indeed, they could seem no other, when simply viewed according to a merely natural philosophy. But

if the Spiritualist is right in affirming that *all natural facts are of a spiritual origin, and therefore are the reflections and exponents of spiritual things*, it is then seen that there was no random intuition in the case, and it is also seen that whenever a spiritual perception is clearly and beautifully expressed, it must necessarily be applicable to that which reflects it in nature; although, as Dr. Mayo observes, that merely natural fact might be then unknown. It may also be allowed to observe, in passing, that no one would be more strongly persuaded than Shakespeare, that there was an abundance of natural facts unknown, and to be known, and the idea has been embodied by him when he makes Cordelia invoke—

All blessed secrets—all you unpublished virtues of the earth.

Upon the whole, then, it is contended that Dr. Mayo, notwithstanding the number of remarkable facts which he admits into his philosophy, still falls very far short of what a complete view of the fine arts requires, because he wishes to explain all away into what is merely natural, although a subtle and refined natural, and, as a consequence, he cannot admit of facts, or explanations of facts, which will not square with a merely refined naturalism, or natural philosophy.

THE ARMOUR OF THE GHOST.

Some years ago a lecture upon *Hamlet* was delivered by a gentleman who was himself a poet, and who informed his audience that his admiration of that work had led him literally to commit it to memory. It was very curious to hear the manner in which the lecturer *handled the conduct* of the play; for, contrary to the usual custom, he raised the question of the author's *beliefs*.

It was quite evident, that in the midst of the most profound admiration for Shakespeare, the speaker was perplexed in the extreme between his own conviction that it was *impossible that Shakespeare could have believed in the supernatural*, and, on the other hand, that powerful air of reality which he saw pervaded the poem of *Hamlet*. He closed his address by saying, that Shakespeare, like every true philosopher, must have been *without fixed opinions* upon such a subject as the supernatural, and that his state must have been one of mere doubt. It need scarcely be said, that this was understood to be also the lecturer's own position, and one could hardly help thinking that the mere fact of a sceptic, who was also a man of talent and a poet, being thus *perplexed with Hamlet* was in itself alone almost enough to prove that it had been written by one who had been in a very different mental state indeed.

The point, however, for which this lecture is specially adverted

to was this: "*Where,*" said the speaker, "*did the ghost procure his armour?*"

We have already seen that it is a very favourite thing with the sceptics to raise objections founded upon the clothings of spiritual beings, and it well illustrates their singular tendency towards begging every question instead of reasoning it out. They never, for instance, seem to consider that even in the natural world men do not use clothings merely for decency and defence, which are, indeed, very good reasons, and might apply equally to spirits, admitting, only for argument's sake, their existence. Clothings are, however, used also for their beauty and power of adornment, and, above all, for their great significance. The love of dress has, therefore, a noble origin, and, at the least, it implies the desire to appear worthily. Obvious as are such considerations, the famous Mr. Bentham must surely have overlooked them when he spoke as follows, as we learn from certain memoranda of some of his conversations:—

I have helped to cure myself of the fear of ghosts, by reasoning thus: ghosts are clothed, or are not clothed; now I never saw, or fancied that I saw, a ghost without clothes; so, if there be ghosts of men, there must be ghosts of clothes too, and to believe this requires a further stretch of belief, and further evidence and authority.

That Shakespeare did not forget the significance of clothings, such passages as the following will sufficiently evince:—

I shall report,
For most it caught me, *the celestial habits,*
(*Methinks I so should term them*) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. *Winter's Tale*, Act III, Scene 1.

In *pure white robes,*
Like very sanctity, she did approach. *Ibid.*, Scene 3.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; *the soul*
Of this man is his clothes. *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his *sables* and his *weeds*,
Importing health and graveness. *Hamlet*.

It has already been pointed out that no piece of clothing can be made by the hands, without being first *contrived in and by the soul*, according to some end in view, a consideration altogether overlooked by the sceptics. If the internal world and its inhabitants be realities, the marvel would be the want of clothings for those inhabitants; and if they had them not, or seemed to have them not, the sceptics would be the very first to see, and justly to ridicule, the incongruity.

In the "*early Hamlet*," when the ghost enters the queen's closet, there is a stage-direction to this effect—"Enter the Ghost in his night gown;" and the Spiritualist would be inclined to think that this direction had a sound basis, and that its subsequent

omission must have been simply an inadvertency, and the idea would, at all events, not be weakened by considering Hamlet's words upon that occasion when he exclaimed—

My father ! in his habit as he lived.

Upon the well-known principle, then, that man clothes himself according to time, place, and occasion, it might perhaps seem that the armour would have been as much out of character in the Queen's closet as it was in character and in every respect appropriate for the platform.

It has been related, that when Tieck had the direction of the Dresden Theatre, he caused this change of the Ghost's dress to be adopted, and that it drew forth, as might have been expected, a query from the scoffers as to whether the Ghost had a wardrobe; and although we do not know whether Tieck, any more than other celebrated critics, had *philosophized affirmatively* upon the supernatural in art, yet he is represented as having had the boldness, upon this occasion, to reply, "Yes, a ghost has as many changes of dress as his errand needs."

It might also have been pointed out to these scoffers, that clothing is found even in what they would admit to be nature; that is, in the lower creations, in their hair and feathers, in which also nature makes certain changes, according to circumstances. Of man (by virtue of his higher position) it is no paradox to say that *his* clothing is at once *natural* and *artificial*. It is *natural* (in every sense of the word) for him to desire to be clothed, and that variously, according to an indefinite variety of circumstances. This desire is met by his having the power to produce *artificially* a piece of clothing, which has first however to be fashioned in his mind, according to the laws of his mind, or, which amounts to the same thing, according to the laws of the spiritual world. It is then only necessary to affirm that in the world of mind, or the spiritual world, the externity of the clothing follows upon its formation within the soul, and the answer made by Tieck is fully justified, as in fact containing a great truth, belonging both to philosophy and to art.

It may be observed likewise, as being very intimately connected with the present subject, that there is a feeling with all of us that certain states of the mind are apt to be induced according to the clothing of the body. People will sometimes say, that they feel *mentally different* in *different clothings*; and it would not be right to think that this different mental feeling was merely *an effect* of what is called *association*, for association itself is *an effect* of the inherent significancy of the forms, colours, and substances which constitute those various clothings. Shakespeare, to whom every fact would be full of meaning, has made Perdita

express this common perception as to various clothings, when being, as she says, alluding to her "unusual weeds," "most goddess-like pranked up," she afterwards exclaims :—

Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be ? that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Having now quoted this famous soliloquy for Hamlet, it is wished to give brief extracts relating to it from those eminent writers Schlegel and Chateaubriand, by way of introduction and groundwork to our own suggestions. The passage from Schlegel, which is in one of his dramatic lectures, runs thus :—

Hamlet has no firm belief, either in himself or in anything else ; from expressions of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts. He believes in the ghost of his father when he sees it, and as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception. . . . It has been censured as a contradiction, that Hamlet, in the soliloquy on self-murder, should say,

" The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

for was not the Ghost a returned traveller ? Shakespeare, however, purposely wished to shew, that Hamlet could not fix himself in any conviction of any kind whatsoever.

So far from Schlegel, and now follows the passage from Chateaubriand, which passage has been taken from that author's *Essay upon English Literature*.—

I continually ask myself how it was, that the philosophic Prince of Denmark could have had those doubts which he manifests concerning another life. After having conversed with the "poor ghost" of the king his father, should he not have known what to have believed?

We have now seen in succession passages from Shakespeare and from two eminent writers upon him, and we certainly feel ourselves entitled to suggest that, had the Shakespearian and Spiritualist philosophy, which teaches that man is an inhabitant of *two* worlds, been present to the minds of the critics, they could not have been so much perplexed by this soliloquy, and particularly by the fact that Hamlet, although he had seen his father's spirit, yet made use of the expression "the bourne" (*i.e.*, limit) "from which no traveller returns." Judging from this perplexity of the critics, it is evidently supposed by them that Hamlet's father, nevertheless, *had returned* from "the bourne" (or limit), and thus that Hamlet was making an assertion which his own experience had contradicted. According, however, to that philosophy which the Spiritualist believes to have been Shakespeare's, Hamlet was perfectly correct in using the phraseology, although it does not necessarily follow but that *in him* it might have been, not so much a truth reasoned out or verified in any way, as simply a deep intuition; in Shakespeare, of course, both. Surely, so far, there is no scepticism in Hamlet, nor inadvertency in Shakespeare: because, according to his philosophy, a departed spirit appears to the spiritual eyes of the man, and not to his natural eyes; consequently, does not, nor cannot, overpass "the bourne" (or limit), which separates the spiritual and causal world from the natural and effect world. Understood in this way, it is conceived that, so far from any contradiction or inadvertency existing upon Shakespeare's part, he has really shown, in his use of the word "bourne" (or limit), an admirable felicity in the expression of a truth. This view also seems to leave behind all necessity for Schlegel's mode of justifying Shakespeare; a mode which involves, moreover, so far-fetched a supposition as this—namely, that Hamlet could not even be certain, or at all events had forgotten, that *not only himself but several other persons* had witnessed an appearance of an extraordinary kind.

Let us, however, now at least try what can be inferred from the whole soliloquy, by using the mode of *taking for granted that Shakespeare was right*, and had not fallen into the commission of any *inadvertency* at all, of any kind whatsoever. How great an inadvertency it would have been to have made Hamlet really

talk scepticism may partly appear, when we recollect that Hamlet had already uttered such words as these—

I do not set my life (*i.e.* my natural life) at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing *immortal as itself*?

And again, even when doubting whether the spirit which he has seen is really his father's spirit, Hamlet yet shews no doubts regarding the spiritual world, but altogether the reverse; indeed, words could not much more strongly express a faith in that world:—

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: *and the devil hath power*
To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(*As he is very potent with such spirits*)
Abuses me to damn me.

Assuming then that Hamlet is no more of a sceptic in his famous soliloquy than he is elsewhere, it may be observed, that what that speech really appears to be, is this: neither more nor less than a series of general reflections upon the manner in which the fears of the future state operate upon mankind in general (with whom it is well known that the fears infinitely outweigh the doubts), and that not merely in *preventing self-destruction in trouble*, but in *staying the course of energetic action* for some end in this life.

Thus conscience does make cowards of *us all*,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

This last point, namely, the hindrance to action, has been perhaps scarcely noticed, so much does it seem taken for granted that Hamlet is merely thinking doubtfully of a future state, and also of terminating his own natural life. Upon the view here offered, we must rather think of the soliloquy as one of those trains of serious thought eminently characteristic of Hamlet, and thus we are led on to the next important point, which is this: that *all the phraseology of the speech* is true to that philosophy which teaches that man is an inhabitant of two worlds.

First then we have "the thousand *natural* shocks that *flesh* is heir to," &c. Next comes "to die—to sleep"—the synonymous use of which words is not uncommon with the sincerest believers, and we all know what they mean in using them; that is, they mean the death, or sleep, of the natural body. It is surely the greatest mistake to dwell upon these words, "To die,—to sleep," as if they were applied by Hamlet to the spirit of man, the real man, instead of being spoken only of the natural body. This

is, indeed, most clearly implied, when Hamlet afterwards says, following upon the very words "To die,—to sleep,"—

*To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,—&c. &c.*

Still, however, these words, "dream" and "dreams" are made stumbling-blocks of, although "sleep," having been affirmed of the natural body, the idea of "dreams" (even when applied to the awful realities of the future state) seems to spring naturally from the metaphorical use of the word "sleep." For the *natural man* occasionally to speak of the realities of the *spiritual world* as dreams, is not inconsistent with the firmest faith in those realities; in short, it is at times *natural* for him to do so.

Finally, that which has been thought so peculiarly perplexing as coming from Hamlet, concerning the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," needs not Schlegel's attempt at explanation, but is seen to be simply the expression of a truth; for, as already shewn, the ghost had *not* returned from "the bourne" (or limit) of the spiritual world, but had been seen by *the spiritual eyes* of his son; while to the Queen, seeing only with *the natural eyes*, (with which, as she says, "all that is, I see,") the ghost is invisible.

To the Spiritualist, then, who finds his own philosophy reflected in several expressions of the happiest kind, occurring in this famous soliloquy, it is truly wonderful that it should ever have been tortured into scepticism. The whole mystery is apparently solvable, if we simply admit that Hamlet never doubted man to be both spiritual *and natural*, and that those phrases in the soliloquy which are of termination or death, apply only to the latter.

Here then, still upon the vexed question of what is implied in this remarkable soliloquy, the Spiritualist contends that there are no inadvertencies or contradictions at all in the case; that Hamlet is yet consistent with himself, and Shakespeare yet perfectly in the right.

"SPIRITUALISM" as it is termed, is spreading in Russia. Two books are just published in Russia, a translation of the book of Messrs. Hare, Edmonds, and Talmadge, and a treatise on *The Simplest Forms of Spiritualism*, by M. Kardec. Swedenborg's *Heaven* has also been translated. Messrs. Trubner & Co. have just published an edition of twenty-five copies only for sale, *Le Livre des Visions; ou l'enfer et le Ciel décrits par Ceux qui les ont vus*, par Octave Delepiere: a very curious book illustrated by photographs.—*The Reader*, May 5.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA AT LIVERPOOL.

THE following story has been sent to me by a leading physician residing at Liverpool. The strange occurrences took place about the period when Messrs. Hulley and Cummins led on a brutal mob to attack the Davenport's, and to destroy the cabinet in which they exhibited.

Living in a community where such an outrage could be perpetrated with impunity, it is not surprising that my correspondent should withhold his name; but I can vouch for his high character and professional reputation; of his entire belief in Spiritualism, and his anxiety to proclaim it whenever he can meet with one or two men in that town of his own professional standing who will support him.

“ Liverpool, May, 1866.

“ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen—and sure I ought to know !”

“ 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none go just alike, yet each believes his own.”

“ My dear Sir,—In accordance with my promise to you, when in London, I now send you the particulars of an extraordinary instance of bell-ringing and displacements of furniture, &c., which occurred in a house in a fashionable locality in this town, occupied by two maiden ladies and their two female domestics—a cook and housemaid. The ladies have occupied the house for the last sixteen years, and their own brother is their landlord. About a year previous to the occurrence of the facts I am about to narrate, their mother died in the house at the advanced age of eighty years. The two domestics had been in their service for two months previous to the bell-ringing, &c., (May 16th, 1865,) and they are still with the family (April, 1866). It is but right to state that the ladies are of the highest respectability—persons whose acquaintance I am proud to own; and up to the occurrence of these strange phenomena, they were thorough sceptics as to the power of disembodied spirits to hold communion of any kind with the inhabitants of the world of sense. Up to the 16th of May last, there never was known to be an abnormal sound heard in the house. Whilst I have the permission of the ladies to furnish you with the following narrative, for cogent reasons I am prevented from using names or even initials, so that I shall be obliged to style the *propria*

N. S.—I.

personæ, A, B, C, &c., in the order of their appearance in this domestic drama :—

“On the 16th of May, 1865, at three p.m., all the bells in the house began to ring, one or more or all at once, and they continued to ring frequently, for two hours at a time, with great vehemence and with very short intervals. There are twelve bells in the house, two of which are hung in the attic flat and ten in the servants’ hall, just outside the kitchen door in the area flat. The sound produced by the ringing was very harsh, as if the force applied was sudden and violent, in fact it was most alarming. I am not easily frightened, but I could not help shuddering when, after a prolonged silence the whole number of bells at once gave out an unearthly peal. The time preferred for ringing the bells and “*alarming the natives*” was *whenever they sat down to a meal*, a very inconvenient arrangement. This terrible plague continued day and night for a whole fortnight at least, from the 16th of May to the 1st of June. More than once the tongues were tied to the spring, but before morning they were all loose again, the string being apparently worn through by the force with which they had been pulled. The first three or four days the ringing was more frequent and violent than afterwards, although it was quite bad enough throughout. So far as mediumship is concerned, it is interesting to observe that the bells rung quite independent of *any particular person* being in the house. On the 24th of May, a rat-trap was set at the only place where ten of the wires meet, and it was so placed that a rat could not enter it without resting on the trap; this was on a shelf inside of a cupboard which was locked. On unlocking and opening the door next morning the trap was found upon the floor without any rat in it and it was *still set*. On the 26th of May, Miss A—and Miss B—left their house at 7 p.m. to visit a friend, and I had given instructions that in their absence the tongues of the bells were to be muffled with flannel and tied firmly. As soon as the ladies were gone the domestics tried to tie the bells, but so powerful was the counteracting force, they found it impossible, and the bells continued to ring incessantly from 7 to 11 p.m. Even after the bells were carefully muffled the wires were frequently seen and heard by Mr C— (the landlord), to be vigorously pulled. Three of the bells had pendulums attached and all three were broken off by the violence of the ringing. On *two separate occasions* and without the slightest possibility of collusion, as the parties were and are still unknown to each other, Mrs. D—, an upholsteress, and Mr. E—, a joiner, on ascending the door-steps to ring the door-bell observed the handle moving vigorously, anticipating them, as it were, in the act of

ringing. On entering, Mrs. D—— said to the servant, “What is the meaning of the handle of your door-bell going on in that way?” shewing, at the same time, how it was moving and apparently of its own accord. Neither Mrs. D—— nor Mr. E—— were aware of the house being, in vulgar parlance, “haunted.” As usual, all manner of clever explanations have been volunteered, from mice, rats, and cats, to men and women acting accidentally or intentionally bent on mischief; but all attempts to get within reach or sight of the agency by day or by night has been in vain, and some very clever and *interested* heads (Mr. C——’s in particular) have entirely failed to offer the slightest approach at a reasonable explanation, on the ground of physical science as taught and accepted at the present day. I accompanied Mr. C—— and Mr. F—— (a Liverpool merchant), through the whole house; we examined all the wires and the bells where visible and found them all as they ought to be. We examined the attic flat in particular and its connections with the adjoining houses and could find no explanation of the phenomena. The neighbours, who are people above the slightest suspicion, disown taking any part in so unneighbourly a transaction; and, indeed, no individual or animal could produce such a din day and night for such a length of time and not be found out. I think that the bell-ringing phenomena are the most inexplicable of any, and they are *marvellously convincing*, especially at the time. Bell-hangers, masons, joiners, clergymen, doctors, head constables, and detectives, have all been brought in to advise, but the bell-ringing remains to all who have heard and seen it as great a mystery as ever. A foreman bell-hanger estimated that it would take at least a force equal to six pounds to ring one or any of the bells, so that a power equal to 72 pounds must have been exerted when all of them rung at once. Both Mr. C—— and Mr. G—— (the bell-hanger) entirely failed to ring the bells by laying hold of the ten wires at the cranks where they all meet. (Query.—Did any occult force oppose or prevent them ringing the bells?) On the 30th of May a bell-hanger passed his hand along the wires close to where the trap had been set, when so strong a movement came as nearly knocked him off the ladder on which he was standing, and he said ‘he thought that his hand was gone.’ He declined all further investigation.

“About the same time that the bell-ringing commenced, a knocking at the attic door each night at 11·45 also began. There has always been from three to four distinct knocks, although at first they were faint, like the knocking in of a small tack. Sometimes the raps or knockings would seem to take place on the bedroom doors of Miss A—— and Miss B——. The knocking continued

occasionally for months after the bell-ringing stopped, which was on the 1st of June last.

"There is no doubt in my own mind, that whatever was the nature of the force producing these unwonted phenomena, the same force or power was the agency by which the following still more extraordinary and intelligent phenomena were produced. As the bells now refused to respond to the pulls, a new mode of impressing the inmates and others interested was adopted. On the morning of the 27th of May, I received the following note from Miss B——. 'My dear Dr.—The house is turned topsy-turvy this morning. The kitchen and sitting rooms at least are so, as far as we have seen. Would you like to see them? We shall keep some part of it for your inspection. I assure you that we all feel quite nervous about it. The servants found the kitchen in such a state that they immediately came up to us, so I am writing this at 7 a.m. Yours very truly, B——.' "

"On my arrival at the house, about 11 a.m., I found the kitchen, dining room, and breakfast parlour furniture disarranged or rather rearranged, and the following displacements were observed:—In the kitchen a very heavy iron fender was removed from the fire-place and placed on a dresser at the further end of the apartment. A heavy kettle or boiler full of water was taken from under a dresser and placed upon the fire, an operation requiring considerable strength and dexterity, as it had to be lifted over a number of little bundles of firewood which were drying, and which were undisturbed. The tin hastener and jack were in front of the fireplace, and the dishes, covers, and general arrangements of the kitchen were such as if the cooking of a considerable dinner was in contemplation. In the breakfast parlour all the furniture was arranged for a meeting of friends, and one large easy chair occupied a most eccentric position by itself in the middle of the floor. In the dining-room the arrangements and displacements were much more elaborate and better qualified to astound or to give effect. The tea-caddy which was left in the breakfast parlour was now in this room, the first instance of the removal of anything from one apartment to another. A huge old-fashioned double-pillared eight-clawed dining-table composed in two halves, was removed from behind the door, taken across the room, and placed close in front of the fire-place. Mr. C—— and Mr. F—— tried to move this table *as a whole* and found it to be quite impossible,—and Mr. F—— and I also tried it with a similar result. We could remove the two halves separately, but not as a whole. All the chairs in the room were placed around the table as if some important meeting had been held—the arm chairs being at top and bottom. Below

the feet of the table was the hearth rug, which had been thrown over the fender and fire irons before retiring for the night. Upon the table was an oilcloth cover neatly and evenly spread—and tumblers and glasses were placed opposite to the respective chairs. In front of the largest arm chair was a portfolio lying open with writing paper, envelopes, &c., and an inkstand and pen-wiper taken from the mantel-piece. Before retiring for the night, Miss B—— had addressed a letter to her brother (Mr. C.) informing him of the bell-ringing, &c., she had stamped it and put it into the portfolio—but it was found at the head of the table with the address turned towards what might be supposed to be the President's chair. On the table there was also Miss A.'s work-basket, and the work and materials were distributed about the table in front of the respective chairs. The fire screens and chimney ornaments were all reversed, and work boxes, writing desks and the lighter movables were turned bottom uppermost, apparently with no other object than that of making a decided impression. From certain marks on the mantelpiece it was very evident that the changes in this room must have been accomplished *towards early morning*: for instance, on going to bed the fire-screens were laid *flat* upon the mantel-piece—when first seen in the morning they were *on end* as in the daytime; and the surface of the marble which had been covered by them, was still free from dust, while all the rest of the surface was distinctly covered with dust. On Sunday morning, the 28th of May, at breakfast time, the knife-box and its contents were not to be found; later in the day it was found on a shelf in a cupboard on the tops of the spare glasses, not one of which was broken or upset. On the evening of the same day I suggested that Miss A—— should sleep with her sister Miss B——, as it was said that Miss A—— when a girl used to walk in her sleep. The bedroom door was to be locked and Miss A—— was not to know anything about it, or where the key was hid, and all the keys of the various lock-up places, the rooms, wine cellar, &c., were to be locked up in a place only known to Miss B——. The attic door leading to the servants' apartments was also to be locked and the key was to be taken possession of by Miss B——. All of which was done, and on awaking, Miss B—— found the keys where she placed them undisturbed—she opened the bedroom and the attic doors, which still remained locked and untampered with. Miss A—— and Miss B—— then proceeded down stairs, and on entering the butler's pantry they found a cucumber, which was quite whole when they left it at night, divided in two through the middle, and a knife was lying beside it *which was still wet with the juice of the cucumber*—this was at 7 a.m. On entering the dining-room the following extraordinary state of matters was observed:—the

table was covered with a white tablecloth taken out of the side-board drawer. On it there was a jug of water, a bottle of gin, two glass goblets with a portion of the gin in each, a corkscrew lying beside the bottle with the gin cork still upon it, and lastly, there was a bottle of sherry wine with the cork drawn and only about one wine-glassful of the wine remaining in the bottle. No trace of the missing wine was ever found; but some time afterwards, on turning out the bin in the wine cellar from whence the bottle must have been taken, a sherry wine cork was found amongst the sawdust, and it was not possible to account for the cork being there except on the supposition that it belonged to the missing bottle. Now it is remarkable that the bottle of gin was the only one of the kind in the house. It is equally certain that both bottles were in the wine cellar when the family went to bed. The cellar lock was found to have been untampered with, and on examination of the contents of the cellar both bottles were at once missed from their respective places. The gin in being poured back from the goblets into the bottle exactly filled it. If any sleep-walking inmate of the house had swallowed the missing eleven wine-glassfuls of sherry wine *at early morning* I think that I should have had little difficulty in diagnosing who it was. They all appeared to be *fearfully* sober, or else they acted their parts uncommonly well.

"At this stage of 'this strange eventful history,' Mr. C—— called in the aid of the police, and two detectives watched in the house for two successive nights. The phenomena of the displacements of furniture ceased entirely; but rappings then commenced on the attic door and strange noises of the movements of feet and the shutting and opening of drawers, as if several people were busily engaged (above the respective bedrooms of Miss A—— and Miss B——) packing up previous to going on a long journey, and this continued occasionally for some months later in spite of the detectives, who failed to detect any one or to expose anything except their own smallness. The house has been unmolested now for fully three months, but the ladies have nevertheless resolved to leave it."

"On account of the present prejudiced state of public opinion, and especially in this town, I am sorry to say that I have no alternative but to withhold my name from this most important department of "The Republic of Letters." Your own name, however, is a sufficient guarantee to the world of my judgment and veracity.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.

"Benjamin Coleman, Esq., London."

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

IT is just two years since there appeared in Glasgow a pamphlet, written by Mr. J. W. Paterson, one of a party of sixteen who engaged Conklin, the American medium, to visit Glasgow, and who after several sittings with him, declared him to be a charlatan, and had a "strong suspicion that Mr. Conklin's more famous brethren differ from him but in degree, that tracked with a like patience and met with a subtlety proportionate to their own inflated pretensions, would collapse, even as this man's did, and vanish amidst a like laughter." Mr. Paterson, no doubt, intended to give a death-blow to the further consideration of Spiritualism in Scotland, but the publication of this pamphlet led to a controversy in the Glasgow papers, in which Mr. Howitt and I took part in defence of Spiritualism. We denounced the folly of Mr. Paterson's conclusions, based as they were upon such superficial evidences. The result has been quite opposite to Mr. Paterson's expectations. A number of intelligent men, residing in Glasgow and the neighbourhood, stimulated by the controversy, commenced an enquiry for themselves, which has resulted in the conversion of a body of men sufficiently numerous to form a society of Spiritualists, who have appointed their officers and hold meetings fortnightly for the purpose of reading papers, and of interchanging their personal experiences, some of which, already described by me in previous articles, are as marvellous as any upon record.

These gentlemen having done me the honour to elect me one of the honorary presidents of their society, I was induced to pay a visit to Glasgow recently, to make their personal acquaintance, and I there had the pleasure of spending two very pleasant evenings at their place of meeting, at which about thirty or forty respectable tradesmen and their wives were present. One object of my visit to Glasgow was to see the medium, P. A., but he had left Glasgow and I had not therefore the opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary manifestations attending his mediumship. I saw, however, several persons who had been present at various *séances* with P. A., who corroborated the statements which I have recorded in former papers.

The Conklin party of sixteen, I then heard, was originated by Mr. A. Kennedy, an intelligent man of business and the head of a very respectable firm in Glasgow. Mr. Kennedy did me the favour of calling upon me, and pronounced himself a thorough convert to Spiritualism, and I am glad to say he is one of the few who is not afraid to avow it openly. He subsequently brought his friend Mr. Paterson to make my

acquaintance, and with him I had an amicable discussion upon the question of spiritual evidences. He is, however, one of that class of thinkers to whom human testimony is of no value. He must see before he can believe, and having committed himself so deeply by his too celebrated pamphlet he is not likely to be in haste to recant his errors, though I do not think he will ever attempt to support them by the publication of another pamphlet. Of quite another type of mind is Mr. Kennedy's. He, it appears, did see enough during Conklin's visit to interest him, and by subsequent enquiry he became satisfied and, as I have said, he is now a confirmed believer.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THERE are several mediums in Glasgow, one among them, Mr. David Duguid, a working cabinet-maker, is likely to be distinguished as a drawing medium. One very remarkable and interesting fact connected with this young man it is my chief purpose to relate, which, together with the history of his mediumship, I do upon the authority of Mr. James Logan, junior, Mr. H. Nisbet, and Mr. James Nicolson, with all of whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted whilst in Glasgow.

After David had been recognized as a medium for the ordinary manifestations, he developed as a drawing medium, but made little progress at first without the aid of a young lady medium who formed one of the circle. When she placed her hand on the back of his, it would move with great facility, and at this stage his *left hand only* was used; the reason given being that it was to destroy scepticism.

At the third sitting David became entranced with his eyes shut before commencing to draw. At each succeeding *séance* his powers increased as the trance condition became more intense, and his eyes more firmly closed.

The objects usually drawn at first, with a lead pencil, were human heads and flowers; but, when a certain proficiency was obtained, flowers, fruits, and a rough landscape were done in colours, the pencils and brushes being now taken in his right hand.

At the fifth sitting, a remarkable painting in water-colours was commenced and finished, representing the entrance to an arcade, the archway being surmounted by the figure of Justice, standing upon a globe, around which a serpent is coiled, with the figures on either side of Hope and Charity. These figures are said to be very masterly in conception, though, as it will appear, the artist was not accustomed to paint figures. The interior of the arcade is panelled with niches, in which figures and vases of

flowers are placed. The floor is carpeted, and at the extreme end there is a rotunda, in the centre of which a cross is placed. The picture is a transparency, and, when held up to the light the cross dissolves into a throne, upon which a figure is seated with a halo of glory surrounding the head, supported by twelve figures, six on each side. *Those present were anxious to know the name of the artist, but he declined for the present to satisfy them, giving as a reason that he would ultimately give them the means of establishing his identity.* Subsequently, they were told that he was an artist of very high celebrity, who had lived in the seventeenth century; that he was born in 1635, and died in 1681; and that he was contemporary with Steen, the celebrated Dutch painter; that he had not been accustomed to paint figures, but that his delight had been to represent Nature in her wildest grandeur, and that he would attempt at their next sitting a sketch of one of his paintings—his masterpiece.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 18th of April the promised sketch was pencilled out, and on the 21st it was finished in water-colours, in the short period of four hours, and in the left hand corner the initials "J. R." were placed. This painting, I am told, is considered a very able production.

Up to this time, none of the party had the least idea of the name of the spirit-artist, and their curiosity was unsatisfied until Mr. Logan brought an artist friend to see the picture, who was much struck with it, and said he was sure he had seen the painting somewhere, and thought that he had an engraving of it in his possession, though he could not at the moment name the painter.

A day or two after, Mr. Logan's friend informed him that he had made the desired discovery, and showed Mr. Logan a volume of *Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition*, where, at page 301, there is an engraving, nearly *fac simile* of the spirit drawing, from a painting of "The Waterfalls," by Jacob Ruysdael, acknowledged to be his *chef d'œuvre*.

This circumstance was communicated to the persons forming the circle, to their great delight and astonishment; but they determined to keep David, the medium, in ignorance of the fact, being satisfied that in his normal condition he knew nothing of it.

At the next sitting, on the 28th April, David became deeply entranced, and after the usual recognition and short conversation between him and the spirit-artist, the latter spoke through the medium, and informed the company that he was aware of the discovery they had made "that his name was Ruysdael." They then placed before the medium Cassell's volume, which also contains a portrait of the painter, and invited the spirit's in-

spection of it. The spirit remarked that the engraving of the picture was a good copy, and the likeness tolerable when at the age of thirty. They then pointed the spirit's attention to the absence of figures in the new drawing which were in the original. The spirit replied, "That the figures in his paintings were not by himself, but were put in by an artist friend!" which, upon reference to a biography of Ruysdael, they found to be correct.

It remains to be stated that Mr. David Duguid, the medium, has no knowledge whatever of drawing, and that he is, as I have already said, a plain working man; that the drawing was executed in the presence of several persons, including those I have named, in four hours, whilst the medium's eyes were fast closed: and, further to satisfy the scepticism of some of those present, there was a bandage put over them during part of the time. The medium declares that he had no knowledge of the existence of Ruysdael's picture, nor that such an artist had ever lived, and there is no reason to doubt his asseverations.

Photographic copies of both pictures have been taken by Mr. J. Beckett, Queen's Park, Glasgow, specimens of which are in my possession.* Viewed under any circumstances, the production of this drawing is a very marvellous and interesting fact, and one of the best instances of spirit-identity upon record.

Biographers differ as to Ruysdael's birth. Beeton gives it as 1635; Maunder, 1636. This discrepancy being pointed out at a subsequent sitting, the spirit said he was born on the last day of the year 1635, at midnight. I, however, have no means of testing this statement.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND THE MYSTICS.

"Is Saul also among the Prophets?"

"THERE is a certain kind of madness," says Cudworth, in his *Intellectual System of the Universe*, "called Pneumatophobia, that makes persons have an irrational but desperate abhorrence of spirits or incorporeal substances." We have had before to note with concern, the prevalence of this disorder among the writers of the contemporary Press, and the utter failure, so far, of the remedies which we endeavoured by means of the facts disclosed through this journal, to apply to it. We are

* They may be had also of J. BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

thankful to be able now to give a more favourable bulletin of the health of one of our patients, the *Saturday Review*, as evinced by an article unusually calm and free from fever, entitled "Mysticism," being a review of *La Philosophie Mystique en France à la Fin du XVIII. Siècle*, by M. Frank, which appeared on the 24th of March last, and some extracts from which on this account will not be uninteresting to our readers.

"In the least restricted sense, a 'Mystic,' observes the reviewer, 'is a person who stands in immediate communication with the Deity, and devotes himself to the holy intercourse with a greater intensity of feeling than accompanies the ordinary performance of religious duties.'"

So excellent indeed, is this definition, that we do not remember to have met with one more perfect unless it be the following, given by a "Mystic" himself, namely, that "A Mystic is a person to whom it has been given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God."

Having thus very rationally defined what a "Mystic" in general may be considered, the reviewer proceeds with perfect coherence to classify the "Speculative Mystics" in the following terms:—

"Far more distinct from ordinary religionists, and far more remarkable, are those mystics who are aptly termed 'speculative,' and who not content to love their Deity, obtain from Him entire systems of theology and cosmogony. These comprise the Jewish Cabalists, the Gnostics, the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, the Theosophists about the time of the Reformation, and the followers of them in later times. Their theology is almost sure to be heretical, for it does not come from the teaching of any church; their theories of the universe are certain not to satisfy the world of science, not being obtained by any philosophical method deductive or inductive. The point of union between them and the merely devotional 'Mystic' is to be found in the importance attached to an exalted state of feeling, as a means of removing the barrier between man and Deity. The heathen Plotinus and the last converted collier both believe in extasies. But with the speculative 'Mystic,' the devotional spirit is only one of two elements. He is a seeker after scientific truth, although he does not employ a scientific method; and there is no doubt that Jacob Böhme was, in his way, as much instructed in astronomy as Tycho Brahe, or Copernicus. They also understood those theological difficulties over which the ordinary preacher glides, as a flippant school-boy steps over a difficult bit of Thucydides, and racked their brains for a solution. Jacob Böhme, with his three useful principles, 'astringent,' 'fluent,' and 'bitter'—which, although alchemi-

cally named 'sal,' 'mercurius,' and 'sulphur,' seem to compose the eternal essence of Deity—is labouring to explain the origin of evil, without compromising the divine goodness. The interpreter is undoubtedly obscure, and to a hasty reader will seem to have eaten a whole Covent-Gardenful of insane roots, but of his honesty, zeal, and even acuteness there is no doubt. Most necessary is it to observe, that while the speculative 'Mystics' have attributed their extraordinary knowledge to a divine afflatus (if indeed that be not too weak in expression); there is much human learning of a strange sort mixed up with their theories. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to assert, that the union of Hellenism and Orientalism, which took place in the civilized world at the beginning of the Christian Era, lay at the foundation of them all. The doctrine of emanation, for instance, so elaborately taught by Plotinus, may be traced without any important gap to the modern Frenchman, St. Martin, who read and translated M. Böhme whilst Robespierre was frightening Paris out of its propriety. Classical scholars the Theosophists were not in any sense of the word, but they knew a great deal which was the result of antique thought, and would deal as freely with the Pentateuch as any Rationalist of the nineteenth century. There is the making of fifty John Bunyans in one Jacob Böhme, though the latter was only a hard-working shoemaker in Silesia. John saw the heavens opened, and formalized his Calvinism into a very readable allegory; Jacob saw the sun reflected on a tin kettle, and was at once impregnated with all sorts of knowledge, human and divine, exhibiting at the same time, a spirit of enthusiasm which makes honest John appear a mere Gallio by his side."

This is not only lucid but logical. There are however, still symptoms of the disease hanging about the convalescent, which warn us against too hasty congratulations upon his recovery, and prove the necessity for continued treatment on the part of his physicians even yet.

"When the speculative 'Mystics' begin," he says, "to *do* as well as to teach, they become decidedly bad company It is a sad thing to say, but nevertheless it is true, that the professors of speculative mysticism are not to be quite dissevered from a less dignified class of practitioners There is nothing in this fragment" (a fragment from the writings of Martinez Pasquales) "that denotes any great originality on the part of the writer, *who inasmuch as he was in the habit of confirming his instructions by visible manifestations, should probably be set down among the common herd of spiritual impostors.*"

The "Mystic" appears to lose favour with our Contem-

porary, in its present valetudinarian condition, in proportion as he becomes able to verify by visible proofs the statements for which otherwise he has no evidence to offer than his own integrity; so that if he have facts to support him, he is an impostor, and a dreamer if he have none.

Among the symptoms of the disease of Pneumatophobia as displayed in the present interesting but not hopeless case, is to be noted a temporary paralysis of the memory, of which a remarkable instance is afforded in the last paragraph. But for this, the writer could not have failed to call to mind a passage in a Book with which he has evinced his familiarity, wherein it is stated of certain "Mystics" whom in *sano corpore*, he would scarcely think of classing with impostors, that "they went forth and preached everywhere, the *Lord confirming* the word *with signs following*."

WHAT IS RELIGION?

By THOMAS BREVIER.

IV.

BEARINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE aspects of modern thought on the great questions of religion is a theme that would require and amply repay an extended and careful elucidation. Without, however, at present attempting this, I may remark, as a fact that must, I think, strike every mind observant of what is passing around us, that the present is eminently a time of much critical questioning of a quite fundamental and searching kind. It goes much beyond the controversies of bishops or presbyters, sprinkling or dipping, images, relics, vestments; it asks boldly—Is religion a truth or a lie? Is revelation true or possible? Has man a soul? Is there a future life? a spirit world? a God? These inquiries are not to be suppressed or evaded; they will not down at any bidding; they must be satisfied: and so far as this is an evidence of earnestness, of a spirit of sincere, thorough inquiry, it is a sign of the times full of hope and promise—for, generally, to such minds doubt and unbelief are but temporary halting-places on the road to a better and more enlightened faith; they are not a permanent product of full, fair inquiry, and rounded knowledge, but a transitional state that springs from *half*-inquiry and defective knowledge. If, as Bacon remarks, "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." But till we reach

the spiritual element, there is no "depth in philosophy," and when that is attained it will be found that true religion and sound philosophy are one—that the enlightened reason has no voice in contradiction to the promptings of the Divine Spirit in the soul.

But in emerging from Egypt, "the land of bondage" to *pseudo* philosophies and shallow systems, men must needs pass through the wilderness of doubt with sore travail and painful murmurings ere they reach the promised land of an assured and certain and consoling faith. This makes the present a period of transition; men everywhere are breaking away from the past; the old thought-world is melting with fervent heat, while the new is still fermenting, its form indeterminate, and hence much incertitude and temporary "eclipse of faith."

Prominent among the causes which have contributed to this unsettlement, is the wonderful and unprecedented advance in our knowledge of the objects and phenomena of nature to which we are indebted for that great increase in the means of physical comfort and well-being which distinguishes our present civilization. But, however beneficent the operation of this spirit of scientific inquiry, especially in its material results, we may, without disparagement to its just claims, fairly question whether its methods and conclusions, and the habits of mind to which it disposes men to whom science has become an absorbing and an almost, if not altogether, exclusive study, are such as can justly, and without qualification, be applicable to inquiries of a totally different nature—not dealing with the objects of sense, and in the investigation of which its instruments—its crucibles, batteries, and microscopes, can be of no avail.

I make this remark, because whoever probes to the bottom the difficulties and objections now urged as of most weight by unbelievers, will find, I think, that they apply to things spiritual conclusions wholly derived from the study of things physical, and that from their devotion to physics they too often infer that there is nothing but physics, and no superior laws to which the merely physical laws are subordinate. Hence any modern statements of facts, however well authenticated, which imply a deviation from the usual sequences of phenomena; or any history of which facts of this kind form a considerable and integral part—as those of the Old and New Testaments, are rejected, on the ground that as they imply the violation of the laws of nature they are incredible, and could not have taken place; and the presentation of evidence to sustain them is treated as an impertinence. And so it has come about that what was formerly urged as the chief evidence of the Christian faith is now, with educated men, the great stumbling-block to its acceptance.

While men eminent in science, like Professor Faraday, retain their faith only by making an arbitrary and (to quote his expression) "an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief,"* refusing to apply to the supernatural facts of religious belief those scientific principles and tests rigorously enforced against all analogous facts of later date, the majority of men of science, with remorseless logic, refuse to make such arbitrary distinction, and sweep away the supernatural altogether from the field of authentic history. Nor is this all: from rejecting the evidence of the supernatural in history, it is but a step to deny that it has an existence at all; and so we have theories, put forward too by distinguished men, in which the being of God, and of the human soul as an entity distinct from the body, are altogether eliminated; matter is held to be uncreated, self-existent, and combined with motion, the source of all life; which it is said proceeds by necessary laws of evolution and development, all its varieties being resolvable into corresponding differences of organic types. Science knows only of matter, its properties and states; it takes no note of other facts outside its sphere; it even obstinately ignores some facts not altogether outside it, which interfere somewhat rudely with its assumptions; from its partial knowledge it makes inferences and fosters habits of thought hostile to religion, and which would limit our regards to the material and temporal. Not that men of science act unwisely in keeping within their own chosen and most honourable sphere of labour; they only, as it seems to me, act unwisely when they import into the consideration of spiritual and divine things conclusions deduced exclusively from physical studies.

The practical consequences to which this Materialism must lead—to which it has already led where its influence has been most fully felt, has been ably pointed out by Mr. Howitt, in this Magazine, in his recent article on "Spiritualism in Germany," and which in connection with this subject will well repay careful re-perusal. What I would now ask, especially of all men who feel the truth of religion and its importance to mankind, is:—How is this evil to be effectually counteracted? How are these views and tendencies, so powerful and pernicious in their influence, to be successfully met? Not, it seems to me, by churches and preachers—not, at least, until they return to the primitive faith in the operation of living spiritual forces—in present manifestations from the invisible world, from which they mostly have been perverted; not by metaphysics, which often bewilder rather than enlighten, reminding one of the definition that it is "one man trying to explain to another what he does not well under-

* Lecture on Education, at the Royal Institution.

stand himself;" and which, at all events, is not likely to reach very deep into the common mind and heart; not by books on the "Evidences," which, however learned and useful in their way and place, can be of little avail so long as the supernatural—which is their subject-matter—is deemed impossible. Would not the most simple and most universally effective way to bring home to the sceptical mind the reality of the spirit-world, of spiritual laws, and of the continuance of the true human life in all its plenitude after the bodily dissolution, be the presentation of the actual fact of such existence—by visible appearance—by manifestations of power and intelligence—by striking and varied proofs identified with the very persons we had known—the so-called dead, who thus evidence that they still live, love, remember, think, and act. Would not the best way of proving the credibility of those signs and wonders and mighty works, the record of which is deemed by our *pseudo* philosophers a fatal blot sufficient to discredit the history and religion which affirms their truth, be the presentation of like facts in our very midst—in the full blaze of publicity, attested by thousands of intelligent living witnesses, and challenging full fair investigation?

It is, indeed, at this time no question what the results would be, we can point to what they have been—to what they are,—to the millions of believers of whom a large number had been sceptics and Materialists, who, *after* investigation, have by the facts of Spiritualism been led to acknowledge the fundamental truths of religion, and whom tracts, treatises, and sermons had been unable to convert.

I do not say that the facts of this kind now transpiring are in all respects of equal magnitude, or are bound up with the same momentous issues, as they have been at some periods in the past: I have no wish to press the parallel unduly; but after all fair allowances have been made, sufficient remains to shew that the facts of spiritual agency in the present are analogous to those of the past, and are effected by similar laws and operations. Trance and ecstasy, appearances of spirit-men, revelation by voice, vision, writing, drawing, and impression on the mind; together with manifestations of spiritual power over physical substances, and the divers spiritual gifts of the early Christian church—of healing, of working miracles, of prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and the interpretation of tongues, exist now as of old, in the nineteenth century as in the first, in America and England as well as in Syria and Palestine. And as the light had its shadow,—as there were then not only spiritual gifts and ministrations that by their effects proved themselves divine; but also unclean, lying, evil spirits who tempted and possessed men, so is it at this time. The nature of men in and out of the body is still the same—influenced

by the same desires, subject to the same laws, under the same Providence. Hence to the theologian, as well as to the philosopher and the physician, the importance of studying these modern manifestations. An able clergyman of America long conversant with this matter, writes:—

“I hesitate not to say that one year of thorough investigation of accredited spiritual phenomena now occurring, will throw more light on the real meaning of the New Testament than any amount of mere critical reading of the expounders of the text; for here we see human nature wrought upon visibly, alike by the spirit of the living God, and by the myrmidons of darkness, and exhibiting all the sublime or terrible movements and counter-movements of the tremendous fight. Till the theologian has seen media in their varied states, he has never seen human nature stripped of its disguises. The shallow clergyman may, it is true, become an infidel,—to the Lord, to the Word, and to regeneration,—as the sophistries which he encounters find a congenial soil within his own inner man. But the Christian at heart will come out of the study in the highest sense orthodox and evangelical, and *will superadd a knowledge beyond that extant in any creed.*”

Not only do these facts demonstrate that the fabric of Materialism is built upon the sand; not only do they lay bare the assumptions from which it would limit all aspiration and exertion to the objects of this stage of being, regarding as vain and illusory all the hopes and indications that point beyond; not only do they confound the scoffer and the sophist; they re-assure the wavering, they sustain and strengthen a faith which for lack of its appropriate nutriment was becoming attenuated and weak—fast lapsing into mere tradition; they secure a base of operations for farther advances into the hitherto almost unexplored realms of spiritual truth, and not unfrequently inaugurate “the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.”

I cannot, indeed, assent to the view that Spiritualism is to render obsolete and to replace the religion of Christ:—that it is a new and better religion. If for no other reason, for this:—that the existence of man as a spirit, however completely proved, does not necessarily imply that of God, without the living conviction and trust in whom the soul can have nothing on which to anchor, and religion is but mummary and altogether vanity. Spiritualism may—in my judgment it certainly does—remove what I take to be the radical misconception which bars the way to the recognition of God—the supreme Spirit; but it stops there, and no logical bridge can carry us over from the limited to the infinite, from man to Deity. The evidence from the one is altogether inadequate to the other. The faith in God, which is the soul’s supreme need, is not attainable by power of

logic, and lies utterly beyond its range. Nor is continuity apart from *quality* of being a thing under all circumstances to be desired. If the soul to its inmost centre is so penetrated and saturated with evil as to be its delight and its very life—if as far as is possible to it, it has divorced itself from God, and is utterly *ungodly*—which would be the case of a soul altogether destitute of religion, then its immortality, if that were possible, were not a blessing, but a horror and a curse, from which with all our might we should pray that it might be delivered.

But if Spiritualism be not religion, it leads up thereto; it evidences, illustrates, confirms, enforces it; and gives certainty to what in many minds had become doubtful. It quickens those truths in relation to it which being in the understanding only were dormant and unfruitful, and tends to bring the life and character into harmony with the now vital faith; it brings heaven and hell sensibly nearer and more real to us as states of being, the necessary consequence of what we have been and are, and so opens out to us broader, grander, nobler views of man's nature and destiny than is possible to those to whom nature and the present life is all; or, than is common when religion consists mainly in the acceptance of tradition and dogma, which are held but as the accident of education and geographical position.

Nor is it on those questions alone on which its direct demonstrations are so obvious that they cannot well be missed, but on all the vital topics of religious thought and controversy that to the sincere and diligent inquirer Spiritualism sheds its light. I can here but barely indicate on a few points what seem to me its teachings in this direction. Take, for instance, the subject of inspiration. The student is aware that on this point theologians are in the most hopeless disagreement and perplexity. Not recognizing any clear guiding facts in ordinary experience, each has freely exercised his liberty to frame and insist upon whatever theory was right in his own eyes, and which seemed to fit in best with his general system; and so confusion has become worse confounded; one hypothesis has been put forth after another, only to be attacked and finally abandoned, until, like the dove that went out from the ark, the theologian can find no dry land on which to rest.* A careful discriminating study of the facts of modern Spiritualism would, more than any other means, illustrate the law of inspiration, by shewing its actual operation in its universality, varieties, degrees, methods, and outworkings; and so, in the end, lead to a clearer understanding and better

* On this point a good deal of evidence in small compass will be found in Clissold's *Practical Nature of Swedenborg's Writings*.

agreement than in the present lack of recognized data on which to form a right judgment is attainable.

Again, the doctrine of universal spirit-ministry appears the true key to the difficulty experienced by many of reconciling the belief in Special Providence and answer to Prayer with the operation of the Natural Laws. The soul by its sympathies and aspirations puts forth a force in relation to other souls as real as is that of gravitation in regard to matter. Its earnest desire, "uttered or unexpressed," attracts other souls, as the magnet attracts iron; and as spirits have power to impress and influence minds in the flesh, as well as to act in other ways, they may so exercise this power—so act upon the man whose soul's desire has gone forth in prayer that he may be refreshed and strengthened and his feet set in the right path, and so act also on others with whom they have to do, as that without interference with their voluntary action, they may co-operate to the end in view. As men set in motion natural powers to bring about the results at which they aim, so spirits may so operate at some link beyond our ken upon the chain of natural causation as to produce effects responsive to prayer, accordant with the ends of Divine Providence, and conformably to Natural and Spiritual Laws. "Cannot a swift angel go, and by as simple an operation as that by which we ask a man to go, to our friend or enemy at a distance (for the heavens are all-communicative), and implant his blessing on the desired head?" This view harmonizes with the Scripture narratives of appearances of spirit-men to Daniel,* and to Cornelius (Acts x.), while they were praying and in answer to their prayers. Even of Jesus, it is recorded that while praying at the Mount of Olives, "there appeared an angel unto Him, strengthening Him." So the efficacy of prayer, and the reality of Special Providence in things temporal as well as spiritual, have been shewn in many an experience of pious men in our own and in all times.† "From all which it appears, that the sincere prayer of the heart is *the appointed medium of connection* between man, the Lord and the heavens. And can there be any thing more touching and beautiful? To think of a *direct chain* of

* "Whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, *being caused to fly swiftly touched me* about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and *talked with me*, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding," &c.—*Book of Daniel*, chapter x. Here, I may remark, is a Bible instance of a spirit seen in human form, speaking to and touching a mortal while in a normal, active condition. How then can a believer in this spirit-manifestation deny the possibility of similar manifestations now?

† See articles in this Magazine on Franké, Muller, Stilling, Special Providences, and Dynamics of Prayer.

connection and communication from God the Father, down through intermediate ranks of glorified beings, to the children of earth and mortality, by which their faintest aspiration, if it be true, touches some bright link in the chain of being, and wafts it successively to the throne of God. Indeed the universe is such a reality."*

While Spiritualism corroborates and elucidates the genuine truths of religion, it also exposes and corrects many of the delusions and mistakes into which men have blundered in their speculations on matters associated with it. I may instance, as an illustration, the old controversy on which theologians are still divided, and so long as they move only in the old ruts are likely to remain so,—the question, whether at death the soul retains its active conscious powers, and at once enters on its new life; or, whether it only wakes to consciousness to be re-united to its resuscitated body at some period unknown, when the great assize of all humanity is to be held and the affairs of the world finally wound up? Now it needs no argument to shew that if there be any truth in Spiritualism there can be none in the latter of these two views. If the departed still perceive, remember, think, love, suffer, and enjoy, and communicate with us, it must be evident that they are neither in their graves, nor are they like an antediluvian toad embedded in a coal seam, in a state of torpor or suspended animation, but that on the contrary, they are in the present plenitude of their life with all that appertains to it.

These hints might be followed out much farther were it my design to pursue the inquiry into particulars;† but my task has been a simpler one—to shew that the assertion that Spiritualism is a new religion, which some of its friends have been so ill-advised as to make, is an assumption as unwarranted as is the opposite statement that it has nothing to do with religion, or is altogether adverse to it.

And here, I hope I may add, without offence, that in my humble judgment, nothing can more unfairly present Spiritualism, more prejudice its consideration and its just claims, or more deeply pain and tend to alienate many of its best friends than the inveterate—I had almost said rancorous—hostility to religion unhappily manifested amongst us in some quarters. Not destruction, but restoration; not to demolish, but to repair and build up, is the work of Spiritualism: its weapons are not the torch and

* *God in His Providence.* By the Rev. WOODBURY M. FARNALD.

† A most valuable series of Papers on this subject, entitled "Spiritualism in Religion," written by A. E. Newton, appeared in the *New England Spiritualist*, some time back. Those of the series that came to hand have been re-printed in this Magazine, but the publication of the complete series in a separate form would be very useful.

the pickaxe, but the trowel and the hammer. To those whose professed object is to "pulverize" religious faith; who take up their parable against it, and cry aloud—"Raze it to the foundations, overturn, lay waste, and utterly destroy," I would ask, in all kindness and reason—Why this bitterness and hate? True that in the churches (as well as out of them) there is plenty of room for reformation, both in doctrine and practice; but is it not the part of wise men to discriminate, to distinguish and separate the eternal divine verities of religion from the forms, ceremonies, creeds, institutions of men's device, and partaking of their necessary imperfections? To declaim against religion because of the evils which co-exist with it, unless it can be shewn (which it never has been, and I may venture to say never can be,) that they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, is idle claptrap. They might, on the same grounds, with equal reason, be attributed indiscriminately to Government, or Society, or the Moon. It reminds one of the logic of the old man, who, questioned by Sir Thomas More as to what he thought caused the Goodwin Sands, which stopped Sandwich Haven, replied—"Forsooth, sir, I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, for I am an old man, sir, and remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden Steeple was in building there was no flats or sands that stopped the haven, and *therefore* I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich Haven." This sapient old man is the type of a class who think they make out a case quite satisfactorily by putting almost any two propositions together, and linking them with a "*therefore*."

I know that some minds are strongly prejudiced against religion under the impression that it is somehow inimical to progress. They seem to feel an antipathy to whatever is fixed and stable, especially to religion, as a drag on the triumphal car on which their Goddess of Reason is enthroned. May I hint to these ardent minds panting for advancement, possibly having more heat than light, that change is not always reform; that there may be incessant movement without progress. May I add this further word, that it may be truly affirmed, not only of religion but of everything else, that without something fixed and certain there can be no progress. Whatever other conditions it may require, that at least is indispensable. Progress consists not in ceaseless revolutions in empty space, but in successive advances from knowledge to knowledge, from truth to truth, from good to better, and to better thence again; and each bit of dry land thus permanently reclaimed from the wide watery waste of speculation,—every new territory won from the realm of chaos and old night to the kingdom of order and light

is not only so much fixed gain, but a new starting point for farther advances and grander conquests for humanity. That divine temper of the soul whence spring the disinterested affections and holy enthusiasms which are of God, and aspire to God,—which prompts the primal duties and the sweet charities which soothe and heal and bless,—which nerves the timid and sustains the sinking soul, strengthening it to do and bear, wooing it to trust, and urging it to high endeavour,—and which is named “Religion,” “is the very central principle of progress, whether in the heavens or on the earth, because it is the keystone of the arch by which all things are upheld and saved from chaos. ‘Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong—and the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.’”

Not in outward observances—not in evading duties that are nearest to pry into mysteries that are farthest—not in a servile spirit serving God for wages, is religion to be found; but in loving response to the Christ within which says—“Follow thou Me!” Aye, though it be through the wilderness with long fasting and travail and sore temptation—through sufferings, denials, betrayal—through the jeer of foes and the falling away of friends;—though earth be darkened and stars withhold their light, and our souls are sorrowful even unto death, still does it urge and entreat us to follow that guiding voice, assured that in the soul’s deepest agony God will not forsake us nor angels refuse to lend their strengthening ministry; that through crucifixion it will be borne up to its great immortality, and a divine alchemy transmute the cross into a crown of heavenly gold; and that as on earth so in the city of God it shall be our dear delight—the full fruition of all our joy, the very bliss of heaven to hear that tender loving voice with its divine music ringing in the chambers of the soul—“Follow thou Me!”

SEANCE WITH MR. D. D. HOME, ON EASTER EVE, SATURDAY, 31st MARCH.

FIVE persons assembled for a *séance* at a house at Campden Hill: the lady and gentleman of the house, the widow of a nobleman, another lady, and Mr. D. D. Home. When he arrived he was pale and worn, and we feared that we should have few manifestations. He sat down to the piano and played and sang for some time; and on his beginning a little Russian air, a favourite of his late wife’s, a chair which was at some distance from the piano, *slid* up and placed itself beside him. I was sitting close to the piano on the other side, and I first saw

the chair move. The others gathered round, and he went on playing some time, though his hands became perfectly rigid, and it was evident that they were not moved by his own volition. After some time his hands were withdrawn from the piano and he became entranced, knelt down, and poured forth a beautiful prayer: then he came out of his trance, refreshed and happy, In a few minutes we sat round the table, which at once began to vibrate and tremble, and was raised off the floor to a considerable height. *Very* loud and *heavy* knocks were heard on the table, the floor, and the furniture round the room; presently the accordion was touched; the alphabet was asked for, and it was spelt out—"We will play the earth-life of One who was not of earth."

First we had simple, sweet, soft music for some minutes, then it became intensely sad, then the tramp, tramp, as of a body of men marching mingled with the music, and I exclaimed, "The march to Calvary!" Then three times the tap-tapping sound of a hammer on a nail (like two metals meeting). A *crash* and a burst of wailing which seemed to fill the room followed, then there came a burst of glorious triumphal music more grand than any of us had ever listened to and we exclaimed, "The Resurrection!" It thrilled to all our hearts.

Nothing more was done for some time, and we decided upon putting out the lights in the room so as only to have that from the outside which came through the conservatory. When this was done the muslin curtains were draped round Mr. Home, a large portfolio stand having first been removed from the window by the spirits. It was moved some distance towards the door of the conservatory and then *laid* down on the floor. Mr. Home was then raised from the ground enveloped in the curtains. We saw him through it—between us and the window; then it was spelled out "see what earth does," and the silk curtains were all drawn close over the windows and round Mr. Home and all was dark and black as night. After a short time they were drawn back again and Mr. Home was let down and came back to the table. Soon after this we observed the face of the master of the house, shining as if covered with silver light; after we had all remarked it, and commented upon it, the words were spelled out, "He who giveth shall receive light." The accordion was carried round the circle playing beautifully "The Last Rose of Summer," and several other airs; it rested on the head of our host, then on my shoulder, and went on to our hostess next to me, and played on her head. After this several pieces of martial music were played.

The spirit of a child next came, whose mother had sent flowers to our hostess that morning. She gave us each a flower, and told Mr. Home to go and see her mother. Mr. Home was

then raised up to the ceiling, which he touched, and regretted not having a pencil to make a mark there. When he came down, our host gave him one, hoping that he might be again raised, and in five minutes after he was so, and left a cross on the ceiling; but just before this took place, we saw his whole face and chest covered with the same silver light which we had observed on our host's face. We had been sitting all this time at the table, and soon after our hands were touched and patted by other hands, and our brows touched by loved hands whose touch we knew. Shortly afterwards we heard the knocks and sounds die away in the distance out of doors, and *we felt* that it was all over. We had been sitting more than two hours. Our host and hostess had said repeatedly to each other during the evening, "We never have had anything like this before;" and they certainly have seen more wonders in Spiritualism than almost any one.

That burst of music was still thrilling on our hearts. Nothing of mortal composition could equal it, and its sound was that of a fine organ. We greatly regretted that no one in the room could take down the notes. The wondrous effect of the sound of feet, and the sound of the hammer and nails running like a thread through the music, it is impossible to understand by those who have not listened to it; and also in the music itself there was a mixture of tones out of my power to describe.

* * *

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

D'AUBIGNÈ, in his *Universal History*, relates the following anecdote of Catherine di Medici:—

"I affirm," said he, "upon the words of the king, the prodigy which I now relate to you. The queen being about to retire to rest at the early hour to which she was accustomed—the King of Navarre, the Archbishop of Lyons, the ladies De Retz, Lignerolles, and Sauve, two of whom have confirmed this account, and other persons being present—just as she was hastily saying "Good night," she put her hands before her face, and with a loud cry called for help from those about her. She pointed to the foot of her bed, saying, there stood the cardinal; and she exclaimed many times, "M. le Cardinal, I have nothing to do with you!"

"The King of Navarre sent instantly one of his gentlemen to the lodgings of the cardinal, who found that he had expired at the moment of this apparition."—Book II, chapter xii, p. 719.

APPARITION IN THE FAMILY OF CHURCH-COUNCILLOR,
DR. PAULUS, IN HEIDELBERG.

It is a curious fact that Strauss, the great German sceptic and author of the notorious *Leben Jesu*, was in his earlier days one of the firmest believers in the manifestations of the Seeress of Prevorst, having personally visited her, and not only satisfied himself of their truth, but zealously defended their reality against sceptics. Dr. Paulus, of Heidelberg, who preceded Strauss in the systematic attacks on Christianity, figures also in a curious manner in the following narrative, related by Justinus Kerner, in the *Blätter aus Prevorst*, Vol. X. :—

“The following fact took place in Stuttgart, sixty-four years ago, and was first communicated to me by an eye-witness, the daughter of the wife of the Court-Councillor and Oberamptmann Paulus, of Schorndorf, and mother-in-law of Dr. Paulus, of Heidelberg, and was also often related to my sister by the Director Von K.

“The Court-Councillor and Oberamptmann Paulus resigned his office on account of his age, and removed from Schorndorf to Stuttgart. His wife as well as himself was very aged, yet in good health and strength. They were passionately fond of theosophy, were highly respected, and their children were all well married, but settled for the most part out of Stuttgart. One of their daughters, Louise, Mrs. F. R. Römer, was always in their neighbourhood, and with her worthy husband and children was very fond of society. The wife of Mr. Councillor Paulus being now deceased, and the different members of the family who resided out of Stuttgart were, with the Römer family, collected and sitting at supper at Councillor Paulus's, the corpse lying in an adjoining apartment; the door of the dining-room silently opened, and a figure in white, and whom all present recognised as the deceased lady, slowly and without any sound, passed before them, nodding to them as she went, and entered the apartment where her own body lay. All present saw this startling apparition clearly. The husband remained self-possessed, attended the funeral in full health and much consoled by what he had witnessed, but died and was buried eight days afterwards.” The writer adds, that as Dr. Paulus of Heidelberg was not only son-in-law of this re-appearing lady, but cousin of Councillor Paulus, and present himself, this occurrence in his own family should have taught him not to throw discredit, as he did, on similar events taking place in other most credible families, and in well-known places.

THE CHARTER-HOUSE MONKS OF 1535,
AS WE HEAR OF THEM IN THE STORY OF MICHAEL CHAUNCY.

IN the second volume of Froude's *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, we meet with the following episode, which curiously illustrates the spirituality yet lingering amongst the English religious houses.

"Here, therefore, he was to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history; a solemn battle fought out to the death by the champions of rival principles. Heroic men had fallen and were still fast falling, for what was called heresy; and now those who had inflicted death on others were called upon to bear the same witness to their own sincerity. England became the theatre of a war between the armies of martyrs, to be waged, not upon the open field, in open action, but on the stake and the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance."

Secretary Bedyll complained to Cromwell of the obstinacy of certain friars and monks, who, he thought, would confer a service on the country by dying quietly, lest honest men should incur unmerited obloquy in putting them to death. Among these, the brethren of the London Charterhouse were especially mentioned as recalcitrant, and they were said at the same time to bear a high reputation for holiness.

In a narrative written by a member of this body, we are brought face to face, at their time of trial, with one of the few religious establishments in England which continued to deserve the name; and we may see, in the scenes which are there described, the highest representation of struggles which graduated variously according to character and temper, and without the tragical result, may have been witnessed in very many of the monastic houses. The writer was a certain Maurice Chauncy, probably an Irishman. He went through the same sufferings with the rest of the brethren, and was one of the small fraction who finally gave way under trial. He was set at liberty and escaped abroad; and, in penance for his weakness, he left on record the touching story of his fall, and of the triumph of his bolder companions. He communes with his own confession. He had fallen when others stood. The early chapters contain a loving, lingering picture of his cloister-life—to him the perfection of earthly happiness. It is placed before us by him in all its superstition, its devotion, and its simplicity; the counterpart, even in minute details, of accounts of cloisters when monasticism was in the young vigour of its life, and which had been written ten centuries before.

A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained still anchored in the stream; the strands of the ropes which held them, wearing near to a thread, and very near their last parting, but still unbroken.

Maurice Chauncy's pages are filled with the old familiar stories of visions and miracles, of strange adventures befalling the chalices and holy wafers, of angels with wax candles, &c. There are accounts of certain *fratres reprobi et eorum terribilis punitio*, frail brethren and the frightful catastrophes which ensued to them. Brother Thomas, who told stories out of doors *apud sæculares*, was attacked one night by the devil, and the fiend would have strangled him but for the prayers of a companion. Brother George, who cared after the flesh pots of Egypt, was walking one day about the cloister when he ought to have been at chapel, and the great figure upon the cross at the end of the gallery turned its back upon him as it hung and drove him all but mad. Brother John daily found fault with his dinner, and said that he would as soon eat toads. His cell was for three months filled with toads! If he threw them into the fire, they hopped back to him unscorched; if he killed them others came to take their place.

But these bad brothers were the rare exceptions. In general, the house was perhaps the best ordered in England. The monks were true to their vows and true to their duty. Among the many good monks, the prior, John Haughton, was the best. He was of an old English family and had been educated at Cambridge where he must have been the contemporary of Latimer. At the age of twenty-eight he took the vows as a monk, and had been for twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. He is described as "small in stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified. In manner he was most modest; in eloquence most dignified; in chastity without stain." We may readily imagine his appearance, with that feminine austerity of expression which belongs so peculiarly to the features of the mediæval ecclesiastics.

From the commencement of the divorce cause, the Charterhouse Monks had espoused instinctively the Queen's side, probably in common with their affiliated house at Sion they had believed in the Nun of Kent, and as pious Catholics they regarded the reforming measures of the Parliament with dismay.

The year 1533, says Maurice, was ushered in with signs in heaven and prodigies upon earth, as if the end of the world were at hand; as indeed of the monks and the monks-world the end was truly at hand. And then came the spring of 1534, when the Act was passed cutting off the Princess Mary from the succession and requiring of all subjects of the realm an oath of allegiance to

Elizabeth and a recognition of the King's marriage with Queen Anne. Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher went to the Tower rather than swear; and about the same time the Royal Commissioners appeared at the Charterhouse to require the submission of the brethren. The regular clergy through the kingdom had bent to the storm. The conscience of the London Carthusians was less elastic, they were the first, and with the exception of More and Fisher, the only recusants.

"The Prior did answer to the Commissioners," Maurice tells us, "that he knew nothing of such matters, and could not meddle with them; but they continued to insist, and the Prior being still unable to give other answer, he was sent with Father Humphrey, our Proctor, to the Tower."

There he remained for a month; and at the end of it he was persuaded by "certain good and learned men" that the cause was not one for which it was lawful to suffer. He undertook to comply, *sub conditione*, with some necessary reservations, and was sent home to the cloister. As soon as he returned the brethren assembled in their chapter-house, "in confusion and great perplexity," and Haughton told them what he had promised. He would submit, he said, and yet his misgivings foretold to him that a submission so made would not long avail. "Our hour, dear brethren," he continued, "is not yet come. In the same night in which we were set free I had a dream that I should not escape thus. Within a year I shall be brought again to that place, and then I shall finish my course."

If martyrdom were so near and so inevitable, the remainder of the monks were at first reluctant to purchase a useless delay at the price of their convictions. The Commissioners came with the Lord Mayor for the oath, and it was refused. They came again with the threat of instant imprisonment for the whole fraternity; "and then," says Maurice, "they prevailed with us. We all swore as we were required, making one condition, that we submitted only as far as it was lawful for us so to do. Thus, like Jonah, we were delivered from the belly of this monster, and began again to rejoice, like him, under the shadow of the gourd of our home."

This, however, was the Act of Supremacy, with the Statute of Treasons which was attached to it. Inadequate answers to official inquiry formed sufficient ground for prosecution under these acts. But this interpretation was not generally known; nor among those who knew it, was it certain whether the Crown would avail itself of the powers which it thus possessed, or whether it would proceed only against such offenders as had voluntarily committed themselves to opposition. In the opening of the following year, 1535, the first uncertainty was at an end.

It was publicly understood that persons who had previously given cause for suspicion might be submitted to question. When this bitter news was no longer doubtful the Prior called the convent together, and gave them notice to prepare for what was coming. "When we were all in great consternation," writes Maurice Chauncy, "he said to us:—'Very sorry am I, and my heart is heavy, especially for my younger friends. Here you are living in your innocence. The yoke will not be laid on your necks, nor the rod of persecution. But if you are taken hence, and mingle among the Gentiles, you may learn the works of them, and having begun in the spirit, you may be consumed in the flesh. And there may be others among us, whose hearts are still infirm. If these mix again with the world, I fear how it may be with them; and what shall I say, and what shall I do, if I cannot save those whom God has trusted to my charge?'"

"Then all who were present," says Chauncy, "burst into tears, and cried with one voice, 'Let us all die together in our integrity, and heaven and earth shall witness for us how unjustly we are cut off.'"

"The Prior answered sadly, 'Many of you are of noble blood, and what I think they will do is this; me and the elder brethren they will kill, and they will dismiss you that are going into a world which is not for you. If, therefore, it depend on me alone, if my oath will suffice for the house, I will throw myself for your sakes on the mercy of God. I will make myself anathema, and to preserve you from these dangers, I will consent to the King's will. If, however, they choose to have the consent of us all, the will of God be done. If one death will not avail, we will die all;' so then bidding us prepare for the worst that the Lord when he knocked might find us ready, he desired us to choose each our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another, giving us power to grant each other absolution. The following day after he had preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm—'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us'—rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed, he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next and said the same, and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each imploring pardon."

Nor in this their hour of trial were these pure-hearted men left without the highest comfort.

"The third day after," the story goes on, "was the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and God made known His presence among us. For when the Host was lifted up, there came, as it were,

a whisper of air, which breathed upon our faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt it, as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound of music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a long time could not continue the service, we all remaining stupefied, hearing the melody and feeling the marvellous effect of it upon our spirits, but knowing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hearts rejoiced, as we perceived that God was with us indeed."

Comforted and resolute, the brotherhood awaited patiently the approach of the Commissioners; and they waited long, for the Crown was in no haste to be severe.

Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester remained unquestioned in the Tower, and were allowed free intercourse with their friends. The Carthusian monks were left undisturbed, although the attitude which they had assumed was notorious, and although the prior was known to forbid his penitents in confession to acknowledge the King's supremacy. If the government was at length driven to extremity, it was because the clergy thus drove them to it.

The position of the clergy remaining thus antagonistic to the King's wishes, he published a circular addressed to the Lords Lieutenant of various counties, commanding that all persons praying for the Pope should be arrested.

In connection with the issue of this publication, the monks of the Charterhouse were at length informed that they would be questioned regarding the supremacy.

Returning to the narrative of Maurice Chauncy, we learn that notice of the intention of Government having been signified to the Order, Father Webster and Father Lawrence, the Priors of the two daughter houses of Axholm and Belville, came up to London three weeks after Easter, and, with Haughton, presented themselves before Cromwell with an entreaty to be excused the submission. For answer to their petition, they were sent to the Tower, where they were soon joined by Father Reynolds, one of the recalcitrant monks of Sion. Having, when brought before a Committee of the Privy Council, refused to accept the Act of the King's supremacy, they were brought to trial before a special commission. The end of these legal proceedings was, that a verdict of guilt was returned against the four. The sentence was for the usual punishment of high treason. When Haughton heard the sentence, he merely observed, "This is the judgment of the world."

An interval of five days was allowed after the trial. On the 4th of May, the execution took place at Tyburn, under

circumstances which marked the occasion with peculiar meaning. For the first time in English history, ecclesiastics were brought forth to suffer in their habits, without undergoing the previous ceremony of degradation. Haughton, as first in rank, had the privilege of first dying. When on the scaffold, he spoke a few touching words to the people. All died without a murmur. The stern work was ended with quartering the bodies, and the arm of Haughton was hung up as a bloody sign over the archway of the Charterhouse to awe the remaining brothers into submission. But the spirit of the old martyrs was in these friars. One of them bore away the honoured relic and buried it, and all resolved to persist in their resigned opposition. At the end of six weeks, the time allowed them for consideration, three more of the brethren were taken, tried, and hanged!

The end of the story is touching, indeed. The remaining monks were left in the house, and two secular priests were sent to take charge of the establishment, who starved and ill-used them; and were themselves, according to Maurice, sensual and profligate. From time to time they were called before the Privy Council. Their friends and relatives were ordered to work upon them to submit, as if their attitude, so long as it was maintained, was felt as a reproach by the Government. Various means were employed to bring the house into subjection, such as separating the brethren, or placing those who remained in the old establishment under secular discipline. But nothing answered. Two found their way into active rebellion, and, being concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace, were hung in chains at York. Ten were sent to Newgate, where nine died miserably of prison fever and filth, and the tenth survivor was executed. The remainder, of whom Maurice was one, went through a form of submission, with a mental reservation, and escaped abroad.

FROM THE INNER LIFE.—Madame Guion's Director said to her, in relation to prayer, "You look for that *without*, which is only to be found within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart and you will find him there." She says, "These words were like a dart, piercing my heart, and I was deeply smitten with the love of God." "Thou, O Jesus, wast in my soul, and I knew it not; I only needed to turn my eyes inward to see Thee. I was in the midst of riches and knew it not."

E T E R N A L L Y.

Lose not thy faith
 In all the symbols of man's sacred call,
 The truth that hath
 By mighty hand become impressed on all;
 The soothing hope of one eternal sphere,
 That circles all above, we held on earth most dear,
Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In woman's love, the fond, the fair, the pure,
 That treads the path
 Of virtue's fashioning; and will endure
 The taunts and chafings of a harsh world's ill—
 Though many have proved false, love one bright image still,
Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In all the phases of the beautiful;
 True wisdom saith,
 From evil weeds we flowers of good may cull.
 Bathe, then, the heart in sunshine—shun life's frost—
 And trust in friendship still, though still by mock friends crost,
Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In that immortal destiny of man,
 Which scorns the wraith
 Of gloomy horror, that doth set its ban
 On that fair rainbow of man's god-like creed.
 The tomb that hath "here lies" here lies to us indeed,
Eternally.

Love on—hope ever;
 These are the twin amenities of life,
 Which, once linked, never
 Will cease to aid thee through all earthly strife;
 Love on—through years of peril, pain and grief;
 Hope ever—through the gloom of unbelief,
 And thou shalt live—Eternally.

E. L. B.

We have to record the recent death of Mr. WILLIAM TURLEY, well known in London as an ardent social reformer. Some years ago, like his great leader, Robert Owen, he became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and delivered several lectures on the subject in the Metropolis, and published his experiences in a pamphlet, which was extensively circulated.

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AN ESSAY UPON THE GHOST BELIEF OF
SHAKESPEARE.

By ALFRED ROFFE.

III.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.—DR. JOHNSON.

THE following remarks by Dr. Johnson, concerning the plot of *Hamlet*, seem to be *curiously infelicitous*, especially as coming from a celebrated Moralist. However, it is interesting to note the views of such a man as Dr. Johnson, and it is wished to give those views a respectful attention. The doctor observes that—

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it, and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

Of the Ghost in *Hamlet* we thus find Dr. Johnson remarking, that he “left the regions of the dead to little purpose,” and this was evidently *a critical objection* in Dr. Johnson’s mind.

Now, as it seems to be impossible but that it would occur to Shakespeare that such an objection might be offered, we then have, it is submitted, an additional presumption as to what his views of the case must have been.

If Shakespeare believed, or, to speak more properly, *knew*, that every spirit is a man, and every man a spirit, his conduct of the story seems to be altogether artist-like. The ghost is actuated by a just desire (in a *pagan* sense), for revenge of his great injury. It does not appear that he either knew, or sought to know, what other consequences might flow from what he was doing. We may be sure, that during his earthly life he would have done likewise, for the mere fact that a man has quitted the

external, natural body, does not alter his inner nature. Had Shakespeare simply written for what is called *effect*, it would have appeared to him, as it did to Dr. Johnson, and possibly to many others, inconsistent that the supernatural appearance should so far fail as to cause, not only the death of several innocent persons, but also that of Hamlet himself.

The whole, indeed, of Dr. Johnson's critique is singular to those who think that Shakespeare's beliefs are involved in the complete question of *Hamlet* as a work of art; nor is it, moreover, very easy to see how any tragedy at all could be written so as to escape some such remarks, if they were really applicable to *Hamlet*. It is quite true to nature, that things which we speak or act, with only a limited end of our own in view, produce the most unlooked-for effects, and Shakespeare would not think himself obliged, upon his views of truth and art, to suffer any particular person to rule events, merely because that person had left the world of nature. It is also to be observed that the Ghost, from his own account, is very far from being a good spirit, and his state is one of suffering. Upon our views, the author of *Hamlet* must have believed in a future state, which state would be coloured by the life led in nature; and, to the most of men, in that doctrine of a future state, is confessedly to be found *the only solution of numerous enigmas, of which we are all sensible, quite as dark, and apparently as inconsistent, as anything in the story of Hamlet.*

Although Shakespeare has not, as Dr. Johnson observes, executed what is called "*poetical justice*" as respects the fate in *this world*, of the different persons of the piece, yet he has been careful throughout to indicate or involve a *higher justice*. The whole texture of the poem of *Hamlet* assumes a spiritual world, with its various states, and therefore when the ghost speaks of the sufferings consequent upon his sins, when Laertes expects that his sister will be "a ministering angel;" when Hamlet invokes "the heavenly guards" to "save and hover over" him; and when Horatio, at the last, calls upon the "flights of angels," to sing Hamlet to his rest, this texture of the poem requires that all these things should be understood as truths, and not as merely being poetic licences. In short, Shakespeare may be seen not to have forgotten himself at all, in any respect, if we will only do *what Dr. Johnson omitted to do*; namely, *consider the whole poem; the spiritual part, as well as the natural.*

Dr. Johnson himself has been not unfrequently smiled at, for his tendency to believe in the supernatural; but is it not true, that, although strongly *feeling* the importance of the subject, he did not sufficiently *see*, what he thus strongly *felt*, since he appears to have had some idea of a kind of *legal evidence* being wanted

for the fact of spiritual appearances. Thus, "talking of ghosts," as Boswell informs us, he said—

It is wonderful that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.

And again, when a ghost-story of John Wesley's was spoken of, Dr. Johnson said,—

"I am sorry that I did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it." Upon this, Miss Seward, with an incredulous smile, said, "What! sir, about a ghost?" "Yes, Madam;" replied he, "this is a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human mind."

Such was the style in which Dr. Johnson treated the subject, and it is to be regretted that so able and religious a man should thus have thought as to the *argumentative* force upon his own side. Had he perceived that all argument *was for*, and not against, spiritual appearances, we should have had a very different, and far more valuable critique upon *Hamlet* from his hand. The doctor seems to have considered that the strongest evidence for a spiritual appearance should be of that legal kind which is possible concerning anything in nature; yet his knowledge of mankind might have taught him, that, *to those who begin with mere unbelief*, such evidence is impossible. They do not profess to doubt that people have seen ghosts; that is, *fancied that they saw them*; it is the *objective reality* of which they doubt, and of which it is absolutely impossible to convince any one who *thinks from the natural eye alone*, when the object in question is of the *spiritual eye*. Accordingly, although the Spiritualist feels every proper interest in what he conceives to be any well-authenticated spiritual appearances, he would not lay the greatest stress upon them, in seeking to convince the sceptic, who is to be more legitimately reached, if at all, in another way. Had Dr. Johnson taken up the absolutely affirmative view and had requested of the sceptics, who profess to settle everything by reason, to reason concerning *Hamlet*, he would have been impregnable. He could have shewn them that this work, taking a supernatural appearance for granted, was admired by all sorts of people, and that, both in simple perusal, or in stage representation. He could have called upon the sceptics to explain how this had happened, *if the whole foundation of Hamlet was false*, and as it would have been impossible for them, upon their views, to offer any sound reason for this universal admiration of *Hamlet*, they must have been forced to the acknowledgment that *reason itself was against them*. We might then have had a real critique upon *Hamlet*, for Dr. Johnson, as we have just seen, deeply felt the importance, both in theology and philosophy, of

the question involved in such a critique. As it was, he allowed to the sceptics, that "all argument" was against ghost-belief, and thus quite incapacitated himself from writing anything valuable upon *Hamlet*, a work which most assuredly could no more have existed, and have been received as it is, if spiritualities were not *realities*, than a shadow could exist without some real object from which it might be projected.

Let us then learn to give criticism a more complete basis than it has hitherto possessed, by *no longer omitting to consider the supernatural*; and as an indispensable step in that direction, let us cease to think of that supernatural, as being either the *suspension* or the *contradiction* of material external laws, but as *the manifestation* of spiritual internal laws. We should not then find ourselves exclaiming "Why should the Divine permit his laws to be *suspended*, or *contradicted*, for this or that insufficient end?" And then, on the strength of our own assumptions, refusing to examine into facts, and often putting forth a very narrow and unjust critique upon the works of the greatest artists; men whom we ought, even for our own sakes, to be slow indeed in pronouncing to be wrong.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.—AN ILLUSION.

The following passage from a work by Mr. Charles Ollier, strikingly shows how even able writers can *forget* what is in the author whom they admire and write about:—

"It faded at the crowing of the cock," says Marcellus to Horatio, speaking of the grand phantom of Hamlet's father, the most awful apparition evoked by the imagination of man—a royal shade, more potent as the monarch of spirits, than when, in the body, it wielded the sceptre of then mighty Denmark. But with all its attributes of power, "the majesty of buried Denmark," could only "revisit the glimpses of the moon," making "night hideous." As dawn came on, the "illusion faded."

The above is the opening paragraph of a volume written to shew the fallacy of ghosts, dreams, and the like, and by one who is most clearly an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, but whose want of faith in the supernatural has here led him, unconsciously, to quote from *Hamlet* with a most strange one-sidedness. Who, not having read *Hamlet*, but would imagine that Mr. Ollier actually had Shakespeare upon *his* side of the question, or could conceive that every means had been adopted by Shakespeare, in order to give all the marks of reality to "the grand phantom," as Mr. Ollier styles the ghost.

Shakespeare has made the ghost visible and audible to three persons at once, and, as to Hamlet *communicating facts before unknown to him*; yet Mr. Ollier appears only to have remembered those things which *seemed* to harmonize with his own

views; namely, the *night-appearances* of the ghost, and his *fading* at the approach of the morning.

Mr. Ollier owns, as we perceive, to being deeply impressed by the ghost, and it cannot but be regretted, that instead of endeavouring to explain away the supernatural, he had not rather sought the still more difficult task of explaining away Shakespeare's *artistic right* to use supernatural themes, and *the right* of his readers to be delighted with that use. This, would at least have been *new*, and would have given an infinitely greater scope for argument and ingenuity than can possibly be shewn by any attempts to annihilate supernaturalism, those attempts being founded upon views merely physical; spiritual views and *art-considerations* being altogether set aside.

ANTIGONUS.—HOTSPUR.

In a volume entitled *Philosophy of Shakespeare*, in which passages from the poet are ranged under certain headings, with occasional remarks, the author, Mr. Rankin, thus expresses himself—

Shakespeare's superiority to the superstitious times in which he lived, is absolutely amazing; especially when we consider that such a mind as Sir M. Hale's succumbed to them. Read the speech of Antigonus on ghosts, the reasoning of Hotspur on omens and then admire a genius that was centuries in advance of his age.

Now it is sufficiently curious, that Mr. Rankin has altogether forgotten that Antigonus, who intimates that he is a sceptic, *is shewn in the play to be quite wrong*, at least for once. The dream which had so much wrought upon him, as to make him say (after having pronounced "dreams to be toys"), that he will, nevertheless, be "superstitiously squared by this," is fulfilled, and the just inference might be, that the scepticism belongs to Antigonus alone, and the belief to Shakespeare. Those who have really gone into the subject, know what powerful evidence there is for the fact of prophetic dreams, and are satisfied that Shakespeare knew it also. Those who think that Shakespeare would introduce a prophetic dream, without having studied the subject of prophetic dreams, are requested to consider that a painter who loves his art, and seeks for lasting reputation, does not allow himself to introduce anything into his picture, even the meanest weed, without studying it.

The case with respect to Hotspur equally illustrates the forgetfulness of Mr. Rankin as to the real point in question. In the fine scene between Hotspur and Glendower, there is a great deal of smart, cutting scepticism evinced by the former. He is, however, checked by Mortimer, who assures him that Glendower is—

A worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read, and profited in strange concealments.

And how does Shakespeare carry on the scene? Why, by making Glendower give an auricular proof of his open communication with the inner world. When Mortimer says that he will sit and hear his wife sing, Glendower replies:—

Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
Yet straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

He then speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays. But does this produce any effect upon Hotspur's unbelief? None in the least ; and Shakespeare here has given the absolute proof of his observation upon a certain species of scepticism, which, instead of being at all moved to gravity or examination by some noteworthy fact, is only disposed to turn it into ridicule. Thus Hotspur, when he hears the music, only says,—

*Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he's a good musician.*

Shakespeare has also kept close to nature in not giving any remark upon Glendower's power to the other persons present, to whom, supposing that power to have been familiar, it had ceased, in some sense, to be marvellous. Had Shakespeare, however, been a sceptic, and yet so regardless of his own ideas of truth, as to have introduced the spiritual music for the sake of something called *effect*, there could not have been this *quietness* of treatment ; light jesting on the part of Hotspur, and absolute silence with the rest.

It may be added, that even Mr. Charles Knight also, has evidently overlooked what Shakespeare has made Glendower *do*, and the unavoidable inference from his doings. Mr. Knight contrasts "the solemn *credulity*" of Glendower with the "sarcastic *unbelief*" of Hotspur ; but we have now seen, that, on Shakespeare's shewing, it should have been "solemn *certainty*, and not "solemn *credulity*," which is to be affirmed of Glendower ; for in this scene, he not only believes that he can, and says that he will, do a certain thing ; that is, summon musicians of the inner world, but he *actually does* do it.

It is, certainly, one of the most striking proofs of the effect which preconceived opinions have upon criticism, that such points as the above, in a writer like Shakespeare, should have remained totally unnoticed, nay, *unseen*. Every one will admit, that in order to be a critic upon Shakespeare, human nature must be studied by the critic, otherwise he cannot appreciate the author's treatment of it. It remains to be admitted, that the manifestations of the inner world must also be studied by the critics for the same reason.

TROILUS.—THESEUS.

In addition to the cases of Antigonu8 and Hotspur, those of Troilus and Theseus may be adduced as fresh instances of the manner in which Shakespeare shews the sceptic to be in error, by placing him in opposition to the facts of the story. Thus Troilus treats his brother Helenus, and his sister Cassandra, very cavalierly, after the approved fashion of the doubters. He says to Helenus :—

You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.

And when Hector, upon the entrance of Cassandra, raving and prophesying, asks,—

Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister, work
Some touches of remorse.

The reply shews Troilus as only seeing that “Cassandra’s mad,” “her raptures brainsick,” &c., yet “the high strains of divination” really were within her.

Finally, in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Theseus makes a celebrated speech, every line of which is sceptical, yet *the conduct* of the play falsifies the Duke’s reasonings, or, as they should rather be called, his assertions. Hippolyta having observed to him,—

’Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

He thus replies, *paying no attention*, be it observed, to the fact that Hippolyta is speaking from the testimony of four persons; a very artful stroke on the part of Shakespeare at the sceptics.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.

To this speech Hippolyta very justly answers, that—

All the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured thus together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Here again, Shakespeare shows his nice observation of the sceptical mind. Every one who has conversed on any subject, with persons *predetermined, on that subject, not to believe*, must have observed how common it is for the latter, when fairly brought to a stand-still, to lapse into a dead silence, instead of saying, as the lover of truth would do, "What you have alleged is very reasonable, and I will now examine." *They* can say no more, nor may *you*. Accordingly, to the incontrovertible speech of Hippolyta, Theseus makes no reply.

It is a truly noteworthy and significant fact, that to the sceptical Theseus should have been allotted by Shakespeare the sceptical idea concerning the poet; namely, as being the embodiment of the unreal, and not as being the copyist of what is true. It is exactly in character, that the doubting Theseus should thus speak of the poetic art, and *thence we may be sure that the poet who wrote the lines for him, thought precisely the very reverse*. Owing, however, to the general doubt concerning the supernatural, and the consequent assumption of Shakespeare's disbelief, this point seems never to have been considered, and it may be safely affirmed that nine hundred and ninety-nine readers out of every thousand, would gravely quote the lines upon the poet, *as containing Shakespeare's own idea*, although, only five lines previously, *Theseus has placed the poet in the same category with the lunatic*. From the purely dramatic character of his works, Shakespeare can never *speak* in his own person, but he can always *act*; that is, so frame his story as that scepticism shall be shewn to be entirely at fault: and this he does.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, the following axioms are submitted to the consideration of those who are interested in criticism respecting Shakespeare.

1st. That all *good art* is absolutely *true*, or it could not be good.

2nd. That to the true artist, whatever he cannot feel to be *absolutely true* in its foundations, is altogether intolerable.

3rd. That all the difficulty in *intellectually* admitting these things, lies in the non-admission of an internal, causal world as absolutely real. It is said, in *intellectually* admitting, because the influence of the arts proves that men's *feelings* always have admitted, and do still admit, this reality.

4th. That neither pure Immaterialism (nor Idealism), on the one hand, or pure Materialism, on the other, can be considered

but as *half-philosophies*, consequently, that neither of them, singly, could have been the philosophy of such a man as Shakespeare.

5th. The great artist is pre-eminently the man of fact and common sense. He sees more facts than other men do, and also the common-senseness of those facts.

6th. All good Art takes both the spiritual and natural worlds for granted, and works with both, according to the laws of both, and with such effect, that the best artists are by common consent, placed above all other men; and justly so. To be what they are, whether as poets, painters, or musicians, they must not only have the most powerful sense of the objective realities of both worlds, but they are also gifted with *the faculty of realising their perceptions*, so as to convey them to other men.

7th. That these axioms admitted, an additional evidence is gained for the highest truths of all—those of Religion, which are thus shewn to be at one with all that tends to raise and refine mankind.

MADEMOISELLE LE NORMAND, THE PARISIAN SIBYL OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN one department of the great and varied field of Spiritualism figures a class of mediums who have been termed in different periods, and by different persons, fortune-tellers, conjurors, wise men and women, necromancers, sorcerers, and in almost all cases charlatans. These persons who have practised their so-called art, or as we should now rather term it, function, for gain, have by one class of mind been regarded as in compact with the devil, by another as in compact with their own spirit of chicanery, by a third as having more or less of both. Many have set down their success to a clever assurance in specious fraud, or to an acute insight into character and circumstances, but have stoutly denied them to have any real possession of the gift of prescience. Such men as Nostradamus, Cornelius Agrippa, Cagliostro, and such women as Mademoiselle le Normand, have been adjudged by different minds to belong to all these classes of *entrepreneurs*. Another order of minds is unwilling to recognise as Spiritualists such persons as do not take a religious view of the dispensation, and is disposed to treat all those included under the general head here adverted to, as persons disreputable, and about whom the less said the better.

Now it is surely time that all Spiritualists understood that

the power of spirits to communicate with those still in the flesh is not conferred on any particular section of the spirit race, but is, like all God's ordinances, open to all. As there are light and dark, good and evil, in the world, so there are good and evil spirits in operation about us; and, between these, every grade of quality, good, bad, and indifferent, as there is in the infinitely varied mass of mankind. It is not a *sacred* opening into this earth alone through which the divine agents of God can pass and repass; it is a wide and mighty gate—a great and broad highway between the worlds, through which spirits of all classes and qualities can pass, and on which they can travel. We have to choose our companions amongst the invisibles, just as we have to choose them amongst the visibles: we have to do more—to avoid and repel the approaches of the evil, by all the powers put into our hands—those of prayer, and a clinging to the pure and the noble in life, and of cultivating a firm repugnance to everything low, sensual, and unworthy. In what is truly called the battle of life, we must steadily range ourselves on the divine side, certain that the light and the dark phalanxes of the spiritual will be fighting around us, and that the trivial, the indifferent, the lazy, and the mixed characters of the other life, will gather about us in our hours of ease and ordinary proceeding.

That very much trick and an impudent mystification have been mingled with real spiritual power, in the fortune-tellers of all times, is very certain. At the same time, there are so many extraordinary predictions which have been fulfilled, at dates to which no human foresight could possibly reach—predictions uttered, and even written down at once, by these popular professors of vaticination, that it is equally certain that they were mediums of great and undoubted endowments. St. Cæsar, who died at Arles in 552, prophesied of a terrible revolution in France, including all the events of the revolution of 1789. Instead of the Christian era, he said it would occur in or about the year 1789 of the era of Diocletian, which would have been 284 years later. In the facts he was right, and in the date right to a year, supposing him only to have taken the true era—the Christian for that of Diocletian—then in use by Christian writers, as the era of Martyrs. At 1237 years before the time, such an error is not wonderful: but the prophecy so literally fulfilled is wonderful. The prophecy is written in Latin. (See *Liber Mirabilis*, pp. 55–58.) Nostradamus, as may be seen at full in his *Prophetical Centuries*, besides many other things, clearly, in 1555, foretold the French Revolution of 1789, and Napoleon, that is, 234 years in advance. But this great event was predicted still earlier; namely, in 1476, by Jean Müller, an account of which appeared in the *Odoeporicon* of 1553. He says—"That a thousand seven

hundred and eighty-eight years after the birth of Christ, there will come an astonishing period, in which, if the whole perverse race of men is not struck with death, yet whole empires will be overturned, and great calamity everywhere prevail." M. Pièrart, in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, Tome IX. 3^e livraison, has noticed the prophecy of the same event in M. Turrel, philosopher and astrologer, and rector of the schools of Dijon, in 1531. It is contained in a pamphlet of sixty-two pages, on parchment, composed in Latin, in the monastery of Trois Valees. The pamphlet is so rare that M. Pièrart believes that this is probably the sole copy remaining; there being no copy of it in the Imperial Library, nor in those of the Arsenal and of Mazarine. Jean Müller hit the date to within a single year, 313 years beforehand; giving it distinctly as 1788 instead of 1789; but it is well known that all the elements of the Revolution were in active operation in the year before it fully broke out. Turrel, however, names the exact year in 1531, that is, 258 years in advance. He says, "Not only will a tremendous revolution break out then, but that it will not end for twenty-five years, that is, till 1814; and that in it will arise a man, who shall rule in that revolution, and that by a law dishonest, lying, and magical, so that no such man shall arise like him between Mahomet and Antichrist." Boyle, in his *Dictionary*, notices Turrel, and many successive predictions copied from Turrel's prophecy, as Roussat, canon of Langres, in 1550, in his *Livre des Temps*.

These are things so clear, so unambiguous, so precise in date, that, the original works in which they appeared still existing, there is no getting rid of them. They attest the existence of prophecies by persons calling themselves simply astrologers, which centuries afterwards were fulfilled to the letter and the figure. In our own time have appeared others of this same class, scarcely less extraordinary; one or two of whom, it may be interesting to notice with some degree of detail, as Cagliostro and Mademoiselle le Normand, to whom we may add in awhile, one of the religious class—Madame von Krüdener.

None of these have equalled in force and fulness of prescience Mademoiselle le Normand. This lady, who became obnoxious to Napoleon I., because, like the old prophets of Israel with their monarchs, she would not prophesy to please him, was repeatedly imprisoned by him, and was as much in favour with the Empress Josephine, whose rise and fall she openly predicted. She died in 1843, after having for fifty years been assiduously consulted by the crowned heads, princes, ambassadors, and people of every class in France, and of most of the countries of Europe. She had acquired an income of 20,000 francs, which she chiefly left to her nephew M. Hugo.

A celebrated writer says of her:—"All Paris, all France had their attention fixed on this now departed one. Her death is the event of the day, and all the journals of the metropolis devote to her a long reminiscence. 'Witch or not,' says the *Journal des Debats*, 'she was certainly amongst the women of Europe, the one who had evinced the most spirit. Name to us amongst all the poetesses in the world, one who was more eagerly sought after; amongst the finest dramatic writers, one with a more dramatic genius; amongst the spinners of romances, one who could more artistically involve or clear up an intrigue. Amidst the chaos of Parisian passions and horrors, she sate like a spider in the centre of its web calmly awaiting what chance should bring her. Unhappy love, ambition, hopes, dreams, and bubbles, broken or closed; all the anxious blows of stormbeaten hearts, were her daily bread. She lived alone for the mysterious, and the tears of fear as of hope, were not merely her entertainment, they were her pleasure—that is in a certain sense, for she was not cruel. They who are familiar with the French Revolution, are familiar too with this psychological wonder. She is a piece of the history of that ever memorable epoch, and exerted a secret although an indirect influence on it.'"

Count Adam de Gurowski, a Polish-Russian who, in 1846, published a *Promenade en Suisse, en 1845*, and who in the preceding year published *Eine Tour durch Belgien*, says in the first-named volume:—"At this period there was revealed to me a fatality attached to my existence. Who has not been tempted to lift the thick veil of his destiny? Who has not presented the lines of his hand, or tried the cards of the princess of magic? The predictions of Mdle. le Normand have been in my case realized one after the other, and I am still always in consequence of them under the weight of a painful night-mare. She foretold to me the sudden change of my political opinions, and then that I should find myself engaged in an infatuated course, wholly opposed to my present one. 'All the ties of your youth,' said the Pythoness, 'will be violently broken; bitter and malignant hatreds will pursue you. A woman, in close approximation to a throne, by the ties of friendship will have fatal influence on your destiny. It is far north, in a city of which the name, according to cabalistic signs, begins with P.' (Petersburg), 'that you will pass your happiest years.'

"In every particular these predictions have proved true. How then, can we deny a fatality which draws us on; which warps our existence, and surrounds it with a thick fog; which hope, the kiss of the future, can never penetrate with its warmth, any more than the warm breath of the sirocco can reach the deep recesses of the arctic pinnacles of ice?" (p. 259.)

Mademoiselle le Normand was born in 1772, at Alençon, and her prophetic genius developed itself very early. When she was only seven years old she said to the Abbess of the Benedictine Convent in which she was educated, that she would be deposed, and a red woman would come in her place. This was realized by the red-capped Jacobins putting down the nunnery. From the time of this first prophecy to the full outburst of the Revolution, nothing is known of her fortunes, but in the midst of the Reign of Terror she emerged to notice like so many other extraordinary apparitions.

"Did you come into the sphere of Robespierre's influence?" some one asked. "Yes, he threw me into prison in 1794." "Do you think he had personal courage?" "He was the most superstitious man of his time. When he has come to me, to inquire about his future, he trembled at the dealing of the cards, and he kept his eyes as fast closed as he did at the sight of a nine of spades."

In her nineteenth year we find her living in the house No. 5, Rue de Tournon, which she never changed to the day of her death. There was nothing cabalistic about this dwelling. A simple ante-room led to the saloon, which was ornamented with four pillars, four busts, and some pictures, amongst which was Louis XVI. taking leave of his family, and her own portrait. The furniture was of maple, very beautiful, having been intended for the Duchess of Angouleme. There were some vases, articles of real value and elegance, and, with a curious exception, the whole indicated a simple and healthy taste. She herself appeared when visited by inquirers not in any necromantic costume, but in winter in a sort of overcoat of silk trimmed with fur; in summer in a dress richly ornamented with lace. In short, she might be regarded from her appearance, as an amiable harmless woman of fashion rather than as a prophetess. Her voice in delivering her predictions is said to have had an imposing tone, and she had generally a fine cat and a handsome little dog lying near her. For the rest, her conversation was clear, precise, and in good taste. Those who asked of her revelations, she required to state the day and hour of their birth, their favourite flower and favourite odour.

She predicted to Robespierre and the partners of his crimes that their power would terminate in 1794. It must have been considerably before this time that Madame Josephine Beauharnais had sought out the sibyl, and consulted her as to her fate. A woman in Martinique had told her that she would become a queen. "Will that become true?" asked Josephine. "No," replied Mademoiselle le Normand; "You will become an empress." She assured her that she would have a second

husband, would from the splendour of her fortunes astonish the whole world, and grieve her friends by an early death. Josephine appeared terrified and ready to faint at the conclusion of this *séance*.

Some time after, Josephine met at the house of Madame de Chat the rising General Buonaparte. Many obstacles were thrown in the way of her marriage with him by her friends, and the union appeared to put an end to the realization of the splendid fortunes foretold her in Martinique, and the still more magnificent ones predicted by Mademoiselle le Normand. She married Napoleon, and afterwards called on the sibyl. "How now," said she, "about the prophecies?" "Nothing," replied Mademoiselle le Normand, "is changed in your future."

In 1793, before his marriage with Josephine, Buonaparte, irritated by many annoyances, resolved to quit France, and take service with the Sultan. He sent a secret note to Mademoiselle le Normand stating this. She replied that a passport would be refused him; he would be detained in France, and would rise to a very high rank; would marry a widow who would make him very happy, and would still further exalt his fortunes. "But," added she, "take care that you are not ungrateful to her; your fortunes hang inseparably together."

Mademoiselle le Normand foresaw and formally prophesied the separation of Buonaparte and Josephine, and, in consequence, she was thrown into prison by the emperor; but, long before he was emperor, she was an object of constant anxiety to him. A somnambulist, Mademoiselle Vanem, had predicted his conquest of Italy, in the presence of Mesdames Tallien and Beauharnais, and from that time he was greatly devoted to clairvoyance. When he was in Egypt, Fouché, his Minister of Police, had still his eye upon her, and, on her bringing a heroic comedy on the stage, he struck out the words put into the mouth of Buonaparte—"I will return to France, and never lay down my arms so long as the Republic has an enemy!"

On the 2nd of May, 1801, during the Consulate, Mademoiselle le Normand was sent for to Malmaison. She did not know who had sent for her, but supposed it to be one of Madame Buonaparte's ladies; she found, however, that it was Josephine who desired to see her, and who asked whether she could not tell her something of her future, and whether she should long inhabit that house. She says that, as it was a very important affair, she exerted all her arts both of chiromancy and cartomancy, and laid twenty results of cards before her. Her custom, be it understood, being to use both cards and to examine the hand; though she uniformly asserted that she had the aid of a high spirit, whom she called Ariel. Whether she really

divined by the cards, or used them only as a cover to her spirit's dictations, has been a question often asked. Probably, her spirit influenced the cards, and at other times, as she declared, communicated with her directly, and by voice or intuition. On this occasion she told Josephine that she perceived that she was engaged in plans for still further advancing her husband's fortunes, and bade her beware, for, so soon as he achieved the monarchy of the world, he would sacrifice her to his ambition.

Josephine spoke much of her children, and Mademoiselle le Normand said her daughter would be married to one of the Buonaparte family, but had a strong preference to another union. Josephine replied that she herself favoured this other attachment; but this was not true, for she promoted the marriage of Hortense with Louis Napoleon, thinking it would prevent Napoleon separating from herself. This hope was delusive, and Josephine was severely punished for her selfishness in the unhappiness of her daughter. Josephine asked the prophetess how it was possible that her prediction of her coming to a throne could be fulfilled, seeing that all the most active and powerful persons in France were bent on the maintenance of the Republic. She replied, "There will be three changes in the constitution before the summit is attained."

During the interview Buonaparte entered, and asked who she was. He then said, "Ah! you are the person who foretold my rise to the Consulate; but don't repeat that. Great men do not like the public to know that they are affected by such weaknesses; and remember that I forget nothing."

On the 16th of December, 1803, she was again arrested and thrown into prison, for having imprudently and openly prophesied that if Buonaparte invaded England, as he was designing, he would assuredly perish there. She was told that she would suffer a long imprisonment; but she says she cast a figure, and told the prefect that fifteen days were the term of her durance in the Madelonnettes. The prefect thought he knew better; but on the 1st of January, 1804, she wrote and sent to Fouché the following lines:

Si le préfet voulait dans ce moment,
Par un bienfait commencer cette année,
Donner congé de mon appartement,
Je lui prédis heureuse destinée.

At twelve o'clock precisely that day she was liberated and returned home.

In 1805 she was arrested again. She had endeavoured to save General du B., warning him that a fatal end awaited him if he did not quit Paris. He neglected her counsel, and fell

accordingly. In examining her papers, the officer in command found one shewing that she would be arrested on this very day, but would not be detained more than forty-eight hours. The officer questioned her on this in astonishment; she made him tremble on his own account, and, to her own astonishment, he not only liberated her, but became one of her most zealous proselytes. She adds, "Would that I had known him earlier, both for my own sake and that of others."

Again at liberty, she soon was besieged by crowds of dukes, counts, and countesses, who were, like herself, thorough adherents of the Bourbons; and as little secret was made of their visits as if there were nothing to fear from the vigilant and all-powerful emperor. She predicted to her visitors every step which Buonaparte was about to make in every part of Europe. Buonaparte was the more incensed against her, as he knew, from the past, that she prophesied too truly. At the repeated persuasions of Josephine, he sent to consult her in 1807; but he took such means as he thought would surely prevent her discerning who the applicant was. He, therefore, sent a dumb girl from the country, who could neither read nor write, but who brought a paper which stated that it was given to her by an unknown person, who asked for an answer regarding his circumstances and coming fortunes. In the paper was given the date of his birth, an island; the flower and the perfume that he most loved. Her answer to this is given at great length in her *Memoires de Josephine*; but it may suffice to say that she had speedily detected who was the enquirer. It gives an account of the place of his birth; of his family relations; that he belonged to the army; that a danger lay before him, connected with some unkindness to his wife; that all good fortune came and would go with her; within twenty-eight months he would do something by advice of his wife, which would ultimately tend to their separation—an event which he would bitterly repent. She added, that this illustrious person was suffering from an eruption, which his consort at that moment was taking means to abate—which being a fact, greatly astonished them; that great danger threatened him from the Spanish war, and from interfering with the papal authority; that if he should consult her again in seven years, and then look back on all she now told him, and took warning by her revelations, so much the better for him; that he must beware of the north wind, for out of the north wind would come all his trouble.

Having read this answer, Napoleon appeared for a moment greatly struck by it: but that very day he issued orders for her arrest. Josephine sent secretly and in all haste to warn her to get out of the way. In the presence of the messenger she made

her consultations, and sent word by him that she had nothing to fear. The next day, December 11th, 1809, as she was surrounded by a numerous and distinguished company, a body of officers of justice entered, and made their way, maliciously smiling, through the throng. "You see the initiated that surround me," she said, addressing the chief officer; "I must be aware of false brethren, for to-day I shall be arrested." "In that you do not err," said the officer, "for we are here for that purpose; yet I think our visit must rather have taken you by surprise." "By no means," she replied; "there are the cards which announced your coming," and she shewed the announcement made to her through them several days before.

The subject of this imprisonment forms the contents of Mademoiselle le Normand's *Souvenirs Prophétiques d'une Sibylle*, which contain nearly 600 pages. The book is written in a somewhat fantastic style, and with a strange jumble of Christian and Pagan characters in her dreams and visions, but in her answers to enquiries and to the police she is generally clear, to the point, and acute. Great endeavours were made to draw information from her regarding those who had consulted her, but she repulsed the endeavour with scorn. She declared all such confidences were with her sacred, and she would die rather than betray them. The prefect remanded her one day, saying, this time her imprisonment would certainly be a long one. "On the contrary," she replied, "I shall be set at liberty to-morrow." And this took place. Before leaving she told Fouché that his successor would be the Duke of Rovigo; which proved true, and Fouché used to tell this familiarly in conversation.

Mademoiselle le Normand whilst in prison sent word to Josephine that the order for her divorce was secretly signed, and Josephine, drowned in tears, rushed into Napoleon's presence and charged him with it. Instead of denying it, he asked what traitor could have told her. She replied, Mademoiselle le Normand.

All the time she was in prison, though the strictest means were used to cut off all correspondence with her from her family and clients outside, yet she received frequent communications. She had prevailed on the prefect to allow her to have her dinner from a favourite *restaurateur's*, and in her soup she would have a small vial, hermetically sealed, containing notes; in a roast partridge a number of letters; in a billet of firewood, or within the collar of her dog, came others, even from Josephine herself. One of the keepers, Vautorèr, was dreadfully afraid of her as a sorceress, and was yet very kind to her, because she gave him exact news of a brother in Spain, who had been lost sight of for years. Frequently his presence in the room prevented her pro-

ceeding with her dinner, as some discovery of the letters concealed in the viands would almost have been certain.

This extraordinary woman lived to see the death of Josephine and the fall of Napoleon, and long after. All her prophecies had realized themselves, even the terrible visitation of the north wind in the Russian campaign. She was grown rich, and did not care to encumber herself with many clients. She made repeated journeys to Alençon, her native place, and retired there, living in quiet seclusion. Louis XVIII. used to give her private audiences in the Tuileries, in one of which she foretold to him the murder of the Duke of Berry. She died on the 25th of June, 1847, aged 72 years.

Many of these facts are drawn from her own accounts of them in the various works which she wrote on the transactions in which she was engaged—namely, *Souvenirs of a Sibyl*, *Historic and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, *Anniversary of the Empress's Death*, *The Sibyl at the Tomb of Louis XVI.*, *Sibylline Leaves*, *The Sibyl at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle*, and *Souvenirs of Belgium*. These books she used to sell herself, and she had a sign over her door bearing the words, "Mademoiselle le Normand, Bookseller."

Amongst the vast number of distinguished persons with whom Mademoiselle le Normand had intercourse, either as a seeress or as a friend, were Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Angoulême, Talleyrand, M. and Madame Bernadotte, the Princess Adelaide, Talma, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Generals Moreau and Denon, David the Painter, the two journalists Hoffman and Geoffrey, the King of Prussia, Frederick William III.; Prince Kourakin, Minister of the Emperor of Russia; Maria Stella, and the members of the Imperial family, and the greater part of the notabilities of the day. Of some of these distinguished persons a few facts in connection with Mademoiselle le Normand may be mentioned. M. Guizot was very familiar with her, who was of much use to him at the time of great perplexity, when he paid his court to Mademoiselle de Meulan, who was as poor as himself, but afterwards became his wife.

As concerned the family of Marie Antoinette Mademoiselle le Normand was persuaded, as many people now are, that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, but was conveyed away secretly through means of his friends. And that the suddenly interrupted lawsuit of the Duke of Normandy, his hasty banishment, the two attempts to murder him—once in Paris, the second time in London—and the work of M. Bourbon le Blanc, advocate of the Duke of Normandy, throw much light on this mystery.

Madame Adelaide, sister of the King of France, had many secret meetings with Mademoiselle le Normand at her house in

the Rue de Tournon, connected with the affairs of her family; and the sibyl had in her saloon a splendid portrait of Louis XVI., presented to her by the Duchess d'Angouleme.

Talleyrand was a frequent visitor of Mademoiselle le Normand's during the Republic and the period of the Directory; he married Mademoiselle Grand through her recommendation and good offices. A letter of his, in possession of a literary gentleman, begins—"Noble sibyl, hast thou nothing but unhappiness to prophesy to me!"

Madame Bernadotte took up her residence with Mademoiselle le Normand whilst her husband was the first Adjutant-Major of the Demi-Brigade. She had announced that he would become King of Sweden. He promised her, in a letter now in possession of M. Hugo, that if this took place he would load her with honours and settle on her an income of 10,000 francs. Charles John forgot his promises; but the Queen of Sweden never forgot the obligations which they owed to Mademoiselle le Normand.

All the monarchs present at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle paid visits to the sibyl, and left her tokens of remembrance. The king of Prussia disguised himself as a peasant in order to have a consultation with her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am the peasant Ohne-Sorgen (Sans Souci)." "Without doubt," she replied, "since, Sire, you are the possessor of Sans Souci."

When the Prince Kourakin visited her in Brussels, she said to him, "You will be plundered by robbers in the very journey you are about to take. There will be a conspiracy against your life; you will be hanged, and yet afterwards advance to the highest dignities." "How, sibyl?" said the prince, bursting into laughter, "I shall be hanged?" "I said it, prince," replied Mademoiselle le Normand, as if piqued at the doubting of her word.

That night the prince commenced his journey towards Russia. Some miles from Brussels robbers took the horses from the carriage, and seized his money and luggage, but spared his life. Arrived in Petersburg, he found himself in the midst of a military riot. He was seized and hanged; and at the last moment cut down, the riot being quelled. He was still living, and became the favourite of the emperor.

Madame E. de G., the celebrated authoress, and one of the most beautiful and amiable women in Paris (probably Madame de Girardin) consulted the sibyl on some extraordinary connections of business betwixt her husband and M. B. "This connection," said Mademoiselle le Normand, "will be a mischievous one; the talents and influence of your husband will be grossly misused;" and she went on to prophesy the complete succession of events.

"Ah! Mademoiselle!" wrote to her Madame G——, after-

wards, "you foretold everything, as it fell out day by day, hour by hour."

Madame de Stäel before her banishment from Paris, and then from France, frequently visited and consulted Mademoiselle le Normand. One day she said to Madame de Stäel, "You have a project in your head which you will repent of." The next day Madame de Stäel obtained an especial audience of Napoleon, whose notice she was anxious of attracting, but who had already conceived a violent antipathy to her on account of her extreme liberalism. Napoleon received her with sharpness, abandoning his usual courtesy to ladies, and afterwards gave her the nickname of Chattering Magpie, being a reference to the then popular play of the Thievish Magpie. Mademoiselle le Normand told her beforehand that she would be banished to her own house at Coppet. In one of her works Madame de Stäel mentions these visits to Mademoiselle le Normand, and says that everything which she predicted to her came true.

If we took a tithe of the curious cases of realized vaticination in Mademoiselle le Normand's history, we must write a book; but we must briefly notice one or two more. A celebrated Parisian beauty, thence called Belle Tiquet, consulted her on her troubles. Her husband was a man who, she soon discovered, had not merely married her for her wealth, but was spending it fast in all sorts of vicious pleasures. "Oh," said the sibyl, "you will soon be elevated on a theatre far above all your enemies and their malice." La Belle Tiquet was in amazement how that could be, but not many days afterwards our prophetess heard that Tiquet was found murdered, his wife was arrested on suspicion, and condemned to be executed in the Place de Grève.

Colonel Favier of Paris related the following facts to Dr. Weisskampff:—"In 1815 as I was in Paris with the Allied Army. I heard much of the celebrated soothsayer, Mademoiselle le Normand, and of the horoscopes which she had cast for Buonaparte, the Minister Malchus, Talma, the celebrated Madame George, Madame de Stäel, &c., all of which proved perfectly true, and perhaps most extraordinary, that constructed for the famous painter Horace Vernet when he was yet a child. When nothing was known of any intention on the part of France to conquer Algiers in 1807, she shewed by cards that after 30 years he would become a great painter, and that the King would send him, after a conquest in Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress; which fell out exactly as foretold. She had told to the ex-King Murat the time and place of his death twenty years before the event."

These wonderful things, however, appeared still less so than her power of pointing out the winning numbers in lotteries. She

gave to Potier, the popular comedian, nine, eleven, thirty-seven, eighty-five, which, however, were not to be drawn for sixteen years, and then in the Imperial Lottery at Lyons. This time arrived in 1826, and Potier, calling the thing to mind, not only bought these numbers, but a sixth, the number of his birthday in the then month of May, 27. By the drawing of these he won 250,000 francs, and from that hour fortune seemed to be his slave, and he went on enriching himself, so that he died worth a million and a half of francs.

Tribet also, a player of small talent, and with a large family, acting in one of the poorest theatres of Paris, and desperate with his poverty, besieged her with importunities to tell him some lucky numbers. "Ask me not," said she; "for, though the numbers will be almost immediately drawn in the present lottery, it would be your ruin. You would become a desperate gambler, neglect wife and children, go on to madness and a terrible death." Tribet promised vehemently to continue a steady and moderate man. "Very well," said the Pythia, "follow your fate. Your lucky numbers are 28, 13, 66, and one more, but it has been taken out of your hand by an accident."

"Yes," said Tribet, "by a pistol shot as I seized a thief in the theatre; but I know it—7, the remarkable number of my life. At seven years old I came to Paris, in seven weeks after I was taken into the Royal Institute of Education; after I had been there 7 years, Ricci discovered my musical talent. When I was there twice seven years I married, and received through Ricci an appointment in the Royal Opera of 700 livres a-year, and it was my landlady of No. 7 on the Boulevard who recommended me to come to you. Certainly, 7 is my fateful number."

"Good! add the number 7," said Le Normand, and Tribet rushed out of the house like a man intoxicated—it was the intoxication of transport. But Mademoiselle le Normand had told him that ill luck would attend him if he staked borrowed or dishonestly-gotten money. Tribet had but 20 francs; he ventured them, and won 96,000 francs. He became like a madman. He ran shouting through the streets, embracing friend and stranger. He took a box at the theatre, in order now to see acting instead of acting himself. All that Mademoiselle le Normand had told him followed. He left wife and children; he never made a single visit to his benefactress to thank her; Paris was too narrow for him; he went off to London. He frequented the gaming-tables—at first winning greatly, and then losing all. In 1828, after passing eight days in absolute starvation, he was dragged up out of the Thames, a corpse.

In the year 1830, Pierre Arthur, a printer, of Paris, came to

Mademoiselle le Normand in great distress. He was the victim of an insatiable usurer, who charged him 24 per cent. for his money, and, whilst he and his family could scarcely get potatoes for food, the usurer lived in the highest luxury. Arthur knew that the usurer had a high opinion of Mademoiselle le Normand, and entreated her advice. At the very moment the usurer dashed into the house, attended by police officers, and was about to drag him to prison for the debt of 2,000 francs. Mademoiselle le Normand pleaded earnestly in his favour. "If you have so much pity," said the usurer, "pay me the money yourself." "I have it not," said she, "or I would willingly. But," turning to the poor, trembling printer, "here you have the means in your own hands. To-day expend ten francs on Nos. 37, 87, and 88 of the lottery, and to-morrow you will draw 24,000 francs.

"Thank you," said the blood-sucker, breaking into a horrible laugh, "for the information. I will draw them myself;" and he turned to depart in great joy." "Stop!" said the prophetess. "Usurer! scandal of mankind! leech! vampyre of gold! I will spoil thy luck. On whatever number I myself cast, it is never drawn. I will spend these ten francs myself on those numbers, and, as I live, they will never come to light!" So it fell out; the usurer was disappointed, but the poor printer lay in prison till Mademoiselle le Normand interested benevolent people in his behalf, and raised a subscription which discharged his debt.

Colonel Favier says that it is a certain fact that eight days before the death of Louis XVIII., Mademoiselle le Normand prophesied that the numbers 68, 29, 14, 26, and 18, being the numbers of the age of the king, of the nominal and actual years of his reign, the year of the entry of the Allies into Paris, the day of his ascension to the throne, and the number of his kingship—Louis XVIII., would all be drawn in the lottery, which was the case, and thus enormous sums were won in Paris.

In the *Berlin Magazine of Foreign Literature*, Dr. Mitte, a popular clergyman, communicated some extraordinary particulars of predictions made by Mademoiselle le Normand to the President von Malchus, having previously been assured by Von Malchus that they were, as to both the past and the future, of the most astounding truth, and had so fallen out as not to be in any manner denied or disputed.

Herr von Malchus, the Finance Minister of Westphalia, said that the Countess Morio had formerly had her fortune told by Mademoiselle le Normand, who assured her she would be three times married—first to a man whom neither of them then knew; that she would be most happy with him, but would soon lose him by a violent death. This first husband was the Count Morio, a French-Westphalian general. Malchus saw that Morio

always appeared anxious to get away as soon as their business together allowed, and was told that his wife lived in continual fear of his being killed when he was out of her sight, in consequence of this prophecy—that a great fire would break out, a very distinguished man come to their house, and directly after her husband would be murdered. All this fell out. The fire, the king taking up his quarters with them, and then, Morio being shot by the regimental farrier at the royal stables; this farrier, for his debauchery, having been dismissed by Count Morio, and a German put in his place.

When Malchus went to Paris, his curiosity was raised about Mademoiselle le Normand, both from this circumstance and from the marvellous manner in which she had foretold the fortunes of Napoleon and Josephine, but by nothing so strongly as by the statement of a very dry and matter-of-fact physician to the queen, Dr. Spangenberg, whose past and future she had most astonishingly revealed, though he himself had never gone near her, but had only given the usual required data of birth, flower, and perfume, through a stranger who knew nothing of Spangenberg's history. Amongst other things, she said he would soon receive news from his native place, and two days afterwards the messenger would die. He and the Jesuits at Compiègne, where he was then living, often joked about this messenger and his death; but, on the eighth day, the actor Narciss, who had been a long time in Cassell and other parts of Germany, arrived and brought him much news. Two days after M. Narciss died suddenly.

The Finance Minister von Malchus received still more particulars of his life, past and future. When he went to consult her it was perfectly *incognito*, and he was glad to see that the very street in which she lived was unknown to him. She told him that he had been at different times in great danger of his life from fire and water; that he was born in circumstances which did not promise the distinction to which he had arrived; that he obtained office, but very humbly, in his nineteenth year. She then described his present rank and circumstances with amazing accuracy; told him he was in deep anxiety on account of his family, which was the fact, but would receive a letter on the eighth day which, though it would bring much unpleasant news, would assure him of the safety of his family. All this occurred to the letter. She told him of the day the Allies would enter Paris, when neither he nor anybody else believed it; she announced to him that before the 25th of November, 1814, he would receive a very distressing decision. On the 21st his application to Count Munster for the restoration of his estate—Marienrode—was rejected, but his application to the Congress of

Vienna allowed. His circumstances, she said, would be unsettled and oscillating till 1817, when he would at length become fortunate.

When she had ended, he adopted a scheme to test the reality of her predictions, which was that she should write them all down. This she promised to do for an extra napoleon, he having already paid her four, but said she was so busy that she must take three weeks to do it in. Malchus said that could not be, as he should leave Paris in three days. "*Non*," she replied, "*surement vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris*." Malchus protested that it could not possibly be, but she responded that it would be—and so it actually turned out. At the end of the three weeks he called, but saw only the maid, who assured him that Mademoiselle le Normand had been most anxious to write the statements out, but constant visitors had prevented it, but in four days she hoped to have it complete. At the end of the four days, he called again; the sibyl was out, but the maid opened a drawer and showed him the paper three-fourths done. Malchus was delighted at these delays, as it seemed to him impossible for her, amid her constant hurry and engagements, sights of strange faces and hearing of a multitude of different things, to write down accurately what she had said to a perfect stranger a month before, unless it was based on real grounds. At length he received his manuscript, and to his profound wonder saw that everything was exactly related as it had been verbally a month before, there being no error in fact, and the language only varied in expressions.

It will be remarked that in all these extraordinary revelations, which were made, many of them, to the most distinguished people of her age, and talked of in all classes of society, not only in Paris, but all over Europe, and which must soon have been contradicted had they been false,—Mademoiselle le Normand never pretended to open the gates of the invisible world, and bring news thence. Her mission was that exclusively of the soothsayer, who opened up the future of this world only. No greater difference could exist in human character and function than between herself and her contemporaries, Madame Hauffé, the Seeress of Prevorst, and Madame von Krüdener, one of whom conversed with and saw tangibly the inhabitants of the inner world, and perceived and laid down many of the laws of spiritual life, and the other of whom proclaimed to kings and emperors as from the Most High the coming events of Europe, when they were to them the most improbable of fictions, but came upon them with a rapidity of approach as amazing as their coming itself.

Perhaps there was something in her mode of treating the

cards which was indicative of Mademoiselle le Normand's one-sided mission. When she had mixed various kinds of cards, she gave them to the enquirer to cut; but she made him do this uniformly with the left hand. If he varied in the least she cried out, "*la main gauche, Monsieur!*" Hers was the left-handed Spiritualism: it was of this, the *main gauche* world. She divined also with coffee-grounds. Her fee for what she called *le petit jeu*, or her "little-go," was two napoleons; for *le grand jeu*, her "great-go," four: and one more for a copy. As a mere fortune-teller, Mademoiselle le Normand stands unrivalled for the distinguished sphere of her action; for the high rank of her clients; for the lady-like simplicity of her proceedings; the length of her steady career, which never abated in popularity; and for the surprising intrepidity and correctness of her predictions.

Twenty years ago, a very dear friend of ours, a lady of position and of remarkable talents and amiability, who was educated in France, and in her youth learned the art of Mademoiselle le Normand, used, in social hours and as a matter of amusement, to tell fortunes by cards. I have seen her do this to persons in my own house, who had casually come in whilst she was there, sometimes from distant parts of the kingdom, and whom she had neither seen nor heard of, to a certainty, before. In all cases she first detailed to these strangers the leading facts of their past lives, to their utter amazement, for she was never wrong; and then dived into their future, as it afterwards proved, as remarkably. In all cases her powers were astonishing from their truth. She was the god-daughter of the Duchess of C——, and one day at her house, when amusing some friends by her art, a young nobleman asked her in sport to tell him his future. She looked at the cards, and then said, "My lord, you are in imminent danger from water: and that soon."

"Oh," said he, laughing; "then I am soon going to be drowned, of course?"

About a month afterwards, in the autumn, driving down a country lane on her way to the duchess's, a funeral met them. She ordered her coachman to draw aside, and wait to let it pass. It was clearly that of a person of rank. She told the coachman to ask whose funeral it was, and was answered, that of Lord W——. This was the very young man whom she had warned against water; but who was not drowned, but killed by drinking cold spring water when he was extremely hot, when out shooting. It is scarcely necessary to say that this lady never practised her art for money, or except as a matter of gratification to her friends, and was too kind-hearted to reveal to them anything that would cast a cloud on their lives: a tender reserve which Mademoiselle le Normand does not always seem to have exercised.

A CASE OF POSSESSION.

THE following very interesting letter is from a physician:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It gives me great pleasure to think that after so many years isolation I have at length found those with whom I can hold rational communion on the deeply interesting and eminently practical subject of Spiritualism. Perhaps one of the sorest trials in this world is that of having special and troublesome experiences which you dare not as a simple question of discretion and expediency impart to your most intimate friends. To be in any subject much in advance of your fellows is too often taken as an evidence that you are unfitted for any post of responsibility or trust. Before I left London I think I told you explicitly that my Vampire had not left me. I was aware of this by certain unmistakable intimations which I had that morning received. I confess I was not much astonished by the discovery, for I had not entertained sanguine hopes. To attribute my condition and experience to nervousness is simply shirking the question at issue, unless the whole subjective phenomena of Spiritualism are referable to a like cause. This state of things came upon me contemporaneously with my association with and investigation of this subject, and is traceable in an unbroken line from the first moment of its accession, and is to-day no more a disease than it was when it was a novel experience. It is quite true that its tendency is to cerebral and spinal exhaustion (especially the latter) and that it may, and probably will pave the way to some organic lesion of the nervous structures, for the nervous system of man was never designed to support the burden of two individualities and their dynamical adjuncts. I may mention that no sooner had I got into the train to return home last Wednesday than a more than usual amount of oppression and distress was put upon me by this unwelcome presence. It is unnecessary to say that I have repelled it with all the force and energy of which I am master, and have brought to my assistance occupation, medicine, and exercise, and under the blessing of God I hope by a steady perseverance in these measures to rid myself of it some day altogether. If however I fail, and it seemeth well to an all-wise Providence to sacrifice me, after I have done battle with all the fortitude and strength of humanity, I trust I shall be able to submit uncomplainingly and to defy to the last my spiritual murderer. Come what may, I know I am being submitted to an ordeal that few could be found able to bear, and I am encouraged by the thought

that out of it may one day flow something that, by adding to our stock of knowledge, may benefit universal humanity. The question of Possession seems to me to be one that demands at the hands of Spiritualists a most earnest and exhaustive investigation. It seems to me that the barriers between the two worlds cannot be broken down without much risk to the zealous explorer. Spirit communion is a one-sided matter—we are the subjects—they are the operators; and till such time as we can discover laws (if they exist) which will liberate us from malignant control, we are (as sensitives) at the mercy of selfish, ignorant, unjust, and cruel minds, qualities which although abundantly human, signalize the demoniacal nature of their possessor. There is one important particular in which your experience differs from mine, *viz.*, its *spontaneity*. You did not seek, but were sought. I, by constant and assiduous seeking, seem to have laid myself open to low and wandering spirits of my locality; hence the spirit circle would seem to be a disorderly proceeding, if not an unmitigated evil. In the absence of a knowledge of the laws which govern phenomena it is very difficult to form even an approximately just conception; *primâ facie* it seems a most strange circumstance that better disposed spirits do not take up the cause of persons possessed. Why should intelligences that recognize permanent possession as an unqualified evil, (Miss H's. to wit,) stand passively by and permit a helpless human being to be tortured. They cannot be careless; the inference is they are powerless. Is evil stronger than good?

“One of the most interesting features in this connection arises from the contemplation of the possibility of being able to differentiate lunacy arising from evil and mischievous influx from those cases in which the individual mind is “out of joint.” Would it be possible so to draw out these aggressors as to make their presence distinctly apparent. I think in many instances such a result would follow from simply recognizing the influence as an intelligent agency, and consistently and persistently treating it as such. Finding itself recognized it would be betrayed into some open or indirect confession of its independent individuality. This being achieved, a still more serious question is presented, *viz.*, the best means of dealing with each individual case. This would be beginning again the study of lunacy from an entirely new standpoint. Hitherto science has done little with it, and I am dearly anxious to learn what may be done in the light of these modern phenomena. It seems to me were I possessed in any other way, or did I lack the discretion to retain my secret from the spiritually uneducated, I should very naturally appear before the

world as a person of unsound mind. Suppose, for example, my possession, instead of being made evident by pain and oppression, inducing in my nervous system a contraction of my muscles leading to automatic writing, was of the nature of impressibility—if, for instance, I heard a voice in whose statements and urgings I sometimes acquiesced, and at others disagreed, this would lead to constant colloquy and to some modification of actions; and if in connection with this the senses were played with subjectively, and I was at the same time in perfect ignorance of the nature of the phenomena to which I was being subjected, should I not be on the high way for lunacy? If intuitively I referred these matters to spirits it would still further confirm my friends in the assurance of my insanity. Under such circumstances it would be a strong mind which when made the sport of incomprehensible phenomena, and deluded into the utterance of false predictions and absurd statements, would still unwaveringly assert its sanity; and possibly the majority of minds would acquiesce in the general decision. Thus we appear to be able, from the facts already in our possession, to construct synthetically a case of lunacy of the worst order.

“In my own case, were I unacquainted with the influence at work upon me, I should doubtless submit myself *secundem artem* to a course of mustard poultices, iodine painting, and other modes of counter irritation for spinal irritability; or should in the event of non-success fall back on constitution and other treatment for muscular rheumatism, *i.e.* to say, in the absence of the automatic writing and its revealments, I should regard myself as diseased in body. How many poor souls have been so treated for what might have turned out to be only scribbling rheumatics is a suggestive question.

“Again, suppose the agency influencing me possessed sufficient control (as I have witnessed in other cases of temporary possession,) to throw every muscle of my body into violent convulsive agitation, would not such a case simulate very much certain special and violent cases of jactitation usually regarded as belonging to the hysteric or choreatic class which terminate frequently in death. I have witnessed several such cases, and I have observed that the movements were increased by opposition or by the presence of onlookers. In these cases the senses appear to be but little affected, and the poor patient is oppressed beyond measure. It is also a remarkable fact that in the worst of these cases no lesion is discoverable after death.

“Some persons arguing from the theological side of the question will ask if it is possible to conceive anything more

monstrous than that a kind and benevolent God should lay poor man open to such influences and leave him unprovided with, or ignorant of, a remedy. The same question applies to all diseases, the most violent and distressing of which, for example—tetanus and hydrophobia—may be taken as illustrations in point, and till these facts can be explained away the argument is valueless."

THE CONTROL OF SPIRITS.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THERE are many who do not believe that this world is the sphere of evil spirits. They do not believe that the heaven above is haunted; nor that the world beneath is haunted; nor that laws, and customs, and usages, and pleasures, and various pursuits are haunted. They do not believe in the doctrine of the possession of spirits. Nevertheless, I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, that are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of.

Against this view of the peril of human life, because it is girded on every side by multiplied powers, potential and sublime, that mean only evil—against this view it is argued, sometimes, that the benevolence of God would not permit disembodied spirits to work mischief among men on earth. In reply to that, I have only to say that he does, right before your eyes, permit *embodied* spirits to work mischief among men on earth; and that through long years. If devils are worse than some men, I am sorry for hell! If there is more malignity, more malice, more selfishness, more heartlessness, more cruelty in the other world than in this, I am mistaken.

I do not conceive that a spirit is worse because it has lost its body. I hope it is better. We see embodied spirits that are bad enough, corrupt enough. And that is not all; not only do they love wrong, but they love those that do wrong, and hate those that do right, and seek to bring them down to their level. And is it inconsistent with the character of a benevolent God that the world should be full of wicked men?

And if God will permit embodied spirits to do evil, how can you say that it is against the benevolence of God to permit disembodied spirits to do it? It is a thing which is beyond all controversy, that God does permit evil spirits to act in this world, with plenary power, so far as their own sphere of willing is concerned. Wicked men do have power, according to their education and experience, as well as good men; and they have the same opportunity for exercising their power that good men have. God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good alike, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust alike. Wicked men in this world have a fair field and full sway. And why should you suppose that wicked spirits have not? I think modern mawkishness in this matter borders on the absurd. Men seem to be drifting away from their common sense on this subject.

It is argued that the notion of evil spirits is a superstition of the past; and various forms of it are accustomed to be held up as grounds for laughter. Any development or form of any notion may be superstitious, while the essential core of it is true. For example, if you look at the original notions of different races about God—the notion of Jehovah, or of Jupiter, among the Greeks; the notion of the Great Spirit, among the Indians; or the notion of Brahma, among the Hindoos—you will find that the mode of conception is the fruit of superstition. The attribution to the Supreme Being of the lowest class of qualities is superstition. But is the idea that inspires it—the idea of a Supernal Ruler—a superstition? And because the conceptions of timid men respecting the inhabitants of the other world have been accompanied by superstitious notions of witches, and sprites, and hobgoblins, does it follow that that which lies behind, and which gave rise to them—the belief in the existence of spirits—is a superstition also? I trow not.

Consider some points in this regard:—

An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be learned. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is, that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow at all that spirits that are the most potential, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those that are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil. The most exquisite artists, the most deft and subtle statesmen, the men that have the most conciliating and plausible ways, they who have such qualifications as corrupt lobby-plotters possess, are regarded as capable of doing the most mischief. And I can conceive that a spirit of evil, so far from being a grotesque Caliban, vulgar, debased, and representing

the lowest passion, should be made up of intellect, yea, and of some degree of moral sense, with pride intense, vehement, and cruel. And I do not feel repelled from this doctrine by the presumption of the vulgarity of spirits. There may be endless vulgarities about them; but I can conceive of ranks and files of spirits that excel in nobility, and that are crowned. And that is the presumption here. The apostle did not, as many do, suppose an evil spirit to be some toad, squat at the ear of men for the purpose of temptation. He says, "You fight, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in high places."

There is no presumption, either against the supposition that there are certain spirits whose office it is to assail particular faculties. I may say by way, not of analogy, but of illustration, that there is no leaf that grows that has not its parasite. There is no fruit that grows which has not a special worm or enemy. There is no animal that has not some antagonist, either among insects or other animals. And we may well conceive that spirits of evil should address themselves to particular faculties. As, of physicians, some attend exclusively to the eye, some to the ear, some to the throat, and some to the chest or heart; so we may believe that of the evil spirits that are disintegrating human society, and deteriorating men, one may deal with the intellect, another with pride, another with approbateness, some with the affections, some with the appetites and passions, and some with the moral sentiments themselves—for I suppose that by "spirits of wickedness in heavenly places" is meant those spirits that take hold of the religious elements.

There is no reason why we should not imagine spirits that employ, mould and direct separate faculties of the mind, and that are in some sense educators. We know that there is an unconscious education going on all the time upon every one of us. We are what we are, not merely by our transmitted nature; we are what we are by the soil that we live on; by the mountains and plains that are near us: by the laws and customs that act upon us; by the employments of the town and village where we dwell; by the controversies of our day; by the political institutions that surround us. All these things are, positively or negatively forming us. By action or reaction, we are affected by them. And a man is what he is not merely by the qualities that belong to him naturally, but by the unconscious influences that are around about him. And why is it strange to suppose that there is an action going on of spirits? why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits of evil and

of good, assailing and defending the understanding. Why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits at work upon the passions, the tastes, and the sentiments?

Moreover, there is great reason to believe that the spirits of evil—these principalities and powers; these dynasties; these cohorts, that seek to bring into subjection the mind—have taken possession of the great facts, and events, and constituted agencies of this world. There is reason to believe that they direct social influences. Why? Because we see that men, when they attempt to do good or evil, at once perceive that there is a mode by which a man can inject his influence upon the customs of the community, and make them work for the benefit or for the injury of that community. They perceive that those customs can be corrupted to the degradation of society, or ennobled to the purification of society. The analogy is perfect. Spirits probably do the same thing.

The organic forms of society—its laws and institutions—we have reason to believe that they are acted upon by a force besides that which men exert. We perceive that, when men legislate for justice, they come far short of that at which they aim. We perceive, when laws and institutions are established to destroy that which is evil, and to defend that which is good, that they fail; and we say, "How little they accomplish of that for which they were ordained!" And I can conceive of no reason why we may not suppose that these dynasties, these powers, these principalities, these spirits of evil, are able to control the great organic forms of society so as to make them pestilent and and dangerous, and that may do it.

And the great industries and wealth-forms of life, with all their tendencies toward civilization, and refinement, and morality—which is the alphabetic form of piety—it is quite possible that these may be possessed so that they shall come under the control of pride, and vanity, and selfishness, and be made to serve the lower rather than the higher instincts of men.

And religious organizations—these may be perverted. And have they not been? Have not the customs of society worked downward, in spite of the Gospel, institutional influences, and personal preaching and labour, that have been brought to bear to prevent it? And if it had not been for the winning influence of God's spirit on earth, would not justice in human affairs have rotted into corruption? And is it not true that the organic forms of society have tended to oppress men, and hinder their advance toward purity? Is it not true that the way of men has been blocked up, that the integrity of the law has been destroyed, and that the institutions of the community

have been perverted, so that those things which were intended for men's protection have risen up about them like prison-walls, and deprived them of their ordinary liberties and safeguards? As a mere matter of fact, are not the great producing agencies and exchanging agencies—manufacture, merchandising, commerce, business of all kinds—under the supreme dominion of the God of this world? Are not the men that administer these things selfish and wicked men?

Now, when I say that Satan, by his spirits of evil, takes possession of customs, civil laws, the organic forms of society, and the business of communities, and inspires them, and controls them, and employs them, many say, "That is correct reasoning; for do not men act as though the devil was in them?" Is it not the perpetual testimony of men that these things work degradation, and that there is something or other the matter with them? We know it is. And when God says that they are under the dominion of bad spirits that are seeking the destruction of men, where is the reasonableness of saying that it cannot be?

You will see, too, that these things take place, not by the ignorance and wickedness of men alone. Your natural answer to what I have been saying will be that these things are corrupted by contact with man; that it is on account of his wickedness that they work mischief. I admit that to a great extent man does corrupt what he touches, but that is not a sufficient explanation. For we know that this degradation exists in spite of knowledge, and in spite of the most earnest strife to the contrary, as if there were some mightier power than man's confined in these institutions, and laws, and tendencies. Good things that men long for—things that society suffers for the want of—these, when they are procured, tend to run down.

Now, you cannot say that it is because men are ignorant about justice. You cannot say that it is because they are so imperfect as not to be able to behold it. There is a force that seems to degenerate it and bear it down. And I know of no explanation more natural and philosophical than that principalities, powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spirits of wickedness, even in heavenly places, are striving for the possession of the great essential ideas and instruments of the present life. I believe it thoroughly.

The slow growth of the human race; the endless succession of failures of nations; the thwarting of men's best intentions; the bankruptcy of the best tendencies of society, and the powerful augmentation of the worst; the subordination of the higher faculties of the mind, and the supremacy of the lower; the weakness of that which in the economy of God was meant

to be the strongest—reason and moral sense—and the almost omnipotence of that which was meant to be the weakest—the passions and the appetites; the incompetency of the best laws to restrain the evils of society; the perversion of moral ideas; the suborning of all things to selfishness; the want of truth and equity; the corruption of religion—these things are inexplicable on any other supposition than that there are mighty powers at work above the agencies of nature, and beyond the will of men; that there are spirits of wickedness that are abroad in the world, and that render life unsafe.

Ah! you can lock and bolt and bar your door against the burglar or the thief; but who can find lock or bolt or bar that shall keep out malaria and atmospheric diseases, that make their way through every crack and cranny and crevice of our dwellings. If men only had to contend against their fellow-men, they might find relief; but since it is the mighty agencies of time and space, subtle, wonderful and inexplicable, against which they have to contend, who can forge weapons with which to oppose these? It is not safe to live. Human life is in danger under the best conditions. There are no circumstances, except where a man sits under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty, in which there is safety. If God stands between me and my adversaries I am safe. Without God's protection there is danger—multiplied danger—danger which no man can estimate. We may exaggerate in this or or that particular representation of this subject; but the fact of the peril of human life cannot be exaggerated. It is not in the power of language to exaggerate it. It is more multifarious, more intense, more fatal, and not less, than the most extravagant statement can make it appear to be.

On the other hand, I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but also that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger; so these ministers of God not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversaries, caution us against them, and assail them, and drive them away from us.

The economy, in detail, of this matter, no man understands. All we can say is, in general, that such antagonism exists; that there are spirits that seek our good, and other spirits that seek

our harm; that there are spirits that seek to take us to glory and honour and immortality, and other spirits that seek to take us to degradation and destruction and damnation; and that God superintends the mighty trial. Human life comprises a vaster sphere than it ordinarily enters into our narrow minds to conceive; and God looks on to see the results of the experiment which is being wrought out.

In view of these remarks, I would say, first, that evil spirits are neither mean, nor little, nor despicable. Though they are wicked, they are grand, their ambition is grand, their powers are wonderful, their sphere is sublime. And no man is living sensibly who lives securely and trivially. No man is a sensible man who says that the doctrine of evil spirits is a mere superstitious notion, and treats it as such. It is a reality—an august reality; and every man who values his soul, and who has a sense of manhood and immortality, should take care how he indulges in light, casual, trifling thoughts on this subject, and give heed to such solemn words as those which were uttered by that honest truth-speaking man, Paul, when he said, “We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in heavenly places.”—*Banner of Light*.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

By A. E. NEWTON.

EVERY person is constantly giving forth spiritual emanations, to which the terms aura, sphere, vital electricity, magnetism, &c., are applied. This aura or magnetism may be specially directed, or projected, by specific acts of the will, so as to reach and act upon particular persons and external objects, or it may generally affect all persons and things that are in proximity with its source. The common phenomena of mesmeric and spiritual influence are understood to be effected through such an agency. In fact, no act of the will is executed except by the projection of electric force, either upon and through the nervous system, or independently of it.

Sensitive persons are distinctly sensible of these spheres or emanations, especially if concentrated upon themselves. They can detect their presence in material objects, as in manuscript, in a ring, or any article which may have been carried about the person, as shown in the now familiar delineations of psychometry.

These magnetic emanations possess all the distinctive personal *qualities* of the persons from whom they proceed—in fact, are in some sense *the persons themselves*, projected into contact with others. Hence, sensitive persons can *feel* and delineate the characters, mental and moral, of those whose spheres are thus sensed.

If the person is gross or external, this aura is of a coarser and comparatively impotent quality; if refined and spiritual, it is correspondingly fine, subtle and powerful. In so far as it proceeds from the animal body, it may be termed animal magnetism; and in so far as from the inner man, whether embodied or disembodied, it may be called spiritual magnetism or spirit influence—the two being mingled in the atmospheres of all persons while in the body.

Its effect necessarily is to propagate or reproduce, in the one who receives it, mental and spiritual states corresponding with those of the person from whom it proceeds; and this in proportion to the degree of receptivity and sensitiveness on the part of the receiver.

Now, if we are right in conceiving the Deity to be a proper personality, it is readily apprehended that He is and must be continually giving forth, from the great Will-Centre of the universe, an emanation possessing all the personal qualities of the Divine Being. This must be the finest, subtlest, most potential and vital of all magnetisms, containing in itself the germs of essential life, and capable of generating that life, or imparting divine qualities, wherever receptive conditions exist.

This divine emanation, or sphere, like human emanations, is far too subtle to be recognized by the external senses, but it has its plain correspondence and representative in the emanations of the natural sun—whose sphere, consisting of *light* and *heat*, illumines, vivifies and fructifies the natural world, and without which no healthful growth proceeds. Though unseen and silent, it is *felt* in the interior or finest part of our being, there giving birth to all pure affections—all the graces and virtues of the divine man—in proportion as its influx is received and welcomed. Of course, all impure, gross, or mere selfish affections in man are diverse from and antagonistic to it, and must disappear before its incoming.

Human beings, in proportion as they are purified, regenerated, or truly spiritualized, become receptacles and channels of this Divine Spirit,—or, to use other terms, become Leyden jars and batteries for accumulating this potential personal force and distributing it to others. Hence the propriety of the anciently originated custom of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands.

None, however, can impart that which they have not, nor can they confer the Divine Spirit in any purer degrees than it exists in themselves. It becomes mingled with their own personal emanations, and whatever is imparted partakes of their individual qualities. An unbroken current of apostolical succession, therefore, kept up from generation to generation, by successive impositions of ecclesiastical hands, which some branches of the Christian church plume themselves upon, may become a very muddy stream after all—in fact, may be little else than an *imposition*.

Disembodied spirits, or angels, also become channels of the Holy Spirit, in proportion as they are pervaded by it. But in them, too, it must be mixed with their own individual spheres, corresponding with their states and qualities.

Ignorance on this subject has been one prolific source of delusion, folly, and fanaticism in the religious world. Enthusiasts and impressible persons, in all ages, who have felt themselves moved upon by intelligent invisible powers, ignoring intermediate intelligences, have supposed these to be the direct and undiluted operations of the Holy Ghost, the infallible Third Person of the Divine Trinity. In fact all the vagaries which are now attributed to the action of disembodied human spirits, and even if possible still greater follies, have been ascribed to the Spirit of God. The jerkings, shoutings, trances, hysterics, &c., of modern camp and revival meetings are still so ascribed by many.

On the other hand, some attribute all such erratic operations to a great spirit of evil and his satellites. But it is easy to understand how persons who are sincere, well-meaning, unselfish, and truly devout, may yet be greatly lacking in wisdom, little qualified to analyze their own emotions, or to teach clear views of truth. Such persons, removed to the spirit world, still retain the same characteristics, and delight to hover over religious assemblies which are in sympathy with themselves, operating upon the emotional natures of susceptible men and women, and producing those “demonstrations of the spirit” which are so often mistaken for the special “presence of God” in their midst.

In so far as these influences are on the side of God, of purity and true piety, they are, no doubt, primarily from the source of all good, or in degree pervaded by the Divine Spirit; but in so far as they are wild, erratic, irrational and fanatical, they betoken the admixture and co-operation of intermediate beings, who, though they may be well-meaning, yet lack that full-orbed embodiment of divinity which expresses itself in wisdom, for ends of *use*. Hence the necessity of discrimination—of trying all

spirits whether they be of God. And herein we find the value of modern Spiritualism, revealing as it does so clearly the fact and the character of these intermediate agencies.

In the light of these suggestions, it is clear that personality may be ascribed to the Divine Spirit, as the primal instrumentality of all Deific operations, without involving the "inscrutable mystery" of a triple personality in Deity.

THE NATURALNESS OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

By J. S. LOVELAND.

If it can be shewn that modern Spiritualism has evolved one idea distinctly new, one which has never been stated before, then may it claim the world's homage. I affirm this to be the fact, and I support the affirmation by stating the idea revealed by it, and which is this: *The Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations.*

I claim this for Spiritualism wholly. I have yet to see, or hear of the author, or teacher who has announced this idea, prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism. Judaism, Christianity, and all other forms of religion have claimed the occurrence of various manifestations, but they were all assumed to be supernatural, or miraculous in their character. The Evangelical form of Christianity has accepted those recorded in the New Testament, and rejects and denounces all the rest as demoniac, or imposture; while, on the other hand, the Rationalist, or the so-called Infidel, sees the same reason for rejecting the whole, and on the ground of reason he repudiates them *in toto*. He can find no good reason for admitting the miracles of Judea and condemning those of Greece and Rome. The religious world sees in them the work of a Divine Providence, and the rationalist world, only hallucination and deception.

Modern Spiritualism here comes in and reconciles the world to itself. It affirms, and demonstrates by tangible facts, the actuality of spiritual phenomena, but it also shows that all these multifarious manifestations are natural, in that they are the product of human beings, dissolved of flesh, and acting through and with the forces, or imponderable agents, of Nature. There is, in our experience, the same class of facts asserted in the records of the ancient religions, and amply vouched for; but the old interpretation—the supernaturalistic idea—is superseded entirely in our philosophy, whose mode of explanation is scientific, because its central idea is harmonious with nature. Now a new idea is a power among men, and it is impossible to foresee what it will finally

accomplish. Logically, the head and heart of the world is reconciled. We are not compelled, on the one hand, to ignore the palpable facts of sense, as is the Rationalist; nor on the other, are we forced to call the special agency of God to our aid, in order to explain the ever-recurring phenomena of human history. Consequently, we are at rest with ourselves. The vagueness of blind credulity, and the desert baldness of ultra-rationalism give way, and are replaced by a faith resting upon demonstrated facts, and according with the profoundest reason.

There are two aspects of this subject. The superficial mind views it in its phenomenal aspect only, while the philosophical mind inquires at once for the ideas suggested by it. Those who have spoken in the negative have confined themselves almost entirely to a mere cursory view of some few instances of phenomenal manifestation. I recur, therefore, to the position that modern Spiritualism has evolved in, or revealed to, the human consciousness a *new idea: the Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations*. No one has shewn, or attempted to shew, that this idea has had an existence or expression prior to, or outside of, our movement. Now let us see what is the value of this idea in the solution of the ever-pressing problem of human existence. On the one hand we have the religious world with all its multitudinous array of sects and forms, representing the aspirational and spiritual side, or attributes of humanity. It abounds, in all ages and among all peoples, with countless instances of strange and marvellous phenomena. The religious sects have classified them as divine, in part, and the rest, because of inability to comprehend them, they term demoniac or imposture. Christianity, as interpreted by the sects of Protestantism, declares the miracles of Catholicism, as well as those of Paganism, to be imposture, if not demoniac. And why? Because it sees that there is an imperfectness attaching to them which it cannot attribute to the All-Perfect One. But the Rationalist, on the other hand, sees these same marks of imperfection in the whole series, from first to last, and, therefore, he ascribes the whole to imposition, illusion, hallucination, imagination, to anything, in fact, which will ignore the idea of an origin in the spiritual realm of existence. As has been said, "They only evidence a power equal to their production." Very true; and it is self-evident that the Almightiness of Deity is not requisite for their production. Human, finite beings, operating through and by the imponderable agents of Nature, are equal to their manifestation. This statement reveals the antagonism between the men of faith and the men of reason. And it also discloses the subtle, yet fearful contest waged in the bosom of every earnest thoughtful man. His intuitive, aspirational or religious nature, on the one hand, stretches away into the realm of the unseen, the

eternal, while the relentless logic of the intellect proclaims death and darkness to all these budding hopes and flowering aspirations.

How will you reconcile the battling hosts? How harmonize the doubting, hoping, fearing and tortured soul of the individual man? You have never done it. Theodore Parker, Emerson, with their noble compeers in the field of mental emancipation, have all failed in solving this vast problem—the relation of Time to Eternity—of man on earth with the invisible spiritual future. All the attempts made thus far, have only resulted in multiplying sects, and in cultivating antagonism of thought. In this grand climacteric period of human history, Modern Spiritualism appears upon the stage, and claims to be the interpreter and reconciler. With a broader faith, and a profounder reason, it essays the solution of the heretofore defiant problem of faith and reason. With reverence, it sees and admits the mass of facts, which, like star-gleams, light the pathway of the toiling ages; and in the revelatory radiance of its own phenomena, declares them to be the material exponents of a living, conscious personality behind them. It thus accepts the core of all religions. But, instead of falling down in the wild delirium of joy or fear, and saying that God has come down to earth, it recognizes reason as the supreme monarch of the human faculties, and, in its normal exercise, freed from superstitious fears, it finds all this vast aggregate of seeming strange and weird phenomena to be the natural product of men and women, who have passed from the seen to the unseen life. Thus reason is not outraged by the monstrous supposition that Deity violates, suspends, or overrules His own established laws; or that He specially and particularly interposes to rectify the wrong or defective working of His own Providence. Thus the spiritual idea, while it relieves the reason from the monstrousness and absurdity of the supernaturalistic mode of interpretation, leaves intact the great fact of spirit life, and spirit manifestation. It retains all the sweetness and beauty of all religions, sloughing off only the crudities of imperfect, or superstitious interpretations; while, at the same time, it ennobles and makes divine the reason by making it the expounder and measurer of all spiritual, as well as natural things.

Here is harmony! This, is indeed reconciliation. The deep, soul-love of hearts bereaved, is here answered, as it sends its sad prayer into the great unknown, by the cheering voice of the angel life, while the tormenting doubts of the ages are dissipated on the threshold of a demonstrated future. Spiritualism is the only universalism—it alone is truly catholic. It embraces all the creeds of all religions and only strips them of the tattered garments of their superstitious interpretations. Is there no good in this? What else can accomplish this work, and adjust man's

"warring attributes" in peaceful harmony? We ask then, not to have judgment passed upon Spiritualism by the success, or failure of any particular phase of phenomenal manifestation, and appeal from such a form of trial to the broad field of philosophic thought. Ideas move the world. Facts are but the outer symbols of ideas. The phenomenal facts of our movement are, simply and only, the exponent indices of the real power—the divine ideas, which constitute their incarnating life. I have pointed you to the fountain of good, you can follow from thence the outgoing rivers of beneficence, which flow therefrom, through all the fields of human thought and experience.—*Banner of Light.*

THE REV. MR. OGILVY AND THE LAIRD OF COOL.

THERE lived, in the year 1784, at Innerwick, in Scotland, a clergyman of the name of Ogilvy, whose life and sermons were published by one Robertson, a printer, of the Saltmarket, Glasgow.

After the death of the Rev. Mr. Ogilvy there was found among his papers, in his own handwriting, a curious account of several conferences he had had with the spirit of Mr. Maxwell, the Laird of Cool, a former friend and neighbour.

Ogilvy was riding home, at seven o'clock, in the evening of the 3rd of February, 1772, when there came riding after him, on a grey horse, the Laird of Cool, who told Ogilvy not to be afraid, as he meant no harm, but wanted him to do him a service. Cool then told Ogilvy that he was aware that he had condemned Mr. Paton and the other ministers of Dumfries for dissuading Mr. Menzies from keeping his appointment with him, and he had therefore sought Ogilvy, in the hope that he would do what he required, and which several others, who were more obliged, had refused. Ogilvy hesitated to make a promise, when Cool broke away from him, "through James Dickson's enclosure, below the churchyard, with greater violence than ever any man on horseback was capable of, with such a singing and buzzing noise as put me in great disorder," &c.

Upon the 5th March, 1772, Mr. Ogilvy, being at Harehead, where he had gone to baptize the shepherd's child, returning a little after dark, the Laird of Cool rode up to him as before, and, after saluting him, bade him not to be afraid.

Ogilvy replied: "I am not in the least afraid. In the name of God and Christ, my only Saviour, in whom I trust, I have free access to complain to my Lord and Master, to the lash of whose resentment you are as liable now as before."

"You need not multiply words," said Cool; "you are as safe with me, and safer, than when I was alive."

"Well, then, Cool," replied Ogilvy, "let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the other world."

Cool asked what information he wanted, and Ogilvy asked him if he were in a state of happiness or not? Cool replied that there are many things of which the living are ignorant that he could answer, having acquired much knowledge since his death; many that he could not, and others that he would not, answer—and his question was one of the latter.

"Then," said Ogilvy, "I know not how to manage our conversation, and shall profit more by conversing with myself."

Encouraged, however, to go on, he asked, "What sort of a body is it that you appear in, and what sort of a horse is it that you ride upon?"

"You may depend upon it," Cool replied, "it is not the same body that I was witness to your marriage in, nor that in which I died, for that is rotting in the grave; but it is such a body as serves me in a moment, for I can fly as fleet with it as my soul can be without it. I can go to Dumfries and return again before you can ride twice the length of your horse. Nay, I can, if I have a mind, go to London or Jerusalem equally soon, for it costs me nothing but a thought or a wish."

Ogilvy then asked if he had never yet appeared before his God, nor received any sentence from Him as a judge? Cool replied, "Never yet."

"I know you were a scholar, Cool," Ogilvy then observed, "and 'tis generally believed that there is a private judgment, besides the general one at the great day, the former immediately after death——"

"No such thing," Cool interrupted. "No such thing! No trial till the great day. The heaven which good men enjoy after death consists in the serenity of their minds and satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hopes they have for an eternal joy when the day shall come. The punishment or hell of the wicked immediately after death consists in the dreadful things of an awakened conscience, and the terror of facing the Great Judge, and the sensible apprehension of eternal torments ensuing, and this bears a due proportion to the evils they did when living. So, indeed, the state of some good folks differs but little in happiness from what they enjoyed in the world. On the other hand, there are some who may be said rather not to have been good than that they were wicked while living: their state is not easily distinguished from that of the former, and under that class comes a great herd of souls—a vast number of ignorant people, who

have not much minded the affairs of eternity, but at the same time have lived in much ignorance, indolence, and innocence."

"I always thought," observed Ogilvy, "that their rejecting the terms of salvation offered was a sufficient ground for God to punish them with his eternal displeasure; and as to their ignorance, that could never excuse them, since they lived in a place of the world where the knowledge of these things might easily have been attained."

"They never properly rejected the terms of salvation," said Cool; "they never, strictly speaking, rejected Christ, poor souls! They had as great a liking both to Him and heaven as their gross imaginations were capable of. Impartial reason must make many allowances, such as the stupidity of their parents, want of education, distance from people of good sense and knowledge. They were obliged to give attention to their secular affairs for their daily bread; the impious treachery of their pastors, who persuaded them, if they were of such a party, all was well; and many other considerations, which God, who is good and perfect reason itself, will not overlook. These are not so much under the load of Divine displeasure as they are out of his grace and favour. I assure you, men's faces are not more various and different in the world than their circumstances after death."

"I am loath to believe all that you say," objected Ogilvy, "because some things you have advanced seem to contradict the Scriptures, which I shall always look upon to be the infallible truth of God; for I find, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, that the one was immediately after death carried up by the angels into Abraham's bosom, and the other immediately thrust down into hell."

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed Cool, "that does not contradict one word that I have said. You seem not to understand the parable, whose only end is to illustrate the truth that a man may be very happy and flourishing in this world, and most wretched and miserable in the next; and that a man may be very miserable in this world, and more glorious and happy in the next."

In their further colloquy on this occasion Cool informed Ogilvy that there are good and bad angels. There are sent from heaven angels to guard and comfort and to do other special good services to good people, and that the spirits of good men departed are employed on that errand. That the kingdom of Satan imitates the kingdom of Christ, and as his kingdom is better replenished than the other, there are in many instances, instead of one devil, two or three commissioned to attend one family or one person. That there are an infinity more souls departed to that place, loosely called Hell than what are gone to that place which, in a like sense, is called Heaven; but the good angels that attend upon mortals are stronger than the others.

On the 5th of April, 1772, Cool accosted Ogilvy as before, and now made known to him the object he had in seeking him, and the service he required Ogilvy to render him.

He wished Ogilvy to see his wife, who inherited all his property, and make known to her the wrongs he had done to several families, that she might rectify them. That he had defrauded Provost Crosby of £500; Thos. Grier, of Dumfries, of £36; Mr. Muirhead of £200, and several others, entering into full particulars, and that he could not be happy until these were rectified.

Ogilvy argued that though it was a good errand, he could not understand why Cool should not go to his wife himself, and tell her of the villanies he had committed. That if *he* went to her, he could offer no proof, and would be treated as a libeller and a madman; and entreating Cool not to send him upon such an April errand, begged him to consider the matter by their next meeting, and telling him that, whether he should consent or not, the information he had given him might tend to do as much service to mankind as the redress of all these grievances would amount to.

Before they met again Mr. Ogilvy died.

[In the notes appended to the English translation of Jung Stilling's *Theory of Pneumatology*, extracts are given from the original letters relating to this subject. Several other relations of a similar nature are also therein cited.]

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

ONE of the most striking chapters in the romance of genuine biography is furnished in the history of Jemima Wilkinson, of Rhode Island, the American prophetess. She was a descendant of those pilgrim fathers, who, it is said, gravely resolved "That we will obey the laws of God in the government of this colony till we can find time and are able to make better." About 1760, when Jemima was twenty-four years of age, she fell into a peculiar condition, presenting symptoms more like those of death than of any known disease. Her eyes remained partially open, fixed, as if gazing on some object to others invisible; pulsation ceased, and nothing indicative of vitality remained but a slight warmth in the region of the heart. In this condition she remained for two days and two nights, and at length her physicians, having exhausted their skill in efforts at resuscitation, pronounced her dead. In accordance with custom her funeral was fixed for the following day. An immense concourse of people assembled, drawn to the spot by the popularity

of the deceased, and a desire to learn more, if possible, of the singular circumstances attending her death. The coffin was placed on the altar in front of the pulpit, where the clergyman sat in profound meditation preparatory to the solemn service that devolved upon him. The assembly were hushed in silent sympathy, when suddenly three distinct raps from the coffin sounded through the aisles, and echoed from the vaulted ceiling of the church. The awe-stricken Puritans sat in solemn amazement, as if the last trumpet had just sounded in their ears. In the midst of this silence, and while every eye was turned towards the altar, the short lid at the head of the coffin was thrown back,* and the pale hand of Jemima Wilkinson was extended upwards, as if in the act of rising. In a moment the pious divine and the family physician were at her side, the coffin-lids were struck off, and she that was thought dead sat up in her grave-clothes in the midst of that awe-stricken congregation. After a short pause, in faint words, audible only from the breathless silence which otherwise prevailed, she affirmed that her former self had died, that this which they now saw was her resurrection and spiritual body, redeemed from corruption by the power of God, as a new proof of the resurrection of the dead; that she had passed into the land of spirit, and that there, while absent from the body, she had received a commission to raise up a holy and elect Church on the earth. This astounding announcement, and the extraordinary circumstances under which it was given, produced a deep impression on her friends and kinsfolk, and many of those who best knew her moral and religious character at once became her disciples.

Soon she established regular religious meetings, and great multitudes flocked to hear her. Her appeals touched the hearts of her hearers with such quickening power that hundreds joined her. Like Ann Lee, the founder of the Shakers, she enforced celibacy upon her followers; and also, like her, renewed the practice of the Christian Church at Jerusalem of having all things in common; and all the orphans, foundlings, and poor children within reach of their operations were collected and adopted into their community. In order that the temporal wants of her growing church might be better supplied, she was directed by the voice within her, to go out into a strange country, and to a people of strange language, and was at the same time encouraged by the promise of angelic guidance. Accordingly she and her

* The coffin-lids were then made in two parts, the upper division being hung with brass hinges, and left unfastened till taken to the cemetery.

people went to what was then a strange and unknown land, to the unsettled portion of America, lying far beyond the limits of western civilization, though now forming an extensive territory of Western New York, in the county of Ontario. This land, originally purchased of the Seneca Indians, was now a township of about six miles square. The prophetess called it Jerusalem, a name which I believe it still retains.

Jemima found means to propitiate her troublesome and warlike Indian neighbours, and she ever proved herself their friend, through good report and evil report, and they, too, soon acknowledged her prophetic character.

In a few years the community which had arrived in destitution and rags had by their prosperity excited the admiration, if not the envy, of the surrounding country. The prophetess directed all their affairs, and when a cunning rogue, named Judge Potter, came among them like a wolf in sheep's clothing, and after having wheedled many of the simple-minded to grant re-leases of their rights astenants in common, commenced against them ejectment suits, flanking this proceeding with an indictment against "the elect lady," for blasphemy; the prophetess personally defended herself and them in open court, declining all proffered legal assistance, and completely foiled her adversary, covering him with shame and confusion. Soon after, the judge was impeached for his conduct in the affair and deposed from his office, but the prophetess had the magnanimity to refuse to appear as a witness against him, declaring that his bad heart was a sufficient punishment, and that she would not place the weight of her finger in the scale to increase it.

A notion prevailed among her disciples (probably arising from a misapprehension of her statement about her resurrection body), that she was not to die. This delusion the prophetess sought to remove, and to prepare her followers for that separation which she knew was inevitable; and which she told them was needful, that she might prepare for them a habitation in the New Jerusalem above. She desired that there might be no funeral, no pomp, no parade. "I desire," she said, "but the blessing of them who loved me on earth, and are following me to the New Jerusalem in heaven." Her injunctions were strictly kept. She died in 1820, unattended, and the place of her burial was kept secret. In 1835, a few aged men and women with bent forms and whitened locks, waiting for the summons to join their leader, alone remained of the community she had founded, and it is probably by this time quite extinct. Its history is, however, one of many illustrations of the power of a faith in present revelation and in communion with the invisible world.

A METHODIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

W. McDONALD has written a book bearing the following title : *Spiritualism identical with Ancient Sorcery, New Testament Demonology and Modern Witchcraft, with testimony of God and Man against it.* We have not seen the work, and cannot therefore criticise it from personal inspection. The editor of the *Bulletin*, a paper published in Williamsport, not in the interest of Spiritualism, speaks of it as follows :—

“The title of this book gives a clear idea of what is aimed at by the author. It is to counteract what he deems to be the evil consequences of what is known as modern Spiritualism. The author is a Methodist clergyman, and was appointed by the ‘Providence (R. I.) District Ministers’ Association’ to prepare a work of this kind, after having read an essay before them on the subject. He does not regard the phenomena as mere humbug, trickery, or legerdemain, but as the work of veritable demons. In his preface he yields the great point on which the world is fighting Spiritualism, when he says :—

We are frank to confess that we believe Spiritualism to be, in part at least, the work of demons.

“This is important for the believers in Spiritualism, for if they can once obtain the testimony of opponents as well as friends, that the phenomena claimed to have taken place are made by intelligences out of and beyond the believers and the “mediums,” the *character* of the intelligences will ultimately be settled by facts which must occur in the course of candid investigations. He also says (page 21) :—

The general facts of Spiritualism are so well attested, that few persons are found, whatever their opinion, who are willing to risk their reputation for candour on an unqualified denial of them. There may be a difference of opinion as to the force or agent by which these phenomena are produced, but that they are produced, and that, too, in many cases, without deception, cannot be successfully questioned.

“He then goes on to state what occurrences he thinks have been clearly proved, embracing a catalogue of marvels which must make Spiritualists quite content with the hard things he says of them after he has proved, to his satisfaction, that they are not impostors. He attests the facts of the rapping sounds, the moving of tables, chairs, and other articles ; the playing of pianos and guitars without visible hands ; rapping in response to mental questions, and many other curious things. He makes large use of the ‘spiritual manifestations’ in the Wesley family at Epworth, which commenced in 1716, and continued with some portions of the family for many years. His compilation of the history of ancient sorcery is curious and interesting to those who have any taste for such research. The whole he looks upon as

demonology or the work of evil spirits. His attack on the *theology* of the Spiritualists is caustic, and would be of great force if there was any organized or systematized theology among them, which hardly seems to be the case, since they are found in all religious sects, embracing D.D.s and clergymen of all grades, as well as members of evangelical churches in great numbers. The moral tendencies, as well as the theological tendencies, are looked upon as evil and nothing but evil. We are in doubt as to which party will be the most benefited by it, the believers in the righteousness of the latter-day Spiritualism, or those who believe in the demonology of the 'manifestations.'"—*Banner of Light*.

The following extract from the *Spectator*, perhaps by the pen of Addison, is from the imaginary letter of a dying wife to a devoted husband, absent in Spain, whom she does not expect to look on again in the flesh:—

"Methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be a happy one to the good and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in *guiding the steps* of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? *Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind?* Give me leave to say to you, oh best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. *To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed—to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever—to cover thy beloved face in the day of of battle—to go with thee, A GUARDIAN ANGEL incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak and fearful woman;*—these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart."

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE IN PARIS.—A great desire has been expressed by Spiritualists of different nations to hold a friendly conference at Paris with the more earnest and experienced students of Spiritualism. It has issued in the arrangement of a species of international banquet. Among the most prominent promoters may be recognised names remarkable not less for general repute than for fearless championship of Spiritualistic truth, and amongst them Dr. Clever de Maligny, Baron de Guldenstube, Camille Hounmarien, the well known astronomer; A. Didier, and M. Pierart, the able editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*; Le Comte d'Ourches, Le Baron Général de Brewern, Le Prince Schémeritien, &c. The banquet was to take place at Bouix restaurant, Palais Royal, on June 23, 1866.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1866.

SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS IN GREAT POEMS.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET; WITH SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE religion and philosophy of Shakespeare is a matter about which his commentators and critics seem to be in hopeless disagreement. He has by these been variously represented as a Roman Catholic, an orthodox evangelical Protestant, a Sceptic, a Pantheist, an Atheist; whilst Mr. Roffe has lately shewn good reason for quoting him on the side of the Spiritualists. And as the many-sided Shakespeare brings before us times, countries, characters, circumstances, the most diverse—the ancient, the mediæval, the modern; kings, clowns, monks, cardinals, scholars, statesmen, warriors; Pagan, Christian, Jew; the prodigal, the misanthrope; the murderer, whose “offence is rank, and smells to heaven;” and the fair, the innocent, the good, whose memory is a perpetual benediction; so by his great genius and his broad sympathies with the common elements which underlie all the diversities of our human life, his insight has been clearer than perhaps any single mind has hitherto attained, and his plummet has sounded greater depths in our humanity than has perhaps been reached either before or since. Nor is his view limited to this sensuous life—this “bank and shoal of time;” his eye has glanced “from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;” he has “bodied forth the shapes of things unknown,” and brought before us the people of the inner world—the sylvan fairies, “elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;” the weird sisters, foul, malignant, who do “a deed without a name,” stirring up and tempting the evil thought within, and paltering with us in a double sense; the solemn shade of “the mightiest Julius,” and

That fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march.

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All these, and more, come flocking at the bidding of a magician mightier than his own Prospero. No wonder, then, that in his infinite page each should find his own—that the most opposite beliefs and sentiments should be expressed—and that it should be difficult, if not impossible, to determine how far these are simply and purely attributable to the characters and circumstances of the *dramatis personæ*, and how far they are the genuine utterances of “the man Shakespeare,” speaking from behind the mask. To suppose that we can determine his moral identity—his spiritual self—by the study of this or that particular character, were scarcely less absurd than to suppose that he sketched the portrait of his outward man in the fat knight or the lean apothecary.

The few facts known of the life of Shakespeare, and a study of the poems and sonnets throw little or no light on the question, beyond what we may gain by a careful study of the plays. But though we may not sound him from his lowest note to the top of his compass, yet, listening with attent ear while he doth “discourse most eloquent music,” we may catch glimpses of his spirit,—may find indications and clues which may with advantage be followed out, even though we fail to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Thus, from a study of his plays, we may be sure that Shakespeare was no bigot, no narrow-minded sectarian; that he prized to the full sincerity in religion, and freedom in its exercise. He shews us the greed and duplicity of worldly-minded priests, he exposes their tricks and plots; but he shews us also the good, gentle friar who goes out in the early morning with his basket botanizing, and moralizing on

The powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

In Shakespeare there is no vulgar railing at priestcraft; no ridicule and scoff at the Puritans, like we find in the playwrights of his time: he treats with respect the falling Church of Rome; the most powerful plea for toleration is put by him into the mouth of the hated Jew. (*Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Scene 1.) Whatever his opinions may have been, we see in his plays the evidence of a spirit of moderation and liberality worthy of the “gentle Shakespeare;” and also, I think, a full appreciation of the higher principles and sentiments of Christian Spiritualism.

Without, however, entering upon the question of Shakespeare’s special religious belief, I shall endeavour to shew that in all its main points, his treatment of the supernatural is in entire harmony with the spiritual philosophy. I mean that, assuming him to have been a Spiritualist, we might expect him, when dealing with the supernatural, to have written about it as we find he actually has written. Not to go over too large a field of illustration, I confine my remarks chiefly to the play which on

this subject most naturally suggests itself; the one in which the supernatural is opened out most fully—*Hamlet*.

Hamlet is perhaps the most varied in its characters, the most rich in poetry, the most profound in its philosophy, and stands out the grandest study of psychology, among Shakespeare's masterpieces; and as if that it might lack no element of interest, one who has passed into the world of Hades, appears, under every circumstance that can add solemnity and impressiveness, to harrow us with fear and wonder, bringing to light the secret of undivulged crime, and finding and using the instrument of its punishment. He is the main-spring, the motive power in the action of the play, and illustrates the potential agency of spiritual beings to outwork effects in the realm of nature.

The Ghost, as Shakespeare apprehends, and has here presented him, is as much, if not more, a subject of psychological study and analysis as any of his flesh-and-blood characters. He is not the "airy nothing" the formless, passionless abstraction,—the "mathematical point," or "indivisible monad," of the metaphysician;—he answers to common belief and experience, rather than to the idle dreams of *pseudo* philosophy. He has a spiritual body corresponding at all points to the natural body. He comes

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

This is again and again reiterated. Bernardo asks—

Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

To which Horatio responds—

Most like:

It harrows me with fear and wonder.

And again, when Marcellus asks—

Is it not like the king?

Horatio answers—

As thou art to thyself.

And in recounting what he had seen to Hamlet, he says—

I knew your father, these hands are not more like.

When the Ghost appears, the soldiers have ample opportunity for observation. With "solemn march," "slow and stately," thrice the apparition walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length.

The most minute circumstances of its appearance are carefully noted—

So frowned he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

The expression of his countenance,—“very pale,” “more in sorrow than in anger;” the beard, as Horatio had “seen it in his life, a sable silvered.” Take note, too, oh, George Cruik-

x 2

shank, in the next edition of your *Discovery concerning Ghosts*; that on the platform before the Castle of Elsinore he appears

Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé.
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

Note farther, that when again he appears to Hamlet, during the interview with his mother, in her closet, with equal regard to fitness of occasion, he comes in peaceful guise—

In his habit as he lived.

The spirit of the murdered king comports himself with royal dignity; his bearing is "majestical;" he has a "courteous action;" and is offended with "the shew of violence." But more than semblance, form, dress, bearing; he is his very self. Sent suddenly to his account, as he complains to Hamlet:—

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin;
Unhouselled, disappointed, unanelled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;

he carries into the other life his memories, affections, resentments and regrets. He conjures his son—

If ever thou didst thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

But in the same breath that he urges—

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

He still shews tender consideration for her who had been the partner of his joys and cares, though she had so soon proved faithless to his memory:—

But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother, aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

And in the closet scene he appeals to Hamlet—

O step between her and her fainting soul!

Sir Edward Strachey, in his *Essay on Hamlet*, concludes the Ghost to be merely a subjective apparition, seen by Hamlet in his mind's eye, rather than with the bodily organ. He says, "It must be understood as the embodying of Hamlet's own dreamy thoughts into an image, which, projected upon the dark mists which rise before the future hopes of his life, while the sun of the past has just sunk below the horizon—seems to him a visible spectre, presenting itself to the senses as well as to the mind." That the Ghost is seen by others as well as by Hamlet, he considers but "a part of the dramatic machinery which is necessary to enable us to see it with Hamlet's eyes, and to sympathize

adequately with him in the belief in its visible presence: just as Hamlet speaks soliloquies, in order that *we* may know the thoughts which are passing within him." And he further infers this to be the right explanation "from the entire silence of the Ghost to all but Hamlet, as well as from his not being visible to the queen on a subsequent occasion."

That the Ghost is a merely mythical projection from the mind of Hamlet, and that all the direct and circumstantial corroborative evidence verifying its actual appearance is only dramatic machinery to excite our sympathy with Hamlet's delusion—this, however ingenious the hypothesis, is certainly not the impression actually left on the mind from a careful perusal of the play, or from witnessing a satisfactory performance of it on the stage; and we may therefore be sure that it is not the one Shakespeare intended to convey. And the more the play is studied, the deeper does this conviction become.

Every circumstance, to the minutest particular, is contrived with most masterly skill to render the appearance of the Ghost not merely credible but actual. "Two nights together, Marcellus and Bernardo on their watch" had been encountered by it at the same spot,

Upon the platform where we watched;

and at the same hour,

In the dead waste and middle of the night;

the exact point of time by certain indications carefully noted—

When yon same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, the bell then beating one.

Nor does the Ghost appear only to these "honest soldiers." They, "in dreadful secrecy," impart what they have seen to Horatio, the friend of Hamlet. Horatio is represented, not as ignorant and superstitious, but as a modest man and "a scholar." He is fresh from Wittenberg, and has all his college lore about him, is conversant with Roman history, and with the politics of his age and country. When the guards tell him of the appearance of the Ghost, he is incredulous. Like Sir Edward Strachey, he says that—

'tis but fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold on him.

But when he "with them the third night kept the watch," and finds that—

As they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes:

he "trembles and looks pale," and, like many a sceptic at the

spirit-circle, when confronted with the reality he had denied, he asseverates—

Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes!

Though the soldiers at the first appearance of the Ghost are

——— distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear;

Yet, afterwards, and in company with Horatio, when again the spirit appears, their courage and presence of mind do not forsake them. Horatio speaks to it; Marcellus offers to strike at it with his partizan; and, though so great a critic as Goëthe tells us that Hamlet "is without the strength of nerve which forms a hero," yet his resolute boldness seems rather to shew that he is endowed with "the Néméan lion's nerve." When Horatio tells him of the vision seen by himself and his companions of the watch, he says at once, unhesitatingly—

I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill come again.

And on Horatio answering—

I warrant it will,

Hamlet rejoins—

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace!

And with this resolution, with the same courage that he confronts Laertes, he confronts alone his "father's spirit in arms," addresses to him apt questions, and when the Ghost waves him to "a more removed ground," he will not be restrained from following, and to the remonstrances and warnings of his friends he answers with dignity and force—

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life upon a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing *immortal as itself*?

As is natural to a man with so startling an experience, Hamlet has his doubts as to the truthfulness of the Ghost, and his "intent, wicked, or charitable," the spirit that he has seen may be a devil, assuming the shape that he has seen, and, perhaps, abusing him to damn him. He must determine this ere he can proceed; he "will have grounds more relative than this," and he causes a play to be represented before the king in which is enacted the murder of his father under the circumstances, and by the means the spirit had affirmed it to have been done. And he bids Horatio—

When thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.

The guilty conscience of the king does betray him; any lingering doubt there may have been in the mind of Hamlet that the vision was due solely to the "heat-oppressed brain," the working of an anxious, active mind, is at once dispelled. The integrity of the Ghost, and of the witnesses who vouch his appearance, is vindicated. That the Ghost is the veritable living spirit he claims to be, is proved not merely by his disclosure of "undivulged crime," but, and *à fortiori*, by his truthful relation of the *particular means* by which it was effected, and the attendant circumstances. This makes it what in modern parlance we call "a test fact," and one, too, of a very striking kind. We accept then, as fully sustained by evidence, Hamlet's verdict that—

Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that, let me tell you.

In accordance with the testimony of history, sacred and profane, and of common experience in relation to the appearance of spirits in general, the comings and goings of the Ghost are sudden, on the instant, unobstructed by material impediments, and at "the witching time of night."

The season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

As in authentic instances of spiritual appearance, the Ghost does not, in the first instance, appear direct to the person to whom his errand is addressed: the relation of his intimate and trusted friend, flanked by the evidence of other attesting witnesses, prepares Hamlet for the dread disclosure which his father's spirit communicates to him alone, and confirms him in the assurance that the spirit he has seen is, indeed, no "fantasy;" that it is not, as his mother would fain persuade him, and herself too—

The very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

To this suggestion, Hamlet aptly responds—

Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

Those conversant with ghost-lore are aware that the haunting ghost—the spirit drawn to the old familiar places dear to it in the earth-life, or dragged thither, as it were, by some occult force—is generally one whose departure into the other world has

been premature, caused by sudden and violent means, cut off from earth, not only in the blossom of his sins, but in the plenitude of animal life and vigour. Such spirits appear to be able, in an especial manner, to clothe themselves with magnetic elements and essences so far gross as to be visible to the corporeal eye. But while spirits sometimes thus manifest themselves to the bodily senses, at other times, and perhaps more frequently, they are discerned only by the corresponding internal or spiritual senses; and in this case they are seen and heard only by those in whom these senses are open to perceive them. The appearance of the Ghost on the platform where he "held his wont to walk," and where he is seen simultaneously by all present, is an instance of the first kind; his appearance in the Queen's closet, where he is seen and heard by Hamlet only, is an instance of the second kind. To the Queen, Hamlet seems to bend his

eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air to hold discourse.

When Hamlet addresses his father's spirit, the Queen asks:—

Hamlet. To whom do you speak this?
Queen. Do you see nothing there?
Hamlet. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Queen. Nor did you nothing hear?
Hamlet. No, nothing, but ourselves?
Queen. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
Hamlet. My father, in his habit as he lived;
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Exit Ghost.

And this brings me to a point that, I think, must have struck every intelligent Spiritualist who has reflected on the character of Hamlet, though I do not remember to have seen it adverted to. Hamlet is prone to abstraction and reverie, he postpones action, is irresolute, vacillating, ardent, impulsive, very susceptible to external and, according to Shakespeare, spiritual influences; he sees and holds converse with a spirit at a time when to another it is neither visible nor audible, his soul is "prophetic," he has a true presentiment of his approaching death,* has, in short, the temperament, character, idiosyncrasies, which in our day

* Presentiments are known to be frequently verified—a strong presumptive evidence of man's spiritual nature, and the special openness of that nature in certain persons to impressions from beings of the other world. Shakespeare repeatedly illustrates this. The "ill-divining soul" of Juliet sees Romeo "as one dead in the bottom of a tomb;" "high strains of divination" inspire Cassandra to cry aloud in warning—

"Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand,"

And these presentiments, like the warning of the soothsayer to Cæsar to "Beware the ides of March," or of the weird sisters to Macbeth to "Beware Macduff," or the presentiment against which Hamlet struggles in vain, are but the shadows cast (from whence, if not from the spirit-world) before the events.

would indicate him to be, constitutionally, a medium. He is "Hamlet the Dane," and among the Danes, second-sight, ghost-seeing, and other evidences of mediumship have been, and to this day are, very prevalent. If then, in common with many of his countrymen, Hamlet had this endowment, we can the more readily understand how, in the closet scene, the Ghost was visible and audible to him alone; and how (for kinship, in general, is not only of the blood but of the spirit,) he would be specially *en rapport* with his father's spirit, and, hence, a most fitting instrument to work out his purpose.

The one o'ermastering idea of the Spirit is revenge. This impels him to earth, and to seek those through whom he hopes to be avenged. Who so fit to play the chief part in this as his son, young Hamlet? He is in just that temper of mind which can be acted on most effectively. He is stricken with fresh, deep grief at the loss of his noble, heroic father; he remembers the deep and honourable love borne by him to his now widow—his once "most seeming virtuous queen"—and he is "sick at heart" to find how unworthy his mother has proved herself of that tender affection that

Might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

His sad and painful meditations are disturbed and fretted at the unseemly wassail and revelry at the palace. He is, too, cheated of his royal inheritance—the crown. Dark suspicions and presentiments that he dare not utter flit across his mind; and, withal, he has to bear in silence the cold platitudes on the commonness of death, and reproaches on the fidelity of his "obstinate condolment," which is called "unmanly grief," shewing "a will most incorrect to heaven." With this heart-break, and a mind filled with suspicion and resentment, when the Spirit first discloses to Hamlet that

The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown,

'tis no wonder that he finds him "apt" "to stir in this."

That, intent on working out his fell purpose, the Spirit does not know, or does not consider, the consequences his action may entail on others, illustrates his limited perception of the future, and the blinding nature of passion in spirits disembodied as well as in those still in the flesh; points which authentic spirit-narratives sufficiently confirm. The whole plot and structure, the action and *denouement* of the play, hinges on the fact of spiritual intercourse having actually taken place, and on a communication, true in all its particulars, having been made to the living by the so-called dead.

It is to be observed that Hamlet's Spritualism is assumed throughout the entire play. When Horatio tells him of having but yesternight seen the King, his father, and begs him—

Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Hamlet does not hereupon fire off a battery of jokes upon his friend, or deliver an essay on spectral illusions, but earnestly rejoins, "For God's sake let me hear!" and asks, "When was this?" "Did you not speak to it?" and, after further inquiries, adds,

I would I had been there;

and he resolves,

I will watch to-night—
Perchance 'twill walk again.

And, when left alone, his reflection on the matter is—

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well.

Neither on this, nor on any occasion, does Hamlet call in question, or seem to doubt for a moment, that a spirit may appear. The knowledge he attains of the post-mortal life of man by experience of the actual living presence and revelation of one who had "shuffled off this mortal coil," does not originate his spiritual faith, it but confirms it, and gives it the assurance of certainty. He is a Spiritualist from the first; he believes in spirits, both good and evil; in angels and in guardian spirits.

When he first beholds the startling apparition of his father's spirits, he bursts into the apostrophe—

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

And his conviction that he is truly addressing a spirit, and his belief concerning spirits in general, is shewn in his further questioning—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable* shape
That I will speak to thee.

And, again, in the closet scene with the Queen, when the Ghost enters, he exclaims—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards!

This is represented, indeed, as the general belief. Laertes

* Conversable.

alludes to the dead Ophelia as "a ministering angel." Horatio says to the dying Hamlet—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Even the wicked King, in the struggle of conscience in which his stronger guilt defeats his strong intent, invokes angelic aid—

Help, angels, make assay!*

In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare exhibits a spiritual agency blending, co-operating with, and using, natural agencies in working out the consequences of guilt. Hamlet is spurred to action, and his "almost blunted purpose" is whetted by his father's spirit. We may, I think, not unreasonably infer this to have been Shakespearean conviction from his illustration and enforcement of this truth in other plays. Macbeth's guilty ambition is aroused, and he is drawn on to his confusion by the witches and their "juggling fiends." The phantom dagger, "palpable to sight," marshals him the way to his fearful crime, and in his guilty ear he hears—

A voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

So in *King Richard the Third*, the hardened hypocrite and godless tyrant, on the very crisis of his fate is awakened by the ghosts of all those whose bodies he had murdered: and their burden to him is "despair,"—

Despair, and die!

Cold fearful drops stand on his trembling flesh, and when Ratcliff would rally him with—

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows;

he responds with his favourite oath:—

By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

* The care and guardianship of angels is a subject of frequent allusion with Shakespeare. In *Measure for Measure*, Isabella exclaims—

"Oh, ye blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience!"

In *King Henry the Eighth*, the Duke of Norfolk says of Katherine's love for Henry, that she

"Loves him, with that excellence
That angels love good men with."

In the *Tempest*, Gonzalo, the honest old counsellor of Naples, exclaims—

"Now good angels preserve the king!"

Even wicked old Falstaff has yet grace enough to say—

"For the boy, there's a good angel about him."

(*Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, Act II., Sc. 4.)

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arméd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.*

To his antagonist, on the contrary, they appear with ministering and gracious influence, and the assurance that—

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side.

No wonder that with so fair an omen he tells the lords—

I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How admirable, too, is that vision of the "blessed troop," seen by the dying Katherine. As it disappears she awakes, and she holds the following dialogue with her attendants:—

Katharine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here!

Katharine. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Griffith. None, madam.

Katharine. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promised me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Griffith. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Katharine. Bid the music leave;

They are harsh and heavy to me.

(*King Henry the Eighth*, Act IV, Sc. 2.)

Mr. Birch in his *Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare*, argues that Hamlet if not absolutely an atheist, is a sceptic in religion, inclining strongly to Atheism; and, as Hamlet is evidently a favourite creation of the poet, the child of his mature thought, the one of all his characters who deals most directly and fully with the questions of life, death, and eternity; he infers that these sentiments of Hamlet's may be fairly taken as the poet's own.

But in this premiss, quite too much is assumed. True, there are passages in *Hamlet*, which, if they stood alone, might admit of the construction Mr. Birch puts upon them. In this, as in other of his plays, Shakespeare puts into the mouths of his characters "wild and whirling words," which seem to accuse Providence, but a careful examination will shew that these, in general, are spoken under sudden impulse—a temporary gust of feeling; or the action of the play evidences that they are due to some

* Professor Reed remarks, "The agitated dream of Richard on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field, is supposed to have an historical foundation, and is treated by accurate historians as of actual occurrence. The story is, that Richard, rising from his fearful sleep, harassed and haggard, and disturbed, found it necessary as battle was about to be joined, to explain to his attendants the change which had come over his spirit, and which his looks betrayed."

narrow, partial view ; the whole spirit, and much of the language goes direct to shew that

Accidental judgment, casual slaughters,
Purposes mistook ;

are overruled by a Providence which commends the poisoned chalice to the lips of those that mingle it, and fills up the gaps and inequalities in the administration of human affairs in that after life of which these very imperfections evidence the need. So, too, some of Hamlet's reflections, if we sever them from their place and purpose in the drama, seem indicative of a gross materialism, while, in fact, they are applied only to this our mortal life ; not that he thereby denies the immortal, for he affirms the direct contrary, but that in moralizing on life, its weaknesses and its vanities, it is from its mortal side that these considerations are suggested.

The key to any difficulty of this kind is to be found in the fact that Hamlet realizes the two-fold nature and life of man ; and that with the rapid movement of his active, and subtle intellect, in his deep meditations, he, sometimes by seemingly abrupt transitions, passes from the one to the other. It is in the same breath that he speaks of man as "the paragon of animals," "the quintessence of dust ;" and as "noble in reason, infinite in faculties ! . . . in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !" He might thus let "imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bung-hole," and this be in no wise incompatible with the belief, that the mighty spirit who animated that dust, who "kept the world in awe," and whose ambition even the conquest of a world could not satisfy, was something other than the earth from which may have been made the loam to stop a beer barrel. Man is to Hamlet a being made with

Large discourse,
Loking before and after ;

to whom "capability and God-like reason have been given" not "to fust in us unused." He puts and answers the question,

What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.

And yet, if "spirit" be synonymous with "dust," if, when the poor player walks off the stage of mortal life, and the curtain falls upon the scene, all is over ; what is he as regards his end, but "a beast, no more ?" Surely Shakespeare did not mean this in bringing before us the ghost of the murdered king, and in representing Hamlet as holding visible and audible communion with the dead.*

* I might strengthen this argument by reference to Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural in other plays, but, in place of doing so, I shall content

The truth is, that in considering the character of Hamlet there is this important distinction, which some of his critics seem to have overlooked. Unbelief, or even scepticism, is not *pre-dominant* in Hamlet, but the converse. He is not an habitual sceptic, disturbed, it may be, by occasional misgivings that, after all, there may be a God, a Providence, a retributive hereafter; but a believer in these things, into whose mind, in certain moods, doubt, nevertheless, sometimes and exceptionally intrudes. This, however, is not its normal, healthy condition, but a morbid state; it is then, as he expresses it—

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Shakespeare, it would seem, in this intimating his conviction that scepticism is at the root of infirmity of purpose, having neither the recklessness of Atheism, nor the noble courage of faith. It is a sickly hothouse plant, and has not the robust healthful life that springs from growth in heaven's free air and sunshine.*

Hamlet is a meditative over-active minded man, deeply exercised with the problems of life, "looking before and after;"

myself with giving the following passage from a masterly critique on *Macbeth*, in Reed's *English History and Tragic Poetry as Illustrated by Shakespeare*:—"It is hardly possible to conceive anything more wild and fantastic than the supernatural agencies which have so worked upon the guilty ambition of Macbeth, and it is therefore most remarkable that there should be such an air of truthfulness about them. They seem to be not the phantoms of a gross and absurd superstition, but credible realities, so naturally do they co-exist with human passions. This can be explained only by their being typical of something real. Few of us, I presume, are unwilling to believe that there is around us an invisible world, not the less real because we cannot perceive it, and I know of no reason why we may not also believe that the unseen world has its beings, who are mysteriously ministrant to either the good or the evil of men's lives. It is no figurative language when we are taught that powers of darkness are ceaselessly roaming about to tempt the souls of men; and it is only because our intellects are so materialized that we are slow to believe what rests upon other proof than the evidence of our senses. The spiritual world is as real, or rather more real, than the material, and, although we are not yet endowed with faculties to apprehend it, yet, with all its mysteries, it may be close to us and around us. Now, it is one of the functions of the imagination, as Shakespeare himself tells us, "to body forth the forms of things unknown," and "turn them to shapes," and thus the weird sisters may be regarded as incarnations, not merely of evil suggestions, but of the invisible tempters of mankind—the spiritual enemies to whose arts humanity is exposed. The tragedy, therefore, is at once an imaginative and most real representation of the career of human frailty yielding to temptation."

* It will be observed that the jesting with and irreverent handling of sacred things in Shakespeare, is generally put by him into the mouths of fools, clowns, and debauchees. May not Shakespeare have been putting an apology for himself in this matter, when he makes Don Pedro say of Benedick—

"The man doth fear God; howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II., Sc. 3.

That Shakespeare was a diligent and devout reader of Scripture is fully shewn by the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, in his work on *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible*.

of large and liberal thought, viewing questions all round; and hence, familiar with the arguments of the Materialists: they pass through his mind, and colour its surface, but they do not rest in it, and have no formative influence upon it. That *belief* lies at the *base* of his character is evident from the spontaneous and almost unconscious way in which it finds utterance in incidental remarks and soliloquies. In serious and solemn moments, he invokes God; he speaks with reverence of the canon of the Everlasting: thrice in one scene, (Act V., Scene 2,) he refers, believingly, to a special Providence:—"We defy augury; there is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow."* "Why, even in that" (the royal signet he used to defeat the plot against his life) "was Heaven ordinant." And again, to Horatio:—

Let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

We have seen that Hamlet, in presence of his father's spirit, distinctly affirms his belief in the soul's immortality, as assured beyond even the power of a spirit to peril or to injure; and in the last scene of the play the same faith is implied; when Horatio would drain the remaining poison, the dying Hamlet adjures him—

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

It is these spiritual beliefs,—the prohibition of the Divine canon; the voice of conscience "which makes cowards of us all;"†

* The same doctrine and illustration occurs in the speech of Adam to Orlando, in *As You Like It*, Act II., Sc. 3.

† The sense in which Shakespeare meant it to be understood "that conscience doth make cowards of us all," may be illustrated by a passage in his *King Richard the Third*. One of the two men sent by Richard to murder Clarence, says of conscience:—

"I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuses him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him; 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it."

"*Second Murderer*. 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.'"

So far does conscience make a coward of the first speaker, that at the last moment he refuses to take part in either the crime or its reward.

Richard himself, when the spirits of Clarence and his other murdered victims appear to him in sleep on the eve of battle, all—

"Threatening to-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard;" exclaims,—

"O coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!"

above all—

The dread of something after death;
which according to Hamlet, restrains the intending suicide,—
which makes us endure the burden of a weary life:—

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, . . .
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. . . .
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

These may not be the highest motives and suggestions which religion inspires, but they are such as naturally present themselves under the circumstances, and they are effective for their purpose.

Over the whole action of the play falls the awful shadow of Nemesis: we see in it the ramified and dire calamities that spring from crime: the echoes of the guilty deed bringing down an avalanche of ruin which involves the innocent with the guilty in a common destruction. Hamlet may be considered as a lay sermon, and a text for many sermons, on the moral principles of the Divine government of man. Its pervading principle is, that God's laws vindicate themselves in the moral, as in the physical world; both alike being so constituted as that man cannot evade the consequences of his acts. He cannot measure the extent, nor can he fail, in his own bosom to reap the harvest of the good or evil that he has sown. No seeming successful practice,—no position of power or privilege can hide "occulted guilt."

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our fault
To give in evidence.

That is the law of the spirit-world: we know and are known; we see and are seen—not as we would appear, but as we are. Measurably, the law of retribution is operative even here. Our works follow, and overtake us; they are stamped in our consciousness, and we cannot escape their effects. Nature and spirit alike tend to manifestation. "The secret'st man of blood" cannot with cunning art hide the wicked deed. His "offence is rank, it smells to heaven," nor land nor sea will harbour it; stones will speak, and reeds will blab the secret;

Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

And—

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

The "leperous distilment" not alone

Courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body

of its victim, it poisons also the conscience of him by whose treacherous fratricidal hand it was administered. Without and within wait the stern ministers of righteous retribution. The chance and careless words of a courtier lash the conscience of the guilty King; like Macbeth, his mind is "full of scorpions;" his soul is "limed," his "bosom black as death." His crime is as the poisoned tunic of Nessus; it swathes round his spirit; from it he cannot free himself. At times his better angel seems to strive with him, urging him to penitence and prayer. This is a beautiful and reverent allusion to a deep Christian truth in his soliloquy—

What if this curséd hand
Were thicker than itself with brothers' blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down.

But dragged down by possession of the effects for which he did the murder, he cannot repent, he cannot pray; and conscious that the evil will in him predominates, he rises from the ineffectual struggle and the attitude of prayer, with the confession—

My words go up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.*

We can imagine the young Hamlet and his "fellow student" and friend, the then incredulous Horatio, discussing with all the boldness of youth and freedom of college friendship the deep questions which in the pride of intellectual and newly awakened power, ardent and speculative minds delight to engage in, and from which we may be sure the nature of man and the existence of a spirit-world could not be omitted. And when in this play Horatio, in reference to the spiritual manifestations that have so staggered him, exclaims—

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

* So Angelo exclaims—

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.—*Measure for Measure*, Act II., Scene 4.

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may it not have been in special allusion to his college scepticism, that Hamlet rejoins in words that should be a lasting rebuke to the arrogant conceit of "philosophical persons" who deem God's universe a petty stage of which they know all the characters and properties—

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

"Happy would it be, if, whenever a spiritual mystery is presented to our thoughts we did not reject it, because transcending our little knowledge it happens to be 'undreamt of in our philosophy;' happy would it be if we did not suffer doubts and suspicions, and sophistries of a sensualized scepticism to shut up the avenues of our souls, instead of opening the door wide to give the mystery a stranger's welcome."

SAINT HILDEGARDE.

"BROUGHT up in great simplicity," with only the Psalter to read, a little girl in the first years of the twelfth century found herself clothed upon with wonderful gifts. Of delicate organization, and possessing a religious nature, little Hildegarde became, while almost an infant, a remarkable medium.

"When I was three years old," she says, "I beheld such a light that my soul trembled. In my eighth year I was admitted to a spiritual communion with God, and until I was fifteen I beheld many visions. At that time I felt surprised that while I saw internally with my soul, I also saw outwardly with my eyes, and as I never heard of a similar power in others, I endeavoured to conceal my visions as much as possible.

"When I was twenty-four years of age, a fiery light coming from heaven filled my brain and influenced my heart, like a fire which burns not, but warms like the sun; and suddenly I had the power of expounding the Scriptures."

It was not until her fortieth year that the wonders of her spiritual life became public, and the Catholic Church began to reap the benefits, as it has ever been ready to do, of spiritual gifts, thus adding a lustre to itself which the Protestant Church has never been able to gain, because of its unwillingness to engraft upon its sanctity any of the signs and gifts of faith.

Hildegarde was subject to trances, in which a strong man could not bend her body. Her physical system was ill capable of bearing her spiritual enlightenment, and she suffered greatly, but always with patience and faith. A ring preserved at Eibengen, bears the inscription, "I suffer willingly."

After her powers became known in the church, pope and cardinal, bishop and people, Jew and Christian visited her. She healed the sick by the laying on of hands, she knew the thoughts of others, she beheld future events, she had the power of leaving her body and shewing herself to those at a distance, thus proving herself a true disciple of the early father, St. Paul, who commended the gifts of clairvoyance, of prophecy, of healing the sick, and of working miracles.

In her letters, she says: "My soul rises in visions even to the depths of the firmament, and overlooks all portions of the earth and every nation. I do not see things with the outward eyes, nor hear them with the ears, nor receive them through other senses, but with my soul's eye; for I see them when awake, by day as well as by night. In the visions, I understood the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and some holy philosophers, without human assistance. I explained much in these books, although I was scarcely able to distinguish the letters; I also sang verses to the honour of God without having had any instruction in singing, having never even learned a song."

After people began to come to her for assistance, her gifts became more perfectly developed. She gave counsel for bodily ailments, and she beheld the thoughts and feelings of others so distinctly that she could reprove them for secret faults. We are told that a spirit spoke within her that no one could gainsay. Jews became converted by her pious exhortations; and the nuns were led to greater sanctity by her reproofs. She often foretold the time of the death of those who came to her, and scarcely any one who sought her aid in sickness went away unaided.

A girl suffered from tertian fever that no medicine could abate; Hildegarde laid her hands on her, and she immediately recovered. "Bertha" was afflicted with a tumour on her neck: Hildegarde made the sign of the cross on the afflicted part and she was cured. She sometimes consecrated (magnetized) water and gave to the sick to drink, and they were healed.

"Ederich Rudolph had heard of her power, and on going to bed prayed for her assistance. In a vision she appeared to him in the very dress she at that time wore, and told him that his life would be in danger from his enemies if he did not at once leave the place. He instantly left; and those that remained were overpowered by their pursuers."

She is said to have foretold the divisions that were to occur in the Catholic Church, and princes and bishops received her words as oracles.

In the year 1179, when 81 years old, she left her frail body and entered the life of spirit realities. A medium of such rare gifts was not to be forgotten in the Catholic Church: she was

canonized as a saint, and made to prove the power and truth of the Catholic religion. Would that our own time could in like manner behold beauty and honour in such revelations and gifts without the superstitious reverence of the Catholic.

Why have all these beautiful histories been hid from the present generation? Why have they been clothed upon with doubt and distrust, until we have been made to believe they were one with the weeping statue and the winking Madonna, only to be laughed at and despised as tricks of a crafty priesthood. The holy gifts of the spirit were not more rare in the ages following the death of the disciples of Jesus, than in the days of their active mediumship; but the Reformation sealed up the records by its contempt and scorn, and we have to wait until some bold critic takes from behind the mask of superstition or of distrust, the sweet and saintly image of faith, and we exclaim with reverential awe, "Ever one and equal is the beautiful law of the spirit; ever bright and shining are the threads that connect the natural with the spiritual; ever fond and loving is the bending eye of heaven; ever true and perfect is the revelation of infinite good and beauty."

L. M. WILLIS.

WHAT CAN WE MAKE OF THESE THINGS?

"Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale."—MRS. BARBAULD.

LUC GAURIC

PREDICTED in the beginning of the sixteenth century, that John Beneventoglio would lose the sovereignty of Bologna. Beneventoglio put him to a cruel death for it, but it came true nevertheless. Gauric flourished under the pontificates of Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., and Paul III. Mezeray and De Thou affirm positively that Luc Gauric predicted the death of Henry II. in a duel, and that he would be killed by a wound in the eye. This was fulfilled, not in a private duel, but in a single combat, in the course of a joust.

ST. CÆSAR.

In the year 552, died at Arles this saint, who had prophesied the French Revolution—an event then more than 1,200 years distant. He said the most infamous of treasons would disgrace France. The king would be made a prisoner. A great part of the west would be ravaged by enemies; France would be de-

graded by the crown being rent from the true line, and given to a man who had no right to it. The true prince would not only be kept prisoner, but overwhelmed with all sorts of miseries by his own subjects. There would be conspiracies; confederations of people and cities; and a host of opinions promulgated, unheard of before. Dependants and servants would rise against their masters, and seize and divide their property, stripping them also of their dignities. The church would be robbed of its temporalities; the churches profaned; the religious driven from their convents, the pastors from their pulpits; the people would be without spiritual guides; and for twenty-five months or more there would be no pope, no emperor in Rome, no ruler in France. The public good would be no longer sought, but every one for himself. The eagle would soar over all the world, and subdue many nations. He would be crowned with three crowns in token of his victories, but in the end he would re-enter his nest and never leave it again. France would be invaded on all sides, and suffer many calamities. The whole world, in fact, would groan with oppression, pillage and devastation, and the rightful prince would not regain the throne till Christianity had been restored.—See *Liber Mirabilis*, pp. 55-58.

CARDAN.

This extraordinary man tells us in his work that he was possessed of four peculiarities: he could fall into ecstasy at will; he saw what he wished; dreamed of what was about to happen; and foresaw them by certain marks which appeared on his nails. In 1552, he was sent for to Scotland by the Archbishop of St. Andrew, who had been suffering for two years from a periodical difficulty of breathing, which had resisted all the skill both of the Scotch and the French physicians. Cardan cured him, but on taking his leave said—"Though I have been able to remove your malady, I cannot change your destiny, nor prevent your being hanged." This extraordinary speech was explained eighteen years afterwards, when he was hanged by the order of the commission of Mary the Queen of Scots.

MADAME MAINTENON.

This extraordinary woman, wife, by a secret marriage, to Louis XIV., and who was born in the prison of Niort, said that when she was wife of Scarron the poet, Barbé, the architect and astrologer, told her that she would mount as near as possible to the throne of France, for she would reign over the king. In one of her letters to a Mademoiselle d'Antigni, in 1666, she says, "Behold me very far yet from the predicted grandeur." Yet it was all realized.

THEODORE-AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNE'S DUMB PROPHET.

The grandfather of Madame de Maintenon had a youth in his service who was born deaf and dumb, but talked with his fingers. He had the gift of divination to such a degree that all the world was running to him to learn their fortunes, or to recover things lost or stolen. He told them their genealogies, their trades, their marriages, the number of children they had or would have; he named all the pieces of money that they had in their pockets, and their most secret thoughts. M. d'Aubigné forbade him strictly, and under pain of dismissal, to say anything of the kind to his children or servants, but, of course, in vain. He told M. d'Aubigné for a whole month every day what Henry IV. did—all his walks, his councils, the persons with whom he conversed—at a hundred leagues distance, and he found that he had been entirely correct so far as the outward facts went. The maid servants having one day asked him how long the king would live and what death he would die, he replied by his signs he would be killed in three years and a half, and he described the city, the street where this would happen, the carriage, and the two blows of the assassin's knife.

THE GRAND HUNTSMAN.

The Black Huntsman of the Forest of Fontainebleau is said to have shaken the great heart of Henry IV. by crying to him "*Amendez vous!*" "We still are curious," says the Duc de Sully, in his *Memoirs*, "to discover what is the nature of the apparition so often seen, and by so many eyes, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. It is a phantom, surrounded by a pack of hounds, whose cries we hear, and whom we see afar off, but which disappears as we approach it." Perefice mentions the phantom, and the name of the Grand Huntsman.

TYRTAMUS AND SOCRATES.

Tyrtamus, an African chiromancist, living in Athens, Socrates sent to him an exact drawing of the palm of one of his hands, in order to test him. He sent it by one of his disciples, who was to say it was that of a woman; Tyrtamus replied that it was the hand of a man who was inclined to thieve. The answer was received with indignant laughter, but Socrates said the man was quite right—he had originally a strong bent towards theft, and had only conquered it by his reason.

PREDICTION OF THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.

There was a young woman in Stockholm named Harrison who predicted by the grounds of coffee. Such was the success

of her divinations, that all the Court was ambitious to learn the future from her. Gustavus himself went to her, but, so soon as she looked at the coffee grounds she became greatly alarmed and refused to say what she had seen. The king bade her speak out, and assured her no harm should happen to her. "Sire," she said, "you will one day be assassinated by the man whom you will first meet on the North Bridge as you go out to-day." Gustavus appeared calm and even gay; talked a little while with Miss Harrison, and then hastened out, impatient to see the prognosticated assassin. It was the young Count Ribbing. The King, hastening up to him, said, "My dear Count, if I did not know your heart and your principles, I should suspect you, for I have just heard that you are one day to assassinate me." He then told him of the divination, and laughed over it, putting the young man quite at his ease. Yet it was this Count Ribbing in the conspiracy of Ankerström who actually stabbed him.—*Causes Célèbres.*

DAMIENS, ASSASSIN OF LOUIS XV.

Madame de Sainte-Rheuse, whose husband was Chief Commissioner of the War Department, and in whose service Damiens had been, had predicted to him by chiromancy, to which she was addicted, that he would end by being torn in pieces or quartered.

ROBESPIERRE.

This monster, who began by dreaming of the regeneration of the human race, and was sentimentally fond of poetry, believed that he had a guiding spirit, Chamael, and that, like Cromwell, he was inspired. If so, it must have been by Moloch.

FATHER BEAUREGARD.

This Jesuit father, in a sermon delivered in Notre Dame in 1756, declared that that church would be desecrated and turned into a temple of Venus; that when the rebels had run their career of Atheism and wickedness, foreign armies, and especially armies from the north, would come and put them down; their great chief would be driven out, and the lily restored—he said for ever—his enthusiasm outrunning his spiritual prompter. The MS. of this prophecy is still preserved at the Chateau de Suse in Switzerland.

JEAN-BAPTISTE MORIN.

This famous astrologer and drawer of horoscopes, was often consulted by Cardinal Richelieu. Cardinal Mazarin gave him a pension of 2,000 livres and the chair of Mathematics in the

Royal College. Hortensius asserts that Morin predicted to about six days the death of Louis XIII., and to about six hours the hour of the death of Richelieu; but the triumph of his horoscopes was in pronouncing, on seeing either Cinq-Mars, or his portrait, that that person would be beheaded.

ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLEANS, DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER.

It was predicted in her infancy that she would by an imprudent action miss a very great marriage; would from her decisive character hold her head aloft amongst persons of the highest rank, but would end by being the victim of an ungrateful wretch, on whom she had heaped the greatest benefits. All this was accomplished to the letter by her secret marriage with the Duke of Lauzun, by which she missed being an empress, and was compelled to leave her husband for his brutal insolence.

GENERAL DU B——.

At an ambassador's dinner in Paris, in the time of the Empire, when a numerous and distinguished company was assembled, General du B——, after hearing several curious fulfilments of predictions, amongst others that of Gustavus III. of Sweden, said, "I myself have just had a prediction, which does not in the least alarm me. It was that I should very shortly be arrested; that, amongst my many correspondents, one of them in a neutral city, is about to betray me; that I am surrounded by thieves, who watch me continually, and will bring me into terrible misfortune; and, finally, on inquiring about my death, I was told it would be by fire. Another thing I had forgot, that I ought to burn certain papers, for, if I confide them to a woman, they will augment the proofs against me. Still, if I will quit Paris in three days, my destinies will be different. In short, Mademoiselle le Normand did not flatter me."

On the mention of the name of Mademoiselle le Normand, all cried out, "General, obey her warnings; the affair is serious;" and they related many striking fulfilments of the predictions of the sibyl. They urged him earnestly to quit the capital. He joked pleasantly with the ladies, and promised nothing. At that very moment his correspondence was known to the Government; the neutral city was Hamburg; his terrible misfortunes came in the shape of a loss of 60,000 francs, his arrest, and the giving up of his papers through fear. Fire, some weeks afterwards, terminated his existence.

DRYDEN, THE POET,

Cast the horoscope of his son Charles. He found that three

crises lay before him in his life, and he named the dates of them. In each he would be in imminent peril of his life. The first occurred when the boy was about ten years of age, and though Dryden took most careful measures against it, his son nearly lost his life: on the second day named, he fell from a tower of the Vatican, and was only saved by a miracle. On the third and last predicted day, he was drowned in swimming across the Thames.

CHARLES I.

When Vandyke's triple portrait of Charles I. was sent to Bernini, the celebrated sculptor and architect, to enable him to execute a bust of Charles, the moment that he saw the portrait he said, "That man is born to misfortune." When Charles was brought up for trial in Westminster Hall, and was leaning on his cane, which had a golden head, this head gave way and fell off. The king was much troubled at the omen, and endeavoured to console himself by imagining that Hugh Peters, the fanatical Parliamentary chaplain, had been tampering with it.

LAUD.

Shortly before his impeachment by the Parliament for his arbitrary acts, and principles destructive of the constitution, he records himself, in his diary, that going into his study where his portrait, "taken by the life," had fallen from the wall, and lay on its face on the floor—"I am," he said, "almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament; God grant this be no omen." It was only too true an one.

DR. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Piozzi, in her anecdotes of the great lexicographer, says:—"I remember that at Brighton once, when he was not present, Mr. Beauclerc asserted that he was afraid of spirits; and I, who was secretly offended with this charge, asked him, the first opportunity I could find, what ground he had ever given to the world for such a report. He replied, 'I can recollect nothing nearer it than my telling Dr. Lawrence, many years ago, that a long time after my poor mother's death, I heard her voice call, "*Sam!*"' 'What answer did the doctor make to your story, sir?' I said. 'None in the world,' he replied, 'but suddenly changed the conversation.'"

MADAME DE STAEL.

Madame de Staël must be reckoned in the list of Spiritualists. She believed that the spirit of her father was her guardian angel; and when her thoughts were most pure and elevated, she said it was because he was with her. She invoked him in her

prayers, and when any happy event occurred, she used to say with a sort of joyful gladness, "My father has procured this for me?"

She had a profound idea of the efficacy of prayer. Once when her little daughter was dangerously ill at Frankfort, she exclaimed, "Oh! what would become of a mother, trembling for the life of her child, if it were not for prayer?"

After her father's death, she went to Italy. And as she felt the balmy influence of the spring in this lovely climate, with a trembling superstition, she ascribed it to the intercession of her father.—(*Preface to her Life.*)

She makes Corinne say, "My impassioned excitement carries me beyond myself: teaches me to find in nature, and my own heart, such daring truths and forcible expressions, as solitary meditation could never have engendered. My enthusiasm then seems supernatural; a spirit speaks within me far greater than my own" (p. 45).

No doubt such is the source of all genuine improvisation.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

In his "*Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*," p. 69 to 72, Sir Humphrey Davy related shortly before his death, an appearance, which formerly in a wonderful manner restored his exhausted strength and continued his life. This took place in his most vigorous years of youth. He was attacked by yellow fever, and was so far gone that the physicians who attended him had given him up. Then, as he seemed to be dying, there appeared to him a youthful amiable form, which he always afterwards called his good angel. Five-and-twenty years passed over, and still the figure of the lovely being continued as vivid to his memory as if he had but just seen it. Livingly present, were ever that countenance ruddy with youthful bloom, those mild glancing azure eyes.

This female guardian angel came as a nursing one in his apparently dying hour, calming his pains by her presence, and still more by her consolatory conversation, full of the highest spiritual interest; and she thus infused feelings which gave back strength and life to the sufferer. This ministering spirit, whose extraordinary visit to his sick-bed, produced his convalescence much more by its psychical, than the physicians by their physical means, never forsook him in the greatest danger, and only disappeared on his recovery. It was a visit out of a distant, future world, for in that in which he was then living Davy knew no similar person. His affections were at that time fixed on a lady who had no resemblance to this whatever, but in many respects was the very antithesis to her.

Ten years afterwards, on a journey on the coast of the Adriatic, this very form of his good angel met him for the first time, as an actually living maiden. He saw her only, however, in a rapid passing glance, as if she came to recall to him the memory of her past presence, and to prepare him for a future re-appearance. Ten years after that, namely, twenty years after his first illness, and her first visit, he fell into another severe illness, was once more believed to be at the point of death, when this figure returned in the person of a really living woman, and by her cares restored him to health. So precisely was the image of the female figure of the two previous occasions, that he could detect no difference whatever; nor could he determine whether it was the original form, or the form of the second passing young lady that he had seen. But she awoke in him precisely the same feelings as in his first illness: his life and strength returned in the same manner, and he once more arose from the brink of the grave.

LORD ERSKINE.

In the Life of this most splendid of forensic orators, as well as noblest of men, Lord Campbell relates this fact:—

"This spring (1779), he joined the Home Circuit, where his fame preceded him, and he was immediately in full employment. Riding over a blasted heath between Lewes and Guildford, with his friend William Adam, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the Jury Court in Scotland—whether from some supernatural communication, or the workings of his own fancy I know not—he exclaimed after a long silence, "Willie, the time will come when I shall be invested with the robes of the Lord Chancellor, and the Star of the Thistle shall blaze on my bosom!"

Did Lord Campbell believe in "supernatural communication?" It would seem so, or why the supposition here uttered? At all events, this sudden prognostication of his future eminence, and of its particular distinction was fully verified. In 1808, twenty-nine years afterwards, he was made Lord Chancellor, and what is remarkable is, that he ascended at once to that eminence without passing through any other judgeship, or any promotion at the bar, except that of a silk gownist; thus giving significance to his prophecy. He did not say "I shall become a Judge, a Lord Chief Justice, or a Chief Baron, but simply Lord Chancellor, and possessor of the Order of the Thistle;" and these were his two sole honours conferred by the Crown; though it is true he was for many years Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The Green Ribbon was conferred on him by the Regent, I think, in 1815, six-and-thirty years after his prophecy of this distinction,

which was one of Scottish origin, appropriated to the Scottish nobility, but which, since the Union, it has been the custom to confer on two English peers.

At page 669 of his *Life of Erskine*, Lord Campbell says, "He either was, or pretended to be, a believer in second sight and ghosts. Perhaps he worked himself up to the persuasion that he was sincere, in order that he might with a good conscience appear a very extraordinary man, and make people stare; but I suspect that he would, occasionally, with deliberation, mystify his hearers."

Now there is no reason whatever, to believe that Lord Erskine, either "worked himself up to a persuasion that he was sincere," or that he attempted "to mystify people to appear an extraordinary man." He was a very extraordinary man, and all his life long dared to say what he thought. After reading what Lord Campbell adds, one is much more inclined to believe that he himself invented an apology for introducing the following simple and serious narrative—a narrative at which we need express no wonder after the preceding prophecy, and its literal fulfilment.

There being a round of ghost stories in a large company at the old Duchess of Gordon's, when it came to the turn of Erskine, then Ex-Lord Chancellor, he spoke as follows:—"I also believe in *second sight*, because I have been its subject. When I was a very young man, I had been for some time absent from home. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a *close*, on coming out from a bookseller's shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed—pale, wan, and shadowy as a ghost. 'Eh, old boy,' I said, 'what brings you here?' He replied, 'To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord, to receive a sum due to me, which the steward at our last settlement did not pay.' Struck by his look and manner, I bade him follow into the bookseller's, and into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to him, he had vanished. I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the Old Town; I remembered even the house and flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my boyhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months, and had told her on his death-bed, 'that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned, he would see her righted.' This I promised to do, and shortly after fulfilled my promise. The impression was indelible; and I am extremely cautious how I deny the possibility of such supernatural visitings, or those which your grace has just instanced in your own family."

Surely nothing can be more like the honest truth, or more unlike "working himself up" or "mystifying," than this sober statement. Yet Sir Walter Scott said, "Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Barnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying."

Of course, he did believe it. Scott himself shews that he did not merely tell this at the Duchess of Gordon's, but at other times and places. It was a matter of his positive conviction; and the madness was only the same sort of madness with which all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles of the Old and New Testaments were afflicted, and of which Sir Walter Scott himself gave some curious instances, as in the supernatural communication of the death of Terry the actor, in London, at Abbotsford, and of his own occasional clairvoyante condition. But Scott hated Erskine for his incessant and undaunted vindications of liberty and liberalism; and when he went to Edinburgh, after forty years' absence, would not attend the dinner given in his honour, though Erskine at that very dinner quoted and complimented Scott. Such are the sad little weaknesses of great men. Both Scott and Erskine believed in the supernatural; but one was an out-and-out Reformer, and the other was an out-and-out Tory, the foil of all his fine qualities, and which we can readily forgive him for their sake.

SIR EVAN NEPEAN AND THE REPRIEVE.

During the administration of the younger William Pitt, Sir Evan Nepean was Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. One night he could not sleep, yet he could discover no cause for his sleeplessness. He felt perfectly well; he had eaten nothing before retiring to rest, and had no case on his mind, nor his thoughts engaged on anything of importance, which might explain his sleeplessness.

About two o'clock in the morning, as it began to get light, weary of seeking sleep in vain, he arose and went into the Regent's Park, in order, after a walk of an hour or two in the cool of early morning, to endeavour to obtain the sleep he had sought in vain. At this hour few people were, naturally, abroad. He continued his walk, and soon found himself in the neighbourhood of the Home Office. He passed this once or twice, when, having a private key to a side door, he thought he would enter the office, which he did without any object whatever except the passing of his time. When he entered his apartments, he saw the journal lying on his desk, and he opened it mechanically without an idea of looking for anything in it; but the first thing

on which his eyes fell was this entry of yesterday—"Pardon for the condemned forger to be sent express to York."

To his consternation he recollected that though he had given the order to the head clerk, he had not received the acknowledgment of its receipt from the proper officer. At the same time the execution of the condemned was to take place on the morning of the next day. In the highest state of excitement Sir Evan opened the despatch book to see if the missing acknowledgment was by chance there. In vain! It was now past three o'clock. He hastened away to the house of the chief clerk, knocked him up, and asked him if he knew positively that the warrant for the pardon was sent to York. The clerk, startled and confounded, could not at once give any clear answer. "You are still asleep!" said Sir Evan, "Collect your senses; the warrant must be despatched." "I now recollect," answered the clerk, "that I handed the warrant yesterday to the Solicitor; he must have despatched it to York; it is his duty." "Very well; have you got the acknowledgment from him, that the pardon is actually sent off?" "No," said the clerk. "Then we must seek the Solicitor instantly. Come along. It is still early; we shall be sure to find him." The man lived at a considerable distance; not a coach was at that hour to be found. Both the gentlemen ran at their best speed, and arrived at the Solicitor's door just as he had got into his carriage to drive to his country-house. He thought he had left all his business in order, so that he could enjoy a quiet day in the country. The sight of the Under-Secretary of State at this unusual hour, startled him greatly, but he was in a terrible consternation when he heard the cause of the visit. **THE WARRANT WAS STILL LYING IN HIS DESK!**

The delay was only made good by the most desperate exertions, and the order for the pardon arrived at York only just as the condemned entered the cart to be driven to the place of execution.

Sir Evan often related this circumstance to his friends, and he considered it as the most extraordinary event of his life.

We have asked, "What can we make of these things?" The only answer is, What can we make of the wind that bloweth where it listeth? These facts start up in every quarter, in every class of mankind and womankind. In the court, the camp, the church, the chapel; in the halls of science, in the cabinet of the wit, in the boudoir of fashionable beauty; amongst kings, senators, saints, and sinners; amongst the learned and the ignorant—and all alike cry out "*Peccavi!*" when the fit is on them, however they may have joked and

laughed before. Men scorn superstition in their individual capacities, and yet very soon we are able to collect them into a cabinet of curiosities, demonstrating by their combined evidence that Superstition herself is Truth forcing them to confess her.

A DREAM OF THE WAR FROM VIENNA.

If truth give this story an interest I can vouch for that. An old woman in humble life had, by the early death of her daughter and son-in-law, been left the care of three young grandchildren. The poor creature accepted the heavy charge, and by unremitting toil and industry brought up the youngsters in humble comfort. The conscription, that terrible scourge of the Continent, took from her recently the eldest boy, and he was drafted into the Deutschmaster Regiment. The old woman was overwhelmed with sorrow when this war broke out, and her thoughts were ever with her soldier grandson. When the commencement of the fighting was first announced last week, she dreamed that night that her boy was wounded in a battle, and that she met him at the railway, and saw the blood oozing from the white bandages. She could no longer sleep, and awaking with a scream, she put on her clothes and went, long before day, to the railway station. She remained there for hours and hours, and people to whom she spoke almost laughed at her perseverance, for no wounded were as yet come down at all. Very weary the old woman went home at nightfall, and next morning again she dreamed the very same dream. There was the youngster in his soiled white tunic, and with his white bandages, and the blood still forcing its way through. It was horrible. She dressed herself again, and because yesterday she saw people look half slightly on her humble working attire, she arranged and put on her little remnant of former finery, not from pride, but thinking it would gain her more respect and therefore more considerate answers to her inquiries for the idol of her heart. Poor old creature! It only made her ten times more ridiculous to shew herself in the strangely-shaped bonnet and faded robe of a long-past day. But she bravely took her post. On that day the wounded began to arrive, but no tidings of the grandson. The hours seemed interminable but it was only when she met a neighbouring lad and gave him a few kreutzers on his solemn promise to watch through the night that she was induced to go home. It would be strange but for the hold we know the anxious imagination has over the mind even in sleep that this third night the old woman dreamed her dream once again, and thought she saw before her at the railway terminus the young soldier with his soiled uniform, his

bloody bandages, and his ghastly pale handsome face. Once more at day-break, in the faded dress, the worn-out grandmother took her determined post. Omnibuses and waggons laden with wounded men passed out through the great iron gateways hour after hour. At last, at last, there is a scream, a young soldier jumps from a waggon, he clasps a fainting old woman in his arms, he shouts for water, he drops warm tears on the withered face, and then he laughs wildly, for she has opened her eyes and looks upon him and fondly clasps him; and kisses again and again his bandaged head and his shattered right hand; the exertion of the moment has disarranged the bandages and the blood is oozing out. There was not a dry eye in the whole crowd, and the bronzed soldiers around who had faced the battle and thought but little of their own wounds now wept like children. "My child, my child, are you much injured? Will you live? Will they let you home to me to nurse you?" "My wounds are but light, grandmother, and in three or four weeks I hope to be with the Deutschmeisters again to pay back these Prussians the reckoning I owe them." Poor Deutschmeisters! I believe they are annihilated to a man—a matter of great tribulation here, for the regiment was altogether recruited from Vienna.—*The Military Correspondent of the "Standard," 10th July, 1866.*

TO EMMA HARDINGE,
ON HER LEAVING ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

O, brave true worker, in our dearth
Of earnest speech, whose words of power
Pleaded for justice, human worth,
God's laws; who, rich in dower—
The wealth of soul—with lib'ral hand
Bestow'dst thy gifts of mind and heart,
Sowing thought-seed throughout our land:—
Who, star-like, in thy sphere apart
Shot radiance down—Heaven's blessed light
Of faith and hope—that souls above
Lift from earth's dust; dispelling night;
Filling our hearts with wealth of love;
Bearing truth's banner, wide unfurl'd.
God speed thee—near to us, or far;
In our dear isle, or His new world,
The hope of man—the free America!

T. S.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHETHER or no it be true, as Comte asserts, that every science of necessity passes through three stages—the theological, metaphysical, and positivist—we may be allowed to doubt; but his assertion is at least suggestive, and may enable us to trace the operation of great laws of development in human life and history which would otherwise have remained unrecognized. In the progress of European civilization, for example, we fancy it would not be difficult to describe three stages. The first is signalized by fierce conflict with the powers of nature, an epoch when the mere animal instincts bore unquestioned sway. Then as the relations of human society became more complex and the mind found leisure for inquiry into the what, the whence, and whither of its life, outward expressions became necessary to symbolize the speculations and conclusions of the inner man. Hence the thousand institutions of the Church and State which in their present condition afford no slight obstruction to progress in that third stage on which the world has entered.

To the readers of Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, *verbum sat*. They will recognize in these few words the basis of his *Philosophy of Clothes*; and he maintains, as we all know, that the world's clothing is worn out—that it no longer gives expression to the inner life, but hangs about it in a dilapidated state, impeding healthful action. Every year confirms the saying. One form of belief and one institution after another is analyzed with relentless logic, found charged with poisonous ingredients, and swept into oblivion. How arose this same "victorious analysis," and is it ever destined to give place to the reverse constructive process?

The stage of fetish or nature worship is the first step in progress which history records or rather indicates. The second stage of social, political, and ecclesiastical symbolizations of man's metaphysical conceptions followed. But during this second period the human mind was so pre-occupied with its own creations that the outer world was utterly ignored or merely served as pabulum for the most absurd cosmical speculations. Rampant incoherence and corruption however contained their own proper cure; and the conviction dawned upon the more enlightened of our race, that the divine laws written upon the visible creation are deeper and truer than those of either priest or king. Thus did Europe enter upon the third stage of development in which life began to be based on science, and the energies of the cultivated intellect were unceasingly employed in clearing away the metaphysical cobwebs which for so many centuries had impeded its

development. But long after a theoretical figment has been argued out of existence, the forms and customs by which it was symbolized retain their hold upon the affections and allegiance of the world. This is eminently the case with all those varied associations which have gathered round the painful and mysterious phenomenon of death.

Half a century ago it was deemed heretical to doubt that death in every shape was other than the fruit of sin. By degrees, however, geology has wrought a conviction in every cultivated mind that death is the necessary action of a primary law which was in operation thousands of ages before the date assigned to Adam's fall. And it is vain to endeavour to draw a distinction between the human race and kindred forms of animated life in respect at least to the action of law upon their common inheritance—a perishable vesture of flesh and blood. Death then is man's appointed lot, not because he has sinned, but because he shares the corporeal nature of all the animal creation. This is but the first step in discovery on this momentous subject, but what a mass of delusion is it not destined to disperse! How large a portion of its sting does it extract from death! According to popular theology every bell that tolls is a ratification of the frightful and blasphemous dogma that this fair world of ours is under the curse of its beneficent and all-wise Creator; and, as Alger forcibly remarks, by painting such pictures as that of a woman, with "Sin" written on her forehead in great glaring letters, giving to Death a globe entwined by a serpent—or that of "Death" as a skeleton, waving a black banner over the world and sounding through a trumpet "Woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth!"—by interpreting the great event as punishment instead of fulfilment, extermination instead of transition, men have elaborated a melo-dramatic death which nature never made. To the intelligent observer, death bears the double aspect of necessity and benignity; necessity because it is an ultimate fact, as the material world is made, that since organic action implies expenditure of force, the modicum of force given to any physical organization must finally be spent; benignity, because a bodily immortality on earth would both prevent all the happiness of perpetually rising millions, and be an unspeakable curse upon its possessors.

Vegetable bodies die, that new individuals of the species may live, and that they may supply the conditions for animals to live. The individual beast dies that other individuals of his species may live, and also for the good of man. The plant lives by the elements and by other plants; the animal lives by the elements, by the plants, and by other animals; man lives and reigns by the service of the elements, of the plants, and of the animals.

The individual man dies—if we may trust the law of analogy—for the good of his species, and that he may fulfil the conditions necessary for the development of a higher life elsewhere. It is quite obvious that if individuals did not die, new individuals could not live, because there would not be room. It is also equally evident that if individuals did not die they could never have any other life than the present. In the timid sentimentalist's view, death is horrible. Nature unrolls the chart of organized existence—a convulsed and lurid list of murderers, from the spider in the window to the tiger in the jungle, from the shark at the bottom of the sea to the eagle against the floor of the sky. In the philosophical naturalist's view the dying panorama is wholly different. The wedded laws of life and death wield the merciful functions of God. Out of the charnel blooms the rose; nor is there poison which helps not health, nor destruction which supplies not creation with nutriment for greater good and joy. The foregoing considerations fathomed and appreciated, transform the institution of death from caprice and punishment into necessity and benignity.

A radical change in the prevailing methods of education must be the first step towards a dissipation of popular errors on this all-important subject. We believe the day is near at hand when that precious time now wasted at our schools and colleges over Greek and Latin verses and other equally unprofitable studies will be devoted to the study of the laws of life, and when it will be considered as disgraceful for a young man not to be familiar with the great principles of physiology, as it would be at present for him to be ignorant of his multiplication table. What marvel is it that our youth are unversed in natural science? How much do the erudite pedants of our universities know themselves of the simplest laws of nature and of health? Let their emasculated pulpit effusions answer. Does one sermon out of twenty preached by university men contain, I do not say a breath of spiritual truth (that might be asking too much), but even a genuine throb of nature, any sense of the beauty and strength of simple unsophisticated humanity? No, we are, as a rule, treated from the pulpit to second-hand religious sentiments, or to an exposition of the extinct metaphysics of the middle ages. But when a better era has been inaugurated what will be the consequence? Countless maladies originate purely in the insane and suicidal modes of living which prevail at present, modes of living which ignore the existence of man's body except as something to be abused and pampered. May we not hope that such diseases will in time be utterly unknown, and that our distant descendant will look upon us with the same pity with which we contemplate the savages who inhabited Britain two thousand

years ago. The frightful untimeliness of death will then be scarcely known. Men shall no longer only live out half their days, but each shall be gathered to his fathers like the shock of corn ripe for the harvest. Death will then appear to be what it is, simply a blessed transition to a higher state of being. And our departing brother will be regarded with feelings kindred to those with which we now look upon an emigrant, leaving misery and starvation behind, and going to a land with certain promise of plenty and happiness.

It may be objected that a large portion of the maladies that afflict our race have strictly a moral origin, and that no merely physical education would materially affect them. This is certainly true,—and the moral sickness requires indeed its own appropriate treatment, administered according to the laws of a divine and spiritual science. We believe that such a science is our inheritance. We are at least nominally Christians, and surely the profound religious experiences of eighteen centuries cannot go for nought. It remains then that we consider what light Christian truth and experience may shed upon our views of death.

We must be careful of confounding popular conceptions of the invisible world with the teaching of Christian philosophy. By the Divine Science we would be understood to signify those fundamental principles of spiritual truth which were explicitly revealed by Christ, and illustrated by His life, and are implicitly involved in the tenets of many who formally deny them. The vague notions of the effect of death upon the spirit of man, which have been current in the Christian world for eighteen centuries had their origin mainly in the orthodox Rabbinical schools of the Jews, but received a colouring from the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman conceptions of the future state.

In the poetry, history, and ethics of the Hebrews, contained in the Old Testament, may be discovered large variations and opposition of opinion. While in some books a rude indistinct belief in a future state is traceable, in others we encounter an unqualified denial of any existence after death. But the Hebrew ideas on this subject are tolerably consistent. The separate existence of the soul is necessarily implied by the distinction the Hebrews made between the grave or sepulchre, and the under-world or abode of shades. The words *Bor* and *Keber*, mean simply the narrow place in which the dead body is buried; while *Sheol* represents an immense cavern in the interior of the earth, where the ghosts of the deceased are assembled. When the patriarch was told that his son Joseph was slain by wild beasts, he cried aloud in bitter sorrow, "I will go down to Sheol unto my son mourning." He did not expect to meet Joseph in the grave; for he supposed his body to be torn in

pieces and scattered in the wilderness; not laid in the family tomb. The dead are said to be "gathered to their people," or to "sleep with their fathers;" and this, whether they are interred in the same place or in a remote region. It is written, "Abraham gave up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people," notwithstanding his body was laid in a cave in the field of Machpelah close by Hebron; while his people were buried in Chaldea and Mesopotamia. These instances might be multiplied. They prove that to be "gathered unto one's fathers," means to descend into Sheol, and join there the hosts of the departed. The ghosts in Sheol are described as being nearly as destitute of sensation as of strength. They were supposed to exist in an inactive, partially torpid state, with a dreamy consciousness of past and present, neither suffering, nor enjoying, and seldom moving.—Freed from bondage, pain, toil, and care they reposed in silence. At best it was a region, "where the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest."

By degrees the Jewish doctrine underwent considerable modifications and development. From Josephus we learn that the Pharisees believed "that souls have an immortal strength in them, and that in the under-world they will experience rewards or punishments according as they have lived well or ill in this life." The Pharisees also held the doctrine of a bodily resurrection. This is plain from passages in the New Testament. Jesus says to Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again." She replies, "I know that he shall rise in the resurrection at the last day." The correspondence between some Jewish and some Christian theological dogmas betoken the influx of an adulterated Judaism into a nascent Christianity, not the reflex of a pure Christianity upon a receptive Judaism.

It may be assumed as an undeniable fact, that orthodox views of death and of a period of separate existence of the soul, followed by a bodily resurrection to endless happiness or punishment, are really Jewish doctrines modified by Pagan mythology. We proceed to indicate what appears to us to be distinctively Christian doctrines, premising that we do not presume to conjecture the degree in which the teaching of Jesus Christ (of whom it is recorded that he grew in wisdom and stature,) was coloured by the intellectual atmosphere which surrounded him.

One of the dominant notes of the gospel harmony is undoubtedly a perfect disregard of physical and purely individual life. This is the cardinal truth expressed in those startling words, "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Such a habit of self-abandonment and freedom from the pressure of that instinct of

self-preservation, which is one of the strongest impulses of our nature, could only be brought about by a sense of life deeper and wider than any mere physical existence. Accordingly it is said further, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or life?" If we remember rightly, the very same word in the original is employed in both cases. What was this deeper life? It is clearly defined by Christ himself, and a portion of the New Testament is taken up in describing and illustrating its nature. Here is its definition, "This is life eternal that they may *know* Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." This knowledge, it is reiterated times without number, is attainable only by spiritual conformity to the Divine will and mind. And, as the essence of that will is love, "love of the brethren" is declared to be the central fire of the life of God within the soul. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in Him." This is that "enthusiasm of humanity" which the author of *Ecce Homo* maintains to be the substance of the Christian doctrine. By this we become children of God and "*partakers of the Divine nature.*" The words are not mine but St. Peter's. To be void of this universal love is to be spiritually dead, to be enclosed in the carnal prison-house of self. Hence the significance of the words, "Let the dead bury their dead." Christianity does not only *contain* distinctive teaching on Life and Death. The revelation of the *Divine* life in humanity is Christianity; as the discovery of the laws and conditions of *natural* life constitutes physical science.

To return to the point whence we set out:—If in the third stage of the development of civilization, human life is based on science, must not this science be two-fold, spiritual as well as natural? The discoveries of physicists are laying the foundations broad and deep for a truer natural life. Is it not high time to enter on the study of spiritual science, or those laws by which men become recipients of the Divine life, and which also bind them to each other?

What bearing the phenomena of Spiritualism may ultimately have on this divine science it is impossible to predict in these early days. That they have some important bearings, there can, I think, be little doubt. They shew for instance that so-called supernatural phenomena are really the result of natural law, and thus throw a flood of light upon the connection between the visible and invisible worlds, on the relations of men on earth to men in heaven; and again they tend to break down the walls of partition which have been reared by a cruel sectarianism between the hearts of Christians yearning for unison with all the "enthusiasm of humanity." And what a glorious change in all the

relations of life must such a Divine science produce, what a transfiguration of the Babylon of modern society into that New Jerusalem, which cometh down from God out of heaven!

S. E. B.

THE PRESENT POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

"When God," says Bossuet, "wishes to shew that a work is entirely in his hands, he reduces everything to despair—then it goes on."

"Die oft so destructiven und sich überhebende Zeitungs-Narrheit, welche glaubt, durch ein paar qualvollseichte Leit-artikel oder durch ein paar alte Feuilleton-Witze, die durch Jahrhunderte emsig gesammelten Schätze der menschlichen Wissenschaft und Kunst zu überglänzen."—*Gottlieb Dämmerungs Katechismus des Lebens-Magnetismus*. Vienna, 1866.

THE substance of my motto is the expression of a scientific gentleman of Austria, in his *Catechism of Vital Magnetism*, in the present year. It is—"The folly of the newspaper press, often so destructive, and so far overshooting itself, which believes that by a few miserably shallow leading articles, or a few stale old Joe Millers, it can extinguish the treasures of human art and science collected with so much diligence through whole centuries."

The present position of Spiritualism in England, were the press with all its influence, omnipotent, would be hopeless. After having taken every possible means to damage and sneer down Spiritualism; after having opened its columns to it, in the hope that its emptiness and folly would be so apparent that its clever enemies would soon be able to knock it on the head by invincible arguments, and then finding that all the advantages of reason and fact were on its side; after having abused and maligned it to no purpose, the whole press as by one consent, or by one settled plan, has adopted the system of opening its columns and pages to any false or foolish story about it, and hermetically closing them to any explanation, refutation, or defence. It is, in fact, resolved, all other means of killing it having failed, to burke it. To clap a literary pitch-plaster on its mouth, and then let any one that likes cut its throat, if he can. By this means it hopes to "stamp it out," like the rinderpest.

Of late, too, the incautious zeal of some of the Spiritualists themselves, has enabled the lawyers to add their net of spiders' webs and their privileged lies to the efforts of the press, and have

contrived to render these gentlemen the most unpopular of men, and the most unwholesome animals they endeavoured to expose, the most popular. Everything has succeeded to a miracle, even in this age, in which miracles are denied, to cover poor Spiritualism with the mud of public odium. If the thing was what they pretend it to be, its doom would be inevitable. No thing or doctrine which was really false, could withstand this general and determined onslaught. It must perish of contempt. Here then comes the proof of whether this thing be false or true. The doctrine of Gamaliel is sound doctrine still. If a thing be false, it will soon die out; if it be true, that is, of God, they who fight against it fight against God, and there is no question as to who will be the victor.

If anything could annihilate Spiritualism, its present estimation by the English public; its treatment by the press and the courts of law; its attempted suppression by all the powers of public intelligence; its hatred by the heroes of the pulpits of all churches and creeds; the simple acceptance of even the public folly and wickedness attributed to it by the press; its own internal divisions,—in a word, its pre-eminent unpopularity would put it out of existence. But does it? On the contrary, it never was more firmly rooted into the mass of advanced minds; its numbers never more rapidly increased; its truths were never more earnestly and eloquently advocated; the enquiries after it never more abundant or more anxious. The *soirées* in Harley-street have, through the whole time that press and horse-hair wig have been heaping every reproach and every scorn upon it, been crowded to excess, by ladies and gentlemen of the middle and higher classes, who have listened in admiration to the eloquent and ever-varied addresses of Emma Hardinge. Meantime the Davenportes, a thousand times denounced as impostors, and exposed impostors, have a thousand times shewn that their phenomena remain as unexplainable as ever on any but a spiritual theory.

What means all this? What does it indicate? That press, and pulpit, and magistrate, and law courts, have all tried their powers, and have failed. They stand nonplussed before the thing which they themselves have protested is poor, and foolish, and false, and unsubstantial. If it be so poor, and foolish, and false, and unsubstantial, how is it that all their learning, their unscrupulous denunciation, their vast means of attack and their not less means of prevention of fair defence, their command of the ears and the opinions of the multitude—how happens it that all their wit, and sarcasm, and logic, and eloquence cannot touch it? So far from shaking and diminishing it, they do not even ruffle a hair on its head, or a fringe of its robe.

Is it not about time for these combined hosts of the great and wise, the scientific, the learned, the leaders of senates, and colleges, and courts of law, the eloquent favourites of Parliament, the magnates of the popular press, furnished with all the intellectual artillery which a great national system of education, and great national system of church and state and aristocracy, accustomed to proclaim what shall be held to be true and of honourable repute by all honourable men and women,—is it not time, I say, that all this great and splendid world of wit and wisdom should begin to suspect that they have something solid to deal with? that there is something vital in what they have treated as a phantom?

I do not say to these great and world-commanding bodies, powers and agencies, open your eyes and see that your efforts are fruitless, and acknowledge your defeat, for probably they never will open their eyes and confess their shame; but I say to the Spiritualists themselves, dark as the day may seem to you, never was it more cheering. Leagued as all the armies of public instructors and directors are against it, never was its bearing more anticipatory of ultimate victory. It has upon it the stamp of all the conquering influences of the age. It has all the legitimacy of history on its head. It is but fighting the battle that every great reform—social, or moral, or intellectual, or religious—has fought and eventually won.

When the world laughed at Noah and his ship, he and his alone rode on the waters that he foretold, and re-peopled the world. When Moses was asked, "Who made thee a judge and a divider over us?" there stood in him the man who should be their judge, their lawgiver, and their invincible emancipator. When Christ was born in a manger, and after being spit upon and called a devil, was crucified, he was not thereby put down, but raised into the principedom of all life. Beware of thinking that you can tread out the vitality of the humble thing! The earth on which we are continually trampling is that which supports us all. The grass on which myriads of men and beasts are perpetually treading still grows green, and its blades, weak and bending beneath the weight of a fly, send life and strength through the hearts of flocks and herds, and so through the veins of the totality of man!

The fires, and saws, and axes, and wild beasts, and cauldrons of boiling oil and lead, were tried upon the hated Spiritualists of the early ages, then called Christians; the fires of the so-called Holy Inquisitions and of Smithfield were very hotly applied later; the dragoons of Austria mowed down the Protestants of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia; and the Protestants, in their turn, hunted down with their Claverhouses and

Monmouths the Covenanters of Scotland, and attempted to explode their errors by the worse errors of iron boots and thumbscrews. The Quakers were beaten, nicknamed, robbed, imprisoned, whipped through towns, and hanged. Still later, the Methodists were stoned, dragged through horseponds and kennels, and maligned by every base and obscene invention; and did any of these things succeed in any other way than in causing the truth to succeed? Will our able editors and popular preachers, and eloquent orators, never look back a little at their ancestors who stoned the prophets, and at their other ancestors who built their sepulchres? Will they never make use of the history which it cost their parents and tutors so much money and labour to store them with? Shall their *liberal* educations be all thrown away upon them, and they remain for ever *illiberal* and blind? Shall we have to say to them as Franklin said to his contemporaries:—

I send you here a little book
For you to look upon,
That you may see your father's face
Now he is dead and gone?

Shall the world ever remain the same blind fanatic, hating the new truth as it has done in all its ages, and still imagining its stupidity the height of sagacity?

It is within the memory of man, indeed, that all that is now ascribed to Spiritualism was ascribed to Methodism. I myself remember when to brand anything as especially odious and disreputable it was called Methodism; when to depict a man as a visionary, fanatic, and vulgar fellow he was dubbed a Methodist. Still more recently, the scapegoat of the world's sins and treasons was Radicalism; the "heir of all the ages" of scorn and detestation was Chartism; its professors were the buggaboos of naughty children, and the proud aversion of all good subjects. They who held such damnable political doctrines were dragonaded at Peterloo, in Manchester, cast into prison, and screamed at by loyal men and women as deadly traitors, and little better than thieves and assassins. For these sins Thomas Cooper, the author of the *Purgatory of Suicides*, Samuel Bamford, who preferred singing his

Hours in Bowers

to hurting anybody; William Lovett, the framer of the Charter, and one of the mildest and mildest-principled men living, and many others, were cooped up in prisons. Yet, already, all their doctrines except household suffrage are the doctrines of the most enlightened and most popular of our Members of Parliament, of Mill, Bright, Tom Hughes, Professor Fawcett, and

scores of others, who, if they have not arrived at household suffrage, have reached within £7 of it.

Courage, Spiritualists! You are not more unpopular, not more maligned, nor giped and scoffed at than every advocate of a new step in moral, political, or philosophical reform has been before you. Oh! you have not yet obtained the honours of the same degree of martyrdom as many a brave band of the advanced ranks of truth have done before you! You have not yet been burnt, nor torn to pieces by wild beasts, nor pitched into cauldrons of seething oil or metal. If this enlightened and educated age hates and maligns you, it is only what its dear ancestors always did to "those of whom the world was not worthy." There is no way to the temple of Truth,—there never was and probably never will be a way to it, but through the wilderness of thorny lies, and amid the hissing of its serpents, and besmearing of the slime of its unclean reptiles. Would you be the children of Truth, and not share the perpetual heritage of Truth, suspicion, misconception and misrepresentation?

Oh, Truth! immortal Truth! on what wild ground
 Still hast thou trod through this unspiritual sphere!
 The strong, the brutish and the vile surround
 Thy presence, lest thy streaming glory cheer
 The poor, the many, without price or bound:
 Drowning thy voice, they fill the popular ear,
 In thy high name, with canons, creeds and laws,
 Feigning to serve, that they may mar thy cause.
 And the great multitude doth crouch and bear
 The burden of the selfish. That emprise,—
 That lofty spirit of virtue which can dare
 To rend the bands of error from all eyes,
 And from the freed soul pluck each sensual snare
 To them is but a fable. Therefore lies
 Darkness upon the mental desert still,
 And wolves devour, and robbers walk at will.

Truth, the rejected, the insulted, the martyr of all times! contemplate a moment her history! Truth, who sprung full-grown and all-perfect from the bosom of Deity; who lives in His throne, and dwells for ever amongst His redeemed children and glorious saints in the highest heaven of truth and love;—Truth, who descending ever from her native paradise to instruct and guide mankind,—what has been her invariable reward? She has been trampled on by savages, hooted in the streets by the rabble, mocked at by the learned, denounced by the so-called wise, spurned and persecuted by the religious. Kings have issued their bloodiest edicts against her; Popes have fulminated their bans at her as a blasphemer; republics have enacted decrees of death and expatriation against her. She has been laughed at as fool and dreamer in the halls of science, shut out from the halls of the rich and happy, and thrust down and trampled on by the

ignorant multitude. So uniform is the fate of Truth in every age of the world, that if I saw a poor creature beaten, dragged by the hair, pelted with mud, scouted as an impostor, and jeered at as a zany, I should at once exclaim—"That is Truth! It can be no other! These are the perpetual, the inevitable circumstances in which she is found!" If I had not recognized Truth in Spiritualism before, I should at once have detected the eternal victim of man's ingratitude for her attempts to enlighten him, as soon as I saw it vilified and despited by the tongues and pens of the wise of this world. God has written in letters of light—PERSECUTION, on the heavenly brow of Truth, that all His true children may know her, amid whatever disfigurements and defilements her enemies may have flung upon her.

—And this is her glory and our consolation, that no amount of calumny and evil treatment can ever persuade her to desert the cause of unhappy mankind. Her course will still be incessantly onward over the stocks and stones, and amid the hisses and laughter of this world, awakening its honest slumberers, illuminating its honest enquirers, solacing its honest mourners: all day and every day, she is striving and calling aloud amid the crowds of misguided humanity, pointing and leading the way to peace, and with the meagrest success; but when men sleep, she is again at home in heaven, reaping the reward of her divine warfare—the fairest, the most glorious of God's children.

Dark, therefore, as appear the surroundings of English Spiritualism; determined as press and public are against it; unpopular as some mistakes of individuals have helped to make it, there is no cause for anxiety on its account, and there would be none were its path ten times gloomier. God strips His dispensations of all human favour, to shew the more clearly that they are His own. It is by their knocking from under it all mortal props that we are taught to know that a true cause has immortal support. Truth "is never less alone than when alone." When opposed or mismanaged by men, then it is at home with God. We are all too fondly and vainly apt to think that this and that depends very much on us and our co-operation. On the contrary, whatever is from God depends on God alone. When we have done all that we can, we are but unprofitable servants; and the same Hand that upholds ten thousand suns, and whirls around them millions of planetary worlds, will work out His designs in those worlds of never-failing instruments. There is no man of so much consequence in any work but, if he fall or fail, God has "five hundred good as he" to bring up in his place.

Thus it is that, whilst people have said, "Poor Spiritualism! its friends and its enemies together will reduce it to the lowest condition of weakness and disgrace;" it has been spreading and

growing more widely and rapidly than ever. The seeds of a divine truth are like the seeds of the Australian trees, which vegetate the more vigorously when a sharp fire has passed through the forest. It is winter which, for a time, checks all the life of nature, which kills the lurking vermin-hosts of desolation, and pulverizes the soil into a more recipient condition. We should be foolish to complain of the fires or the frosts which attack our great cause. They are but stimulants and vitalizers. The noble Christian poet, Cowper, knew better :—

Parent of Hope, immortal Truth ! make known
Thy deathless wreaths and triumphs all thine own.
The silent progress of thy power is such,
Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,
That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
And none can teach them but whom thou hast taught.

ELEVATION OF THE BODY LONG KNOWN IN SPAIN.

WE have now before us a book, *Lucerna Mystica pro Directoribus Animarum, &c.*, composed by Joseph Lopez Ezquerro, a Spanish divine in 1690. It was published in Spain, and republished in Italy, with every sanction and recommendation that the highest clerical and theological authorities could confer. Our copy is one of an edition so late as 1722, printed at Venice under the patronage of the university of Padua. Now, this work takes for granted, as a phenomenon familiar to the Christian world, the supernatural elevation of the body, and proceeds to reason upon it as composedly as if the subject under discussion had never been embarrassed by a doubt. Four of the chapters are respectively headed :—

- "Of Matrimony, Spiritual and Divine."
- "Of the wonderful Elevation of the Body which is wont to occur to Souls (animabus), being in the state of Spiritual Matrimony."
- "Of the Author's opinion of the cause of this Elevation of the Body."
- "Of the Practical Instruction of the Director touching this Elevation of the Body."

The argument opens with an unhesitating assumption of the facts :—"To enable us to deal with this wonderful elevation of body and spirit we must suppose, with all mystics, that some souls or spiritual persons sometimes experience certain divine vocations of such vehemence that they, being alienated from the senses, their bodies are simultaneously lifted into the air, and there continue suspended a long time, and are rendered so light that they are moved to and fro by the lightest flame or breath of air, as we read happened to St. Francis, St. John, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Sienna, and a great many others, to which,

indeed, Spert-Carthusianus (*Select Mystic*, part ii., cap. 9), and P. Ferdinandus Caldera (*Theol. Myst.*, lib. ii.), bear testimony as eye-witnesses; the words of the last-named being, 'The body remains suspended and elevated from the earth, and wholly without weight; the countenance shining, ruddy, beautiful, and converted into a burning coal, from which may be inferred what is prepared for its eternal enjoyment, whence it appears as if made of crystal to the spectators.' The like is affirmed by Dr. John de Palafox, Bishop of Oxford, in *Suo Pastor*, noct von, cap. 12. Whilst, therefore, this elevation of the body is certain, and frequently observed, I find no slight difficulty concerning its cause and name among mystics. Concerning the name, because they sometimes call it ecstasy, and sometimes rapture, and (but less frequently) sometimes deliquium, from which much confusion may arise, and inconvenience to souls; for if the Master should direct a soul of this kind as a cause of deliquium, beyond doubt he might greatly err."

The author is clear that nothing less than spiritual matrimony can elevate the body, and he finds ample proof of his theory in the beatified countenance of the patient; for the rarefied individuals are to be treated as patients, and minute directions are given for their treatment under the liability. They are to be humiliated instead of exalted, to be addressed, not as saints, but as sinners, and to be constantly reminded of their ineradicable tendency to sin. Care is to be taken to keep such persons out of sight lest, perchance, these elevations should befall them in the sight of others; and when they talk to others let them above all avoid those conversations which they have found to lead to the elevation, and, when they feel the spirit moved, let them fly quickly, and withdraw to their privy chamber. If the elevation is so rapid as to give them no time for flight, let them be directed to lay hold of some post or column, or embrace some immovable object, lest the object should be elevated on high to the wonder of others.

Pierre le Loyer, a French author, wrote a *Traite des Spectres et des Apparitions*, 1586. He says that an Arabian king, Avesoar Albruna, subsequent to Mahomet, having a bad eye which none of the physicians could cure, saw in a dream a celebrated physician, a deceased friend of his, applying remedies to it, and very soon after it healed. He says that Avicenna, the famous Arabian physician, was wholly of the opinion of Plato, that spirits can communicate with us, and benefit us.

Notices of Books.

VITAL MAGNETISM.*

WE lately had occasion to mention Herr Dämmerung's *Letter on the Science of Od Force*. He has just published this little *Catechism of Vital Magnetism*, founded on the experiments of a long list of Magnetists and Spiritualists, including Reichenbach, Dubois, Raymond, Meisner, Mesmer, Stilling, Schubert, Kerner, Böhme, Merigioli, Hornung, &c. In this little volume, which probably does not cost a shilling English, are given definitions of the science, and simple explanations of the facts and doctrines of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism. The great feature of the *brochure* is, however, the statements of the laws of vital magnetism, odyle, and spiritual phenomena, so far as they are yet known. This is the department which we may expect German men of science to endeavour first to explore, and which will be a work of the highest value if conducted in a spirit of impartial science, and free from the theological and anti-theological prejudices of these times. One or more of the imponderable forces is the great agent by which spirits divested of matter are enabled to communicate with spirits still enveloped in it, and to act on matter itself, through this so-called mediumship. The more we know of this active power or principle the better, so that we do come to know it, and not a number of plausible theories put forth instead of the actual knowledge.

Herr Dämmerung appears more familiar with American and French forms of Spiritualism than with English, except so far as the *Life of Home* has made it known. The theories of Andrew Jackson Davis, and Allan Kardec seem the most familiarized to Herr Dämmerung's mind—theories which in England are not regarded by any means as sound. One is rather surprised in answering the question, "What are the essential doctrines of the Spiritists according to Allan Kardec's teachings?" to be told that "Spiritism is a form of philosophy independent of every form of worship, and which busies itself with no particular dogma." Now, it is notorious that Kardec teaches adhesion to the Catholic Church, a point on which

* *Katechismus des Lebens-Magnetismus und der Organischen Electro-Magnetischen Strömungen, &c.* VON GOTTLIEB DÄMMERUNG. Wien: 1866.—[*Catechism of Vital Magnetism and of Organic Electro-Magnetic Currents, &c.* By GOTTLIEB DÄMMERUNG. Vienna, 1866.]

M. Piérart has been very strong in his strictures upon him; and, as to dogmas, the most prominent feature of Kardec's teaching is the mischievous and repulsive doctrine of re-incarnation.

We trust that a further acquaintance of Herr Dämmerung with the more Christian forms of Spiritualism will lead to a modification of his views, for we are glad to see that he bases his spiritual views on Christianity. His notions of the astral spirits—that is, spirits who originate and live in the ethereal spaces between the planets—are founded on no real facts with which we are acquainted. Spirits may, indeed, have come and told people that they are such astral spirits, as they have told them many groundless and fantastic things; but we have no acquaintance with such spirits. That there are intermediate states and spheres, all communicating spirits, from Swedenborg downwards, assert; but the communications of all reliable spirits to us confirm the theory of Swedenborg that all spirits who inhabit these spheres are the spirits of men born in the planets, and who have passed out of them by death. We can, therefore, only say that we have no proof ourselves of the existence of a distinct race of spirits called astral spirits, and have no faith in them.

Herr Dämmerung brings us acquainted, however, with the names of Magnetists and Spiritualists hitherto little known to us, as Dr. Repos, of Constantinople; M. Gourgès, of Mexico; Dr. Bertheln, of Zittau, editor of the *Psyche*; Peter Merigiolli, Silverio, of Madrid; Dr. Hopkins, of Jamaica; Wilhelm Knauer, of Pittsburg, successor to Otto Kunst, whom we regret to learn died about a year and a half ago. In him Spiritualism has lost an active labourer, who, more than any other person, made Germany acquainted with the Spiritualism of America. Another active Spiritualist whom Herr Dämmerung introduces here is Herr Constantin Wittig, of Breslau, who is engaged in translating the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, and other American Spiritualists, into German. This *Catechism*, besides these items of information, presents us with a view of Spiritualism as it at present exists in Germany.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

PSYCHOLOGY; OR, THE SCIENCE OF SOUL.

TWO LECTURES BY EMMA HARDINGE.

First Lecture.

THE subject to which we will call your attention to-night is, "Psychology; or, the Science of Soul." We know we might speak of many portions of the spiritual philosophy that would excite more interest in our audience than the theme we have selected; but as there is none which exceeds it in importance, and as the period of our deliberations is so rapidly closing that we may no longer pause by the wayside to gather the flowers of spiritual science but must hasten on to consider the goal to which we are aiming, we deem a consideration of the important subject of Psychology the demand of the hour and of our present stage of inquiry.

"The march of intellect," is a phrase familiar to us as typical of the progress of the human race from the lowest depths of savagism to its present status of civilization. Intellect has been as a pillar of fire, guiding man through the wilderness of ignorance, and leading him on by the study of science and the achievements of art, step by step, until the results have been his conquest over all forms of being, animate and inanimate, below himself; the subjugation of the animal kingdom to his will; the control of the elements to his use; and the knowledge of many of the fundamental laws or principles of creation for his guidance. For the better elucidation of our subject, a brief review of the footprints which the marching mind has thus far left upon the sands of time is necessary. Man commenced his career of intellectual growth by turning his thought in the direction of the primal demands which his nature made upon him for exertion; namely, to seek for the supply of his wants in the world he inhabited. He required shelter from the changes of atmosphere, and his instincts impelled him to erect dwellings, which finally suggested architecture. He needed clothing, and his necessities urged him to the practice of weaving and spinning. He learned

to distinguish between the various forms of nature around him, until he became a botanist, herbalist, and at last a natural philosopher. He became a hunter, and must needs fashion himself instruments for the chase, and subjugate fleetier animals than himself to his will. He must cultivate the ground and contrive tools for his work, thereby discovering the nature of metals, and a thousand occult forces of life, growth, and change in nature. The seasons must be studied, and the scriptures of the skies instructed him in astronomy: in a word, from the first period of his existence on earth, learning by experience, prompted by necessity, instructed by observation, and inspired by the instinctive faculties of his soul, he gained an ever-unfolding, ever-increasing knowledge of the visible universe. From point to point he ascended the steep of wisdom, up to the age when he learned to stereotype his thoughts by aid of the printing press, and to scatter his knowledge broadcast over the earth till each mind adds its sum of experience to the ingathered knowledge of the race. Thus, then, by knowledge, did man gain the mastery of the visible universe, and bend the world of material form to the exercises of his sovereign will. But a crisis in his intellectual progress arrived, when a change appeared to become inevitable in his aims at discovery. Either the realm of sensuous nature had yielded up all her secrets to his exhaustive search; or, prompted by some of those invisible movements of soul that compel the mind onward, his aspirations soared beyond the realm of the visible. From the point when the printing press seemed to place him on the apex of his power, enabling him to reduplicate and give forth his thought to mankind until the mind of man is becoming as it were an unit in knowledge, we may observe that his researches in science appear gradually to tend towards the invisible world. The discovery of the mariner's compass gave him the means of exploring the unknown realms of the visible. The fact that the magnetic finger that guided him was viewless and imponderable,—that there was an invisible but irresistible power enthroned in the attracting pole of the northern hemisphere ever calling him by the voice of the compass to the investigation of its great magnetic reservoir enshrined in the mystery of the Arctic Seas, became to his eager intellect a hint to search for the real springs of mundane life and motion in the hitherto untrodden realms of the invisible. From such suggestions in scientific discovery as this, the master-minds of the ages seem to spring up from matter, and, spurning the mere study of the sensuous, to leap onward and upward into the realm of mind. By induction they discover the position of this planet amongst the moving bodies in space; by induction

they follow out the suggestions of a Galileo, begin to comprehend the mathematics of the invisible realm of space, upholding suns and systems in the viewless arms of gravitation, and penetrate by chemistry, geology and astronomy, deeper, broader and higher into the realms of the wonderful universe, its laws, motions and composition, until man comprehends the sublime but startling truth that the real force of creation is in the *unseen* world. The power that binds the atoms together into the mass on which we tread is unseen. The power of growth in the vegetable world is invisible. The wonderful chemical action that is precipitating metallic veins in the rocks, that is ever laying strata and then upheaving vast masses into mountains, decomposing and recombining substances into ever-varying forms; all this ceaseless power of change and motion, working in the great mystic laboratory of nature, is unseen. The forces of the invisible are mightier far than the visible, for in them is hidden the secret of motion that makes them forces, and in proportion to the energy of their motion is their power as forces; thus the fire is mightier than the water, and the water more powerful than the inert earth; the wind is stronger than water, and the viewless power of electricity, that by attraction and repulsion sets all forms of being into motion, is stronger than the wind. And still there is something behind, mightier than all; and that is the invisible mind that governs all. It is by such trains of thought as this that we are led up from a contemplation of the merely sensuous world into the realm of the imponderable. It is thus that we have experimented with and at last mastered the understanding of the elemental world, until we have ascended from matter to mind—from effects to causes—from performance to the motive powers that have enabled us to mount by the mighty Pegasus of mind into the infinite realms of causation—to send our thoughts into the limitless world of space, exploring the infinite behind us and the eternity before us.

We understand the restless power of motion that is upheaving the tempestuous billows of the deep. Science can yet extend her empire to the almost accurate prophecy of the once mysterious and erratic movements of nature, until the birth of new islands and the disappearance of old, the terror of the earthquake, and the fury of the tempest take rank amongst the inevitable predications of unerring and scientific lore. And thus as one mystery after another melts out of the realm of ignorance into the broad sunlight of knowledge and becomes an axiomatic fact in natural law, man needs but to take stock of his knowledge, and extend his memory by aid of the printing-press, to connect the first days of savagism to the last of civilization. And yet one mystery baffles him still—still he stands before the closed

gates of soul, his own mighty mind, transcending all yet discovered boundary of natural law. But shall he thus stand for ever, comprehending all nature but himself, and endowed with the mastery of all being but that of his own soul? Review the footprints of mind on the ages, and whilst acknowledging that thus far we have advanced, boldly conquering every obstacle but one that impedes our view of the whole realm of being; and we shall perceive that still that one mystery that remains is the clue to the whole, the master-key that unlocks the entire arcana of creation, for that unsolved problem is the nature and law of spiritual existence.

But if man's marching intellect has at last brought him face to face with the closed doors of the temple of mind, are they to remain for ever an impenetrable barrier to his progress? To some of us already it would seem as if glimpses of the light beyond the gates has shone upon our way; and what we have seen,—what the glimmering rays of spiritual sunlight have already revealed to us of the nature of this greatest of all creation's mysteries, the soul of man; we may imperfectly divine by a careful study of what we vaguely term "Psychology;" or, "*the science of soul.*" And in attempting by the light we have, or deem we have, as Spiritualists, to search out this mighty problem, let us not be told that we are "profanely rushing in, where angels fear to tread." In every age we have sought for the clue to this tremendous mystery, and hitherto sought in vain. True, we have instituted religious systems to deal with this subject,—instructed religious teachers to search it out,—humbly, reverently, and unceasingly bent at religious shrines, in faithful supplication for light on its solemn meaning; and, as yet, we have waited in vain for answer. Religion waves us back, and warns us off with the spectral finger of a hideous death-phantom, or the awful tones of an offended deity, from searching into the unsolved problems of eternity. Proudly separating herself from science, religion draws an impassable line of demarcation with her in the words "sacred and profane." Rejecting all bounds of natural law, she absolves herself from connection with God's universe, in the impossible term of "super-nature." She bids us worship God "who is a Spirit," and yet denies our right to ask what spirit is. She commands our belief in a spiritual eternity, while she denies all possibility of our comprehending a spiritual existence; bids us acknowledge a spiritual cause for all life's wondrous issues, yet closes against our spiritual eyes the realm of investigation. And thus whilst science has contentedly endured banishment to the realm of matter, dealt only with effects, and offered us systems which trace creation no farther than the visible universe conducts us, we are left utterly in

darkness concerning the cause of causes; and, beholding the wonderful effects of soul and the triumphant achievements of mind, are denied all clue to the knowledge of the one or the laws of the other; whilst religion, as I have said, by ignoring the aid of science, and attempting to transcend in her assertions the boundaries of natural law, hopelessly closes against our reason the doors of spiritual investigation with the master-key of "*impossibility*." And thus, I repeat, we have no science of soul; thus from the lyceum of demonstrable sciences, mind and its laws have been hopelessly excluded; and we have no scientific basis for our religion. We have assertion enough, but demonstrable proof in the department of natural law, never! A lyceum without a soul—a church without a body—a visible bodily universe unvitalized by spirit—a temple of worship where reason has no place at the altar; effects without causes, and causes utterly divorced from effects. And it is in this desolation of our scientific no less than our religious systems, that the highly significant though as yet but ill understood light of Psychology begins to dawn upon us, illuminating the realm of matter with an unmistakable revelation from the world of causes, and setting the seal upon religion by bringing to her aid the actual facts and scientific demonstration of the existence of spirit. And now we are beginning to perceive that the various sciences that one after another have been dawning upon us, have led us up to that point where we can discover the relations of matter with mind,—where we are compelled to acknowledge that the operations of matter are all due to mind; and that mind itself, whilst hindered, bounded and even shaped by matter, is still the controlling power, the invisible though governing force. True we are as yet only on the mere threshold of the great temple of the science of mind; we have but now begun to acknowledge that mind, erratic as its manifestations are, and seemingly irresponsible to any known laws as soul appears, is yet the subject of rules, systems, and fetters as stringent as any that hinder matter, and we deem our wisest attempts at investigation will be found in examining the first and yet the most conclusive tokens that the phenomena of modern times furnishes us with concerning the nature and powers of our own souls; and thus to commence our search systematically, we should consider, in the first instance, the familiar phenomena of what is called "Electro-Biology."

No question that many of you have turned from the experiments thus named with an idea that they were altogether unworthy of scientific investigation, and only calculated to excite in the mind of the thinker disgust,—or to use a milder phrase, regret that a power which might be converted to use and blessing, should be debased into the mere mountebank exhibitions

so constantly put forward in the name of "Electro-Biology;" experiments tending only to shew how far the spirit of one man can be controlled, and too often debased into utter absurdity by the will of another. Viewing the experiments only in this light, I repeat they have (when witnessed) only tended to excite disgust, fear, and even sorrow.

But that we may better understand the subject, permit me to reiterate that which is doubtless familiar to those who have witnessed the phenomena developed by "Electro-Biology." The first action appears to be (as a pre-requisite to results,) that the operator should mesmerize his subject. Now, the action of mesmerism is *simple* to the observer, only because it has of late years become familiar; but consider carefully the wonderful power involved in mesmeric phenomena, and even this initiatory step in itself, becomes in its suggestiveness one of grand and magnificent import.

Think of it; here is a power existing in one human organism to project, by will, the great mystery of the life-principle itself upon another. Connect the action of mesmerism with the miracles of olden time, and you have the clue to all the occult powers of the magician and enchanter, to the powers of oriental fascination, and the whole secret of ancient magic. Is there nothing sublime in this? Does it not moreover suggest the possibility of a scientific basis for the mysteries of so-called magic? What follows? No sooner is the subject saturated with the magnetism of the operator than a change immediately appears in his mentality. The will of that subject is subdued, the mind is in abeyance, or possibly absent, in some cases indeed it appears to be so entirely abstracted that a total unconsciousness ensues, a state known as the magnetic sleep. Of this condition we shall not speak to-night, limiting our notice to that state induced by magnetism in which the will of the subject is held in abeyance by the mind of the operator. It is obvious that the action of the mesmeric fluid, or animal magnetism, has had the effect not only of acting in some mysterious mode upon the system, but it has also measurably affected the mind as well. It may be difficult to pronounce with certainty that the spirit of the subject is gone, but *the will* is evidently no more in operation; nay, more, the senses do not perform their ordinary functions, for the operator can compel his subject to see, taste, hear, and feel, no longer through the external avenues of sense but through his own will. But this power is fearful, you say, and even in this stage of its exercise you shrink away from it. Is it not terrible to behold a sane and responsible being thus reduced to helpless imbecility and yielding up in despite of reason all the knowledge which the senses supply, to the will of another? The

exhibition partakes to your mind so largely of the subjugation of the mind and the deprivation of the senses, that you shrink away from it in disgust, or merely retire with the common-place expression of "It is very strange." But supposing that you extend your thought from the scene you have witnessed to the realization that every living creature, more or less, and all in degree, are subject to the minds of others, and that each possesses measurably, the power to influence the mind of others, and that what you see in its exaggerated form in electro-biology is but a representation of the mode of mentality that is operating in action and reaction, influence and counter-influence, upon the entire of the race; and that measurably similar phenomena are going on throughout all the movements of society. When you can realize this, that which you have witnessed is seen to be merely the exaggerated illustration of the whole motive power that is operating through all life, and becomes the tremendous and startling revelation—that the whole of the springs of human life, motive, action, and character form one complex page of electro-biology, or the power of mind upon mind. Nor must we forget the psychological effect of the inanimate world upon the mind, as well as that which minds exert upon one another. I may hereafter speak to you of the psychological effects of the world of spirits on humanity. At present it is enough for us to consider how far we see in the simple experiments of electro-biology the fundamental principle that underlies all the movements of human society, and question whether if man stood alone in this world with all the magnetic influences of inanimate nature around him, even without the electro-biology which every living creature is exerting the one upon the other, he would not still be the subject of a world of invisible influences which he can only control by understanding them. I know that on the very threshold of all attempts to search into the wonderful realm of occult forces, we are constantly met by the foolish and captious query of "What is the use of knowing all this, supposing that it is true?" I cannot better anticipate this oft-repeated question than by responding in other queries—What has it been to the world, that the mighty mind of Newton became startled from its dreams of science by the falling of an apple? And yet at the time when this most simple phenomena engaged his attention how many would have queried—"Supposing that apples *do* fall, what is the use in our knowing it, or speculating on it as a fact in science?"

"What is the use of it?" Should we ask this of Galileo, suspending a weight beside a hill, when we know that the mighty revelation of gravitation hung in embryo on his thread? Should we ask this of the astronomer who bends his eager gaze on the

dark blank space in the firmament, where planets were not as yet revealed, that patient science tracked in the darkness? We should shame now to ask of a Watt, why he idly speculated upon the heaving lid of the boiling kettle,—or why the venerable Franklin flew his schoolboy kite in the electric atmosphere; and yet we ask with querulous impatience of those who pause with deep suggestive awe on the effects of electro-biology, even if exhibited by mountebanks for pay, “What is the use of it?” because in the public exhibitions of this marvellous power we see only the abuse and nothing of the real use of it. But let true philosophy turn from the incoherent effects, and pause with reverend spirit of analysis upon the mysterious cause. Granted, we behold simply a fact in nature—as such it must have a meaning and be designed for use; and, above all, each fact in nature is a fact from God, and as such embodies some revelation of His Divine mind, and must therefore be meant for some sublime and beneficent use. Have we not the witness of the ages that it is from a rudimental point in space that this planet grew?—that it is ever from a grain of mustard seed that the mighty trees of mentality have sprung up? If we had not all the evidences of creation’s universal processes of growth from the infinitely little to the infinitely large, it would be enough that the power of mind upon mind is a *stupendous fact*, and that there must be a meaning there, though our darkened eyes as yet cannot perceive it. But to me it explains not only the phenomena of human societies, and all their strange and seemingly erratic movements—their repulsions, antipathies, prejudices, and attractions; but it may, when understandingly used, be made to underlie a system of education for future generations that shall annihilate all that we now find wrong and evil. “Knowledge is power;” and no sooner shall we comprehend the action of the psychological powers of nature upon us, and the psychological powers of mind upon mind in our intercourse with each other,—and trace the true nature of these influences, than the ability to control and regulate them will be our own. Think, then, what a vast array of influences nature is everywhere conjuring up to bear upon us, and that are now acting upon us in our ignorance of their true meaning and extent.

Take, for example, the realm of sounds. Who does not realize the power of sound upon the mind? Who has not listened to the sighing of the summer breeze, the roaring of the winter storm, and the stirring of the tree-tops in the sough of the coming tempest, with ever-varying emotions? We realize the variety of the impressions that even these simple phenomena make upon us, but are all unaccustomed to analyze the causes or nature of those feelings; and yet there are some of us who

have felt our souls chant anthems in solemn chorus to the hoarse murmurs of the sea—some of us who have bent in worship to the God of the storm, as if His awful voice had chided us in anger. Consider the infinitely varied effects of noise on the minds of the susceptible. Shrinking and coward fear has died with heroic strength and courage to the stimulus of the patriotic air that sounds of home and country. Guilty men, grown hoar and crusted over with long practised crime, have become as little children, wept like babes, and prayed as lisping infants, beneath the spell of some old-remembered tune. Grief has leaped up to the measure of the merry dance, pain laughed with the joyous chorus, joy melted to agonizing memory of long-past days, and despair exchanged its sullen robe of night for hope's sunlit rainbow garments, to the magic peals of music. The sounds of the human voice are themselves all passion's storehouse. Its own simple inflexions convey a thousand meanings that the alphabetical form of a single word could never be thought to embody. In how many forms may one simple word be uttered, and all convey to the mind a different meaning? Think, then, what a vast realm of subtle psychological influence is pouring in on the mind through the ear which drinks in the sounds of our city streets! The curse, the bitter execration, the foul expressions that fall from the lips of vice: we hear them all,—and our children receive, to some extent at least, their subtle impress. We cannot escape ourselves the world of influence about us. For good or evil, all created things electrobiologize each other. How coarse, harsh and repulsive are the tones of the city! What is there in them to elevate the soul to God, except in protest against them? And yet we all of us live in a world of such scenes, and exist in an atmosphere magnetized by loathsome dens of vice and crime, and move in airs rife with the psychology of deadly sin. What is the meaning of the mysterious influence which nations exhibit in specialities of national character? Why are the inhabitants of mountain regions who dwell in pure bright air, and ever look out upon the great cathedral spires of nature piercing the skies around them, full of ideality, imagination, patriotism, courage and truth? Are they created better than their fellow-men, or do they owe their purity of feeling to the pure psychology of natural life around them? We know that thus it is, and that not only the influence of atmospheres and temperature, but of all surrounding objects, impresses the mind with the characteristics of the scene wherein we dwell. Nature is now admitted by the best psychologists of the age to be an educator, no less than a primal cause, of national character. Thus, then, we are living in a world of electro-biology, and in every moment of our existence

we are subjecting our children, no less than ourselves, to precisely the influences that we create for others, and others for us, and the world at large for all. And dare we then murmur at the results? We know the peculiar susceptibility of one to certain sounds, of another to special odours, and of others again to colours, forms and scenes. All character is made up of repulsions and antipathies, sympathies and attractions. Have we investigated the nature of these occult tendencies of mind? How apt we are to stigmatize some persons as over sensitive, or even unbalanced minds! Should we not rather regard them as the index fingers that are pointing to the yet uncombined letters in the alphabet of the science of soul, assuring us that we are living in a realm of causation that is writing its characteristics upon us, whether we will or no. The senses are not only handmaids of instruction concerning the visible realm of nature, but in the study of psychology we begin to discover that they are also teachers of the invisible forces of life that are forming the soul and making up the character; and when we comprehend this fully the day will come when our legislation shall be directed against the foul psychology of ugly acts and baneful sights, pernicious sounds, and every sinful influence. The day will come when we shall recognise the occult force of every sight and sound, odour and taste in nature, and then for ourselves, no less than for our race, we shall forbid each gross foul image to be imprinted on the daguerreotype plates of life. Remembering that every shadow leaves its impress as it passes, we shall analyze the substance that reflects it;—and enlarging our view of psychological influence from its effect on the individual to that on the mass, we shall extend our beneficent care to all mankind, realize that humanity is an unit, and comprehend that whilst the viewless influence that passes from the operator to his subject, may, in a special case and projected by strong will, be absorbed by that subject,—yet, that the same magnetic influences are at all times unconsciously passing from us all, that they are in the atmosphere and ever coming in contact with humanity; hence that every living creature is our subject more or less, and that we in turn are influenced by unknown operators. And thus humanity is always operating and always becoming a subject, and thus great cities are operators and subjects, and the very rich and highly favoured, the refined and delicately cared for are as much psychologized by the inhabitants of the underground city, with their dark, foul, loathsome influence and strength in crime, and strength in evil purpose, as if they stood before them and were their subjects. You cannot escape from this. Draw your curtain close, and retire within the shelter of your splendid dwellings, illuminate the darkness of the gay saloon with the thousand mimic lustres

of your splendour, and yet you are in crime, in sorrow, and in darkness still. You cannot shut out the orphan's sigh, or exclude the cry for bread; the tramping feet of the houseless poor are in your very ear, and there is an echo that goes round the world, that carries on its viewless wings the sound of the dropping tear and the plaint of the hungry mouth. It will penetrate into the homes of peace, and pride, and plenty. *Humanity is one*—and sorrow and joy, and crime, vice, virtue, and human suffering—psychology makes an unit. We are writing our character on everything in creation; we are stamping it on the ground, breathing it in the air, telling it to the winds, imprinting it on our walls, sending it up in aroinal characters to the skies above us, and inscribing it on the records of eternity. Do we marvel, then, that all who come within our sphere and live upon this earth partake of our special nature? Such I believe to be the psychological action of mind upon mind throughout the universe; such I believe to be the magnetic cord that binds up the entire physical realm of nature. I go to the wild wood and it tells me of its bygone tenants by its sphere. The solitary glen where foot of man has never trod sends forth its silent influence to the world. I find there a tiny violet, no mortal eye has seen it, no mortal sense has been refreshed by its fragrance. It lives, it dies, unknown; but all creation is made better for its being. Its small blue head has pushed its way into the atmosphere in which man lives, and there it has exhaled its fragrant breath. There is not an inch of air that presses upon us but what is of a different nature to that which is above it, and so, for mile on mile of air the space which the blue head of the tiny violet has formed in the earth's atmosphere impinges upon one wave of air after another,—away, away, away, up into the clear blue ether, away into the vast unknown above, and for ever away,—and for ever acting upon the connected realms of all infinity, and though to earth it may be lost in creation, it exists until the single breath of that lone flower is anchored round the universe and gathered up in the eternal laboratories of the Creator. Ever the same throughout the universe; we neither live to ourselves, nor die, suffer, love, hate, think, nor feel to ourselves alone. And if the physical realm of nature is thus strung like beads on one eternal chain that binds up the universe, how shall we sever from the universal harmony of influence God's noblest, grandest work, His image—Man;—Man, the living soul; Man, who rules all below the Infinite;—Man, to whose power there is no boundary but ignorance; no horizon but his finite physical weakness! Can we exclude man from this psychological chain of creation? No; and electro-biology shews us the mode, shews us the operation, proves that there

goes forth from every living being, and every substance in nature an aroma which we call magnetism, and as all life in creation is magnetism, so the combinations of chemical magnetisms are perpetually forming relations between us all, and so each one is a link in an universal chain. We know there is no space in magnetism, we know that with a good conducting line and no nonconducting substance intervening, we might send a wave of electricity round the entire world. Knowing this, realising that the life-principle or magnetism within us is analogous in its mode of operation to electricity, how or where shall we find the boundary to the thought projected by our magnetism throughout all space?

This, then, is the secret of national character; this the power by which the master minds of earth have attained their rule over the masses; this the power of the statesman, orator, musician, poet, painter and warrior. This was the secret that enabled the peasant girl of Domremy to lead forth the legions of France, and, by the fragile hand of a child, to liberate the country whose chains were fastened with the iron knot of national rivalry. Before the psychological power of Joan of Arc, warriors bent their plumed crests, and armies moved as pieces on the chess board. Granted that the Maid of Orleans was but the fountain of a higher psychology than that of earth—that her organism was as the fountain through which flowed the psychology of a spirit-world; yet her frail and childish frame, moved by that irresistible will, proved more than a match for the mightiest soldiers of civilization, held the fate of two countries in her grasp, and wielded it as a toy. It was the power of psychology that placed the poor Corsican boy, Napoleon Buonaparte, in the seat of the sovereignty of Europe. He who was by physical surroundings too poor to buy apparel in which to contend for a schoolboy's prize, lived, by the power of mind, to wield sceptres as playthings, and bestow crowns as children's baubles. What but psychology—the psychology of a master operator—could achieve this conquest over millions of subject human beings? Those who waited at his beck, and came and went at his command, obeyed the *will* and not the physical strength of the great psychologist. They bowed to the invisible power of mind which was operating through the links of magnetism, and threw its psychology over the entire of Europe. It was only when the spell of psychological power was over-mastered by the Great Spirit whose laws he defied, that his control was lost, and Napoleon became the subject of the Infinite, instead of the operator over his creatures. Whithersoever you turn your eyes, and consider those land-marks that have stood out as mountain-tops in the history of humanity, life is written all over with the power of

mind upon mind. Heroes, patriots, statesmen,—all who have moved in the van of marching intellect as its leaders, all who have written their names in the shining roll of immortality as strange and exceptional persons, all these are but great psychologists; and the application of this solemn truth belongs to us all. Think of it, each one of you, you are each A CENTRE OF POWER, not alone of power to those amongst whom you move, but of power to the whole world. When they tell you of the hapless criminal, expiating his offence on the shameful gallows-tree, of the nameless mass of vice shut away in doleful prisons, reflect that all these are a part of you;—their fate is in fact your own, their atmosphere is around you. There is crime and wretchedness so great that it seems a sin to think of it; poverty so debased, that you turn with loathing from the beings your charity relieves. Would you believe it, that these foul and ugly objects are making invisible marks on you? and yet 'tis true:—they are a part of humanity, so are you, and all humanity is bound together by the inevitable chain of magnetic psychology. Oh! it is sweet as you sit in the quiet stillness of the holy place of worship, sabbath by sabbath, to believe and hope that the words of the preacher shall come true, and that the day shall yet be, when “the lion shall lie down with the lamb,” when all that is evil and wrong shall be done away; when good shall conquer evil, and the desert bloom as the rose, and when “there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.” And how do you expect the new heaven is to grow, till you have made the new earth? And how do you expect that the lower creatures shall set you the example of innocence and peace, and love and good fellowship, till you, the strongest of psychologists—till you, the controlling power, the grand magnet, the lord and sovereign of all below yourselves, shall send forth your holy, kind, fraternal, purifying, and peaceful influence down to them? Man! it is you who are to be the author of the new heaven and the new earth; and never till you have studied the science of soul, and understood the subtle but inevitable fact that soul is the controlling power, and is always making its mark for good or evil upon all things in nature; never till you comprehend this, will the dream of the pious or the prophecy of the seer be fully realized. We all strive to look into the distant future and behold the glorious time “foretold by seers and sung in story;” but remember, *you* are the instruments of the day of promise, *you* are to be the workers; and it is because we believe that this science of soul is the means by which we are to inform ourselves of the system necessary for the work, that we press upon you this night the study of psychology, or the science of the soul. The page is open before you. The spirits, not alone of the disembodied, but

also of the embodied, are reading you the lesson. The mysterious influences of sympathy and antipathy, the wonder of psychometry, the fact that you are leaving the impress of your character on every substance you touch; the realization that all that you come in contact with is saturated with the character of others, that all your thoughts, even the very hopes and fears that disturb your mind, are shared in by the rest of humanity, that you cannot exempt yourselves or others from the common lot of all, renders it imperative upon you to search out through whatever light the revelations of science can yield, or the phenomena of ages disclose, that rudimental and necessarily ill understood science, which we vaguely name psychology.

I have already pointed to some of the pages of the volume in which you may investigate this. I have attempted to shew you that magnetism and psychology are the two great columns that support the temple of Spiritualism, and I must here add that the great mission of Spiritualism is not alone to convince you of the presence of the blessed dead. I believe that its chief work is to prepare the soul for its spiritual home; to advise us of the true nature of life, inform us of its science, give us an appreciable understanding of the duties that are required from us here, and of the nature of the influences that hinder us in its performance. He whom the world accepts of as Divine authority has said, that all law and all commandments were fulfilled in the one word—Love, and He promised that a day should come when the Spirit of Truth should reveal all things to us; that all that was hidden should become manifest; and that many things that the Jew of old could not in his time bear, should be yet disclosed. And are not these new developments of spiritual science the fulfilment of that promise? How vainly have we been charged for eighteen hundred years to fulfil to each other the golden rule of love! Vainly, because we find hindrances in our natures that impede our will to do,—physical obstacles stronger than our spiritual powers of resistance,—movements of evil, promptings to sin, strong chains dragging us away from the law of love. We have grown *wiser* day by day; we have mastered all of intellectual knowledge that the ages can bring; “the march of intellect” is one perpetual conquest over ignorance and darkness, scientifically speaking; but the hideous statistics of crime stand still; the ghastly records of guilt grow refined with civilization, but untouched in numerical proportion. But how does this affect our subject? Rather question Religion, and ask *her*, why the influence of her costly and boundless hierarchies has failed to administer to the plague-spots of the human soul—why man is still a conqueror over every form of intellectual darkness save that which blackens his immortal

soul? The tall steeple of the church pierces the sky in every city, town and hamlet,—while the solemn call to prayer is heard throughout the land, and the “life-giving” words of religion sound down the ages. Why do we thus repeat, age after age, the words which we follow not? Sometimes we plead in answer that the cold world plucks too strongly at our heartstrings; sometimes we urge the chain of circumstances; and anon, God’s failure to make us perfect. But is it not in truth the lack of knowledge how to rule the wayward spirit within ourselves, or how to reorganize those broken links of beauty that childhood shews but manhood snaps in twain,—how to conquer ourselves, and so frame conditions around us that others shall not poison our moral atmosphere, nor we give off the foul and loathsome magnetism that makes ourselves a centre of ill to others? We fall back also upon the plea of fatality; and is not this, too, false? There is, in truth, within us all, a tendency ever to strive against necessity. Granted that the bond of law is about our mortal forms, our spirits transcend that bondage; they at least are free. That pleading within to do—that determination to achieve—that realization that we, if we strive, by a mighty struggle can conquer, is not a falsehood; it is the witness of the soul that *there is* a power that can achieve and conquer. That power is the power of mind over matter; it is the triumph of soul over the body that binds but does not compel it. And more than this: psychology teaches us how far matter does bind mind,—and, by analyzing the effects of colours, sounds, forms; the garments we wear, and the aliment on which we feed; the atmosphere we breathe, the society in which we dwell, and the mental, moral and physical influences whose combinations form the sphere around us,—it is the great revelator that we need, the answer to the oft-repeated question of the soul—“Why do I not act out the light I have, and be as good in deed as my theory is true?” And psychology teaches us also the necessity as well as the mode by which we may change the forms of matter, and enable the spirit to conquer its inequalities and inharmonies. Great is the gladiatorial combat between mind and matter, but we shall never be conquerors until we understand the powers of mind and the influences of matter; and psychology is the open page which alone can teach us. Oh! we may learn whole volumes on this subject, and discover how the psychology of the orator, preacher, statesman, and all in power, hold beneath their sway the destiny of others; and this often unconsciously,—for magnetism is the carrier of mind; and we must understand that all the magnetism that passes from every living creature is charged with mind, and hence we recognize

our deep responsibility to one another not to suffer the intents and purposes of a bad mind to psychologize the world with our wickedness. We must remember that our magnetism is always going forth, and always influencing some other life, besides writing its record of ourselves.

I conclude, therefore, this discourse, with charging upon all those who are endeavouring to investigate this occult science of soul to start from its basis stones,—magnetism and psychology. Like physics which form the base of the column of which metaphysics is the apex, animal magnetism is the base and spiritualism the apex of the column of this great science of soul. Animal magnetism is the evidence of the power and action of embodied mind upon matter; spiritual magnetism, the inspiration through which the higher realms of being act on this mundane world. I have in other discourses attempted to shew that animal or human magnetism is the one great curative agent of the world; it is the power of life, and, as all disease originates in a disturbance of the life-currents, so all help is to be found in the return of perfect equilibrium in the life-currents. I have spoken as yet only of the power of the operator. Permit me briefly to add in closing, that there are some powers belonging to the subject as well as to the operator, for if the operator can temporarily control his subject, yet he cannot usurp or extinguish his individuality, and in that the subject may by will repel his operator's power. Despite all the bonds and obstacles that hinder us in matter, the spirit still is free, and all may assert that freedom if they only recognize its right, and understandingly can use it. One nation may be psychologically bound by the power of another, but when it recalls itself—its honour and its selfhood—it breaks its bonds, revolts and frees itself from its tyrant's yoke; so of a people, so of individuals. Whilst we claim therefore that the subtle power of psychology is upon us all, whilst all are the subjects of each other's will, and unconsciously rejoice and suffer from the joys and sorrows of the race—never forget we are a power to humanity as much as it is to us. Remember even *you* can become the psychologist as well as the subject, you never can yield to aught which is beneath yourself. If, indeed, your own soul is below the operator who acts upon you, you can but hope that a higher psychology will be exerted to draw you upwards, *but you must be beneath your operator ere you yield*. Magnetically, you may be more powerless than he; spiritually, you never can be, unless he can affect your spirit; therefore the plea of psychology as an excuse for crime avails not. Man as an individual may be pure and good in the midst of a criminal age, or criminal nation, and he ever possesses a sovereign individuality which he can always call into action by

knowledge, effort, and counter powers of resistance. And therefore it is that all the munitions of evil that appeal to us from the base psychology of the evil men with whom we live, should only serve to arouse within us the powers of our own souls, and compel us in turn for evil influences to be psychologists for good. Cultivate then to the very utmost the dormant powers of this mysterious "psyche" within. We know not how grand is the human soul—how vast its powers. Now and then we gaze upon earth's mighty ones who hold the destiny of nations in their grasp; now and then we look upon those shining stars of mind that glitter on the mountain tops before us, great hearts that have pressed on—that have fought and won in life's fierce conflict; but oh, how seldom do we realize that we can follow them—how seldom do we try! We may be great in any direction that we choose. Stand thou alone, O soul, and let the world rush on as it will about thee; let the psychology of the base and vile strive to drag thee down in vain. Stand thou alone, O soul, and never forget that there is a grand magnet ever drawing thee up. Lean on that, and brace thyself against the Infinite. In His strength thou canst not stand forsaken, though alone with God. Study psychology, learn how far matter can act on mind. Our present grain of knowledge on this mighty subject will yet become a science. "Up then, thou man of reason," up viewless soul, God is on thy side. The ages are fighting with thee; the marching intellect advances to the realm of spirit, and this is the day of the noble science of mind. The gates are opening wide,—enter, oh struggling soul, and be thou the first to lead the fearful on; or if thou must stand alone, forsaken of thy kind in thy bold quest for spiritual light and knowledge, remember thou art led on by Him who cries for ever down the ages "Let there be light!" and lo! there shall be light.

WHITTIER ON CREEDS.—Having been interrogated as to his religious faith—a common impertinence in these latter days—the poet Whittier, feeling himself called on to make a correction of public statements in which the interrogatory was implied and included, remarked:—"I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed; and, in judging of my fellow men, I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: 'By their fruits you shall know them.' The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in, is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny I dare not dogmatize; but wait for the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

N.S.—I.

2 B

"SECULARISM," AS SEEN IN THE CIVILIZATION OF CHINA.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

I point thee to the life its millions drag,—
 Its famine-stricken millions,—eager, glad
 To find a putrid dog for food, or rag
 To hide their nakedness: gaunt men, driven mad
 By hunger and oppression, to these sad
 And dreary shades fleeing for refuge from
 This hell on earth: pale woman, loathe to add
 More wretched things to life's slow martyrdom,
 Strangling, remorselessly, the fruit of her own womb!

THOMAS COOPER'S *Purgatory of Suicides*.

CIVILIZATION is dual—moral and material; spiritual and physical; religious and secular. It is conservative and progressive; it has ideas and institutions,—an inner life, and a corresponding outward form. We cannot say of it what Sydney Smith said of corporations: it *has* a soul that may be damned, as well as a body that may be kicked.

And every civilization, like every individual, has a soul of its own, differing in some respects from every other;—the natural development of the special genius of each particular race. Each has its own part to play in the great drama of humanity,—has its "mission," as the stump orators say. To the Oriental, religion; to the Roman, law; to the Greek, art; to one, the conquest of nature; to another, the empire of ideas; to a third, the cultivation of the æsthetic. And there is a close correspondence between the religion of a people and its institutions;—the one is the seed of which the other is in great part the product: the one, the impelling force; the other, the outwrought result; that is, so far as the distinctive and native character of a people is concerned, and apart from influences of a purely physical kind. The diverse civilizations of Athens and of Rome in ancient times, and of the countrymen of Voltaire and of John Knox in modern times, are illustrations of this truth; to exhibit it at large would be to write the history of civilization, though on principles different to those of the late Mr. Buckle. To one point only I would now draw attention, namely, that the decline of religious faith of a people is coincident, or nearly so, with the decline of its greatness, its strength, its civilization. It at once arrests its progress, and is the forerunner of its decay. Egypt, India, Palestine, Greece, Rome, might each in turn be cited as evidence for this truth. Where the spiritual nature of a people is withered from neglect, corrupted by a low

wordliness and sensual life, struck with spiritual blindness and a paralysis of the active and highest powers of the soul, that vital force in which its civilization had birth and growth, and which is necessary to its sustenance and development, is well-nigh spent; such a people may linger in the shadow of their past strength, and, if subject to no violent shock, retain awhile its place among the nations; but it can make no new conquests, and in the battle of existence, it yields to some more fresh, vigorous race, with a fuller life, and more robust faith.

Without a living faith in spiritual realities there can be no high or progressive civilization. A people whose spiritual life is at its lowest point may attain mechanical skill and administrative capacity; may inherit good maxims for the regulation of manners; but their conceptions of life, their estimate of human nature, their poetry and art, their laws, institutions, and general character, will be poor and mean, formal, traditional, stationary if not retrogressive; they can have no lofty ideal, are incapable of heroic self-denying virtue; with few or none of those generous aspirations which urge to the performance and are the pledge of better things, their present is ignoble, and they can look forward to no redeeming future.

History furnishes no instance of a civilized people entirely destitute of religion; but perhaps in no community is it at so low an ebb, and has it so slight an influence on the character and life as in the great empire of China. Its people are not atheists, as from their disregard to religion, it has by some been inferred; but they are strictly Secularists, engrossed with the present life and material pursuits. Confucius, whose system is predominant, had no religious doctrine, and very faint conceptions of a future life; his fundamental dogma—the basis of his theory of duty,—that of filial obligation, did not have reference to another life and a higher being, but to this life and to earthly relations; he never lifted himself above this world to behold the spiritual grace which enfolds and illumines it. The education, the philosophy, the institutions of China, are all based upon this teaching. And what has been the result of this “positive philosophy,” which some of our wise men of this western hemisphere have discovered is the one thing needful to regenerate our modern society? The Chinese are not suffering under the nightmare of “our theologic method,” they “jump the life to come;” they live pretty nearly without God in their thoughts, and without hope or care as to the future. The secular theory has by them been brought to the test of experience on the largest scale; and they have given it ample trial; for their empire is the largest, and their civilization the most ancient now extant. Are they then in the full enjoyment of liberty, equality, and fraternity? Do

they exhibit a glorious example of that "unbounded progress," which we are told must result from entire devotion to worldly affairs and material interests? Have they realized Utopia? Are they in the midst of the true social millennium? Is theirs a "new moral world," the admiration and envy of the outer barbarians who still absurdly allow some weight to religious considerations, believing that the spiritual and immortal life is of nearer concern than earthly gain?

An essay in the *Nation*, based upon a recent treatise by Louis Auguste Martin, entitled *La Morale chez les Chinois*, throws some light on these questions; and his conclusions are strongly fortified by the testimony of those who have availed themselves of ample opportunities for observation among them. The writer remarks,—“At a time like the present, when the spirit of philosophical inquiry is so wide-spread, it is interesting to observe what success a nation so cultivated and so ancient as the Chinese has had in attempting to get on with morality instead of religion; for with no other people, we may add, have the eternal laws of goodness and justice and truth been so completely developed in practical formulas, of which the little treatise of M. Martin furnishes a compendious statement.” After giving an account of the “dominant cult” in China, based, as is the whole system of Chinese society, upon the teachings of Confucius, he concludes:—

“Thus, under the influence of this teaching, the character of the Chinese, has become substantially positive. They seek the satisfaction of material interests only. Inaccessible to theories, they are content with their ancient discoveries, because these discoveries afford them the means to gratify all their wants. Having lifted themselves very early by their inventions into a position superior to that of other nations, they have ceased to progress, because the necessities of their earthly nature having been once appeased, they have no motive to purify or exalt it by the study of a higher ideal, of which they have no conception. Thus, as M. Martin says, the Chinese civilization resembles the figures on their vases, which are remarkable for the fineness of their lines and their brilliant colouring, but express no sentiment or passion.

“And thus it is that the Chinese philosophers have no knowledge of love transcending sex, because their conception of life does not go beyond its materialism; and they seldom speak of the relations of the sexes except with great reserve, for woman was something apart from man, partaking rather of the character of the animal creation. The birth of a daughter was a misfortune, as it is to-day in China a malediction. Is a son born? says one of the ancient books, he is laid upon a bed and wrapped

in rich stuffs, for the master, the chief, the sovereign is born, and to him empire belongs. Is a daughter born? she is laid upon the ground and wrapped in a piece of common cloth, for there is neither good nor evil in her; let her learn how to prepare the food of the family, and how to avoid being a charge upon her relations. And even Confucius consecrates by his authority this subjection of woman, this degradation of the wife which strikes at the root of the social order.

"If the Chinese practised faithfully, indeed, the traditional morality of Confucius, they would be one of the most just and liberal and compassionate of nations; for there is hardly any theory of morals so complete, so characterized throughout by good sense, as theirs. And so the ancients, if they had lived as Socrates and Plato taught, would have been among the wisest and purest nations. But it is just at this point that human nature has thus far broken down. The moral law in China makes a great deal of private and public duties, but there is little social justice; it affirms that the obligations of men are reciprocal, but it does not sanction them; it blames the abuse of power, but cannot prevent it; it declares every one responsible for his own deeds, but makes the son answer for the sins of the father; it preaches humanity, and preserves slavery; it exalts filial piety, and leaves the wife and mother and daughter in a condition of servile degradation.

"Thus half selfish, half indifferent, the Chinese are crafty, deceitful, overbearing with the weak, servile with the strong; indisposed to fight, but so eager for revenge that they will drown themselves in their enemy's well in order to bring down upon him the punishment of the law. Whatever, therefore, may be claimed for the purity of the Chinese morality in its higher expression, it must be admitted that the practice of it is a failure, for it has no inspiration; it stops with reason, and can find no explanation for sentiment or devotion. It eliminates the spiritual, and so confesses its inability to deal with the whole problem of life, and therefore to found durable institutions; and, in point of fact, the signs of decay are visible to the close observer throughout the empire."

In the example of China, then, we have the case of a clever, acute, ingenious people, with education universally diffused, and a cheap literature, having by centuries the start of Europe in some of its most important inventions—the printing press, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass to wit—and abounding with moral maxims and fine sentiments, but ignoring all considerations founded upon man's spiritual nature and immortal destiny, and resting society on a moral basis independent of religion. The result of this secularism is, and for ages has been, a stagnant

society, despotic government, the degradation of woman, a low estimate of human nature, and disregard of human life; a character corrupt, cowardly, cruel, vindictive, and intensely selfish.

With no Promethean fire, no ennobling faith or divine hope, what wonder that they are of the earth earthy,—cold, incapable of high achievement, deaf to the call of self-sacrificing duty, and so at the mercy of a handful of Mongols or Europeans! Should not the present miserable, perilous state of the Chinese empire be to us a warning that to ignore the spiritual, to allow the higher faculties of the soul “to fust in us unused,” is to degrade our nature, and is fatal to the preservation of a high progressive civilisation?

If the old maxim be true that history is “philosophy teaching by example,” we would ask Secularists and the disciples of the “positive philosophy” to ponder well the example of China, and when they have done so to take to heart the lesson that it teaches.

DR. JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE newspapers announce the recent death of the Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; for many years past, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead; and “in many respects,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “one of the most remarkable men the Church of England has had in the ranks of her ministry during the present century.” He belonged to the High Church party, and was held in the highest estimation by all who were ever brought into acquaintanceship with him. He was possessed of great literary ability; in 1830, while yet an undergraduate, he obtained the “Member’s Prize,” for a Latin poem; and he repeatedly carried off the Seatonian Prize; (a prize open to Masters of Arts for the best English poem on a sacred subject). He was a voluminous and successful writer, chiefly on subjects of a theological and ecclesiastical nature. The work by which he would probably be best known to our readers, is—*The Unseen World; Communications with it, Real or Imaginary. Including Apparitions, Warnings, Haunted Places, Prophecies, Aerial Visions, Astrology, &c.* It is a very original and suggestive book, containing many striking narratives, and is full of a thoughtful Christian Spiritualism. It appeared anonymously in May, 1847, and had a circulation which led to the publication of a second edition in 1853. It will be seen that its publication just antedates the present series of spiritual manifestations, in which we understand Dr. Neale was greatly terested.

A CAPITAL PICTURE OF THE ANTI-SPIRITUALIST WRITERS BY DR. JUSTINUS KERNER: AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THOSE IN ENGLAND.

IN the *Blätter aus Prevorst*, Vol. I., p. 64, Kerner, after relating some striking cases of spirit-agency, says that any one wishing to convince himself of one of them, has only to make the little journey from Stuttgart to Oberstenfeld; but he adds—"It is much more convenient to sit at your writing table by the fireside, and decide on such things without seeing them. None of those gentlemen who call themselves the friends of truth, set so much value upon it, as to move a single foot over the Resenbach; no one takes the least trouble to prove these things at the time, and on the spot; no one makes himself acquainted with the persons who have had such experiences, and hears what they have to say. For many years the extraordinary manifestations of the Seeress of Prevorst were made public; but none of the gentlemen who now, all at once, pretend that they would have liked so very much to have seen her, and who sit and write whole blue-books about her, ever took a moment's trouble whilst she lived, to see, to hear, and to test her.

"At their writing tables they continued sitting, but professed to have seen, heard, and proved everything, much more than the quiet, earnest, and deeply-thinking psychologist, Eschenmeyer, who *did* take the trouble to examine and prove everything at the time and on the spot, for the truth's sake, shunning no journey when necessary, in the severest cold of winter. Only by such a method can such things be probed to the truth: the learned way of knowing and speculating by the pounce-box, proves nothing.

"These gentlemen who construct their heaven and their hell according to their own wishes, and push the love and grace of God before them in any direction that is convenient to them, rather than give themselves up to believe what, from their pride and sensual indulgences, is most unpleasant and repugnant to them, labour hard, by all the arts of intellectual acuteness and of dialectics, to persuade themselves, though it be but for the brief moment of this life, that the future inevitably awaiting them, will correspond with the wishes and feelings which exist in this body.

"Probably it is very difficult for the pride of man to believe that he shall, one day, come into a condition where the nothingness of his inner being shall issue to the light, when the mask shall fall, under which he has endeavoured here to conceal himself, and to parade himself complacently in the public eye. It is

difficult, too, for the so-called intellectual to believe in spirits that do not shew themselves spiritual. According to them, every man after his death should at once arrive at the intellectual knowledge and eminence of a Hegel. But now come spirits, trifling and foolish, like those who came to the Seeress of Prevorst; who longed after Scripture texts and hymns; at the name of Jesus became clearer, and asserted that only in the name of Jesus can rest and joy be found. In such spirits it is impossible for the learned and intellectual to believe; and such apparitions are to them only the product of a sick fancy.

"And spirits now come, who are much poorer and more destitute than spirits in this life ever shewed themselves, so that to them such a spirit-world must appear unworthy of God; and if they could convince themselves that such a spirit-world did exist, they would doubt the wisdom of the Creator: since spirits, they think, should either not shew themselves at all, or in a manner to do honour to their Maker. This signifies nothing, however, for God and Nature will have the mastery!

"Let us suppose for a moment that those creatures on our earth, which constitute a transition class, and find themselves as it were in an intermediate state, as seals, bats, megatherians, were so formed that they could only be seen by men of a peculiar condition of nerves, and by others not at all, the latter would protest that no such creatures existed, or could possibly exist. They would exclaim excitedly—'A creature half mouse, half bird—a creature half calf, half fish—would be unworthy of the Creator, who never brings forth helpless, crippled, half-existences. Such things, they would say, are the mere births of a sick fancy; and were they really existent, which, however, it would be the height of folly to believe, would make one doubt the wisdom of the Creator.' That is precisely what the critics say of what they call low and undignified spirits.

"But these creatures now mentioned do exist at this very time, my beloved! spite of thy belief and thy critical judgment; and thou shalt not, therefore, doubt the wisdom of their Creator, but shalt fall down, and with all humility, shalt worship and say—'What I here in the dust, with the eye of a mole, regard as so great a disharmony, will hereafter, when the scales fall from my mole's-eye, appear as harmony.'

"And so is it also with those wretched spirits! Beloved! they are there! However thou mayest in thy notions of the Creator, consider them so unworthy; however in thy intellectual wealth mayest struggle against them in thy spirit! There they are, contrary to all the systems of such learned, acute, and intellectual men! There they are in truth, as real as the helpless caterpillars, out of which slowly the butterflies shall

unfold themselves. There they are, and you cannot hinder them; cannot do otherwise than disbelieve in them, and disbelieving, fight against them with all your dialectic arts, ready-writings, wit and acuteness, but which, in fact, does not at all annihilate this spirit-world, but it goes on its way, troubling itself not in the least about all your intellectual skirmishing.

"On this point an able writer has said already:—'Suppose a critic to write an article that turned out and was decided by the public to be a poor affair, are we to consider it unworthy of the Creator to have made such a 'wretched stick?' And suppose this critic to have suddenly departed into the other world without having got any more sense, are we to doubt the wisdom of the Creator, if the man should manifest himself here as a very paltry ghost indeed?' It may, however, be answered by some wise one, that everything should in this world either not exist, or exist as a credit to its Maker. This, indeed, would be very praiseworthy and agreeable, but the courteous reader knows very well that the image of God in this world often reduces himself to a most hideous and foolish caricature of a man, but does any body on that account doubt of the wisdom of the Creator? Yes, let us look into the mirror, and I am afraid we shall find ourselves very much unlike the original image of God."

Kerner then gives a series of well-attested cases of the apparitions of such distorted and degraded spirits, and then adds—"It is an incontestible truth which Jacob Böhme so ably demonstrates, and which also the Seeress of Prevorst, for the intellectual minds so uselessly brought forward, namely:—

'The body being now broken up and dying, the soul retains her likeness as the spirit of her will. Now is it away from the body; for in dying there is a separation. Now the likeness appears in and amid the things, which the soul had here imbibed; which she had infected herself with; which she allowed to build themselves up in her; since she has the same well-spring in her. That which she loved here; which was her treasure, and into which the spirit of her will entered, is now expressed in her, and becomes her spiritual image, not as a reminiscence, but as an actual condition. Has an individual in his lifetime given up his heart and soul to haughtiness, so wells this quality of mind ever forth in soul-fire from the image, and flows over love and gentleness as over God's freedom, and can neither seize upon nor possess these heavenly qualities, but flows forth thus in Tantalian anguish, and represents the spirit perpetually existing according to the earthly things wherein its will lay, and the *rapport* of which he did not break up whilst in the body. Such soul thus shines thereby in soul-fire fixedly, and in

this fire will overrun the gentleness of God, and still grow in haughtiness, for it can draw from no other will if left to itself, nor can enter the holy place of mystery, where it might obtain another will; but it lives merely in itself, and has nothing, and can arrive at nothing, but what it already had in the outer life.'

Böhme adds that the same applies to all other mundane passions and habits, and is in fact, a confirmation of the gospel declaration—"that which is earthy let it be earthy still." Still more foolish, says Kerner, does it appear to the learned and intellectual, when spirits are said to appear in the shape of beasts, but he quotes both Boetius and Plato, who assert that men who are covetous of their neighbours' goods are wolves inwardly: calumniators are vipers; robbers and murderers, and unprincipled conquerors are tigers and vultures; cunning cheats, foxes; sensualists, swine and goats; ravenous people, toads; and whenever they throw off their bodies, will appear in these shapes in the spirit-world, because that is a world of realities, and they must appear there as they really are.

"We know, indeed, that the so-called sensible, and the so-called intellectual people term these things, and especially our belief, phantasticism; but it would be well for them to reflect that we do not draw our opinions from our phantasy, but obtain them in a way more accordant to nature. Many experiments of trustworthy men; the manifestations of magnetic conditions, out of which facts arise into actual historic evidence; and many demonstrations of divine revelation, have been our guides contrary to our own phantasies. We have it on divine authority, that dogs, and sorcerers, and other monstrous and obscene natures crowd about the very gates of the heavenly Jerusalem in the other world.

"On the other hand, those who call us believers in phantasies, take their notions of heaven and hell out of their own empty conceptions, and out of their phantasies erroneously originated by their secular education. To them also are apparitions of ghosts most welcome, but only in novels and romances; and these strong minds, at the actual appearance of a ghost, would be thrown into frenzy; their glass-sculls would be shattered, and their whole consciousness and being too dreadfully confounded. But in how much greater amazement and consternation will these unprepared souls, built up here in their own ignorance, find themselves when their bodily isolation is rent away by death, and they awake in a condition so abandoned, so utterly disbelieved in by them!"

It is needless to say how exactly these striking remarks of the noble and undaunted psychologist, Justinus Kerner, apply

to the same classes of persons in this country. They are types of human character not confined to any country, but formed by certain causes; and as a worthy old officer has written in the margin of this volume—"You might as well whistle to the winds as endeavour to break into their chrysalis condition before its time, which will only arrive when the fleshy veil falls, and they stand in their turn and say—'So the Spiritualists were not the fools after all; we are the fools!'" Well, they cannot then reproach us that we did not endeavour to pull the shell off their inflated heads. We have piped lustily to them, but they would not dance. So we can only say—Adieu till the great morning! *Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.*

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE MATERIAL.

A VERY able letter appears in the *Spectator* of August the 11th, under the signature "E. V. N.," on "Miracles and Revelation." We are glad to find the views habitually expressed in this Magazine put forward by so thoughtful a writer as E. V. N., as they are in the following passage:—

"That the 'visible' shows us the 'invisible,' teaching us that 'the things which are seen are not made of the things which do appear,' is a truth proclaimed by science with ever increasing clearness and cogency, as she resolves one set of phenomena after another into results of infinitesimal movements, not less incapable of being discerned by the eye of the body than the purely spiritual principles of will, imagination, and reflection, and thus perpetually brings the sensible nearer to union with that supra-sensible power, to which man, when he attained the power of reasoning upon the origin of nature and of himself, generally referred that origin. It was most natural that in so doing man should place the seat of this invisible might *above* that sky whence all that made the charm of life on the earth, light, and warmth, and fertilizing showers, appeared to descend, and which impressed him with awe by its flashing lightnings and rolling thunders, and with ennobling delight by the majesty and beauty of its starry dome. Most natural that he should imagine this heavenly world to possess a constitution opposed and superior in every respect to his earthly residence, for in truth this imagination embodied his own highest being, projected out of himself. But the whole course of man's religious history seems to me to have been a gradual leading of man by his Divine Parent to perceive that the spiritual is not antagonistic to the material, but

its source; that the supernatural is that which underlies and expresses itself through the natural; and that the true 'kingdom of heaven' is *not without* man, either in this present or in any other home where his spirit may dwell among those 'many mansions,' the scenes of divine power and goodness, but, as Christ tells us, 'within,' in his will and affections."

PHASES OF SPIRITUALISM.

THAT wise and good man—Isaac Taylor, of Ongar—argued once in his *Saturday Evening* that mankind is placed under a law of seclusion from the other world; and yet he himself afterwards invented a key which so far unlocked the portals as to give us a *Theoria*—a contemplative view of the possibilities of another life as shadowed out by physical analogies. Since his book was written, however, men have advanced further in such discoveries, and many are inclined to believe that the law of seclusion is largely suspended, and in some instances superseded altogether. . . . This spiritualistic phase in the soul-life of men is one of a peculiar character, as respects causes and effects, the media employed, and the results obtained; there is, therefore, no wonder that it should be decried and denied altogether by many men, who aim at being leaders of thought and directors of opinion; for these peculiarities provoke sarcasm; and when influenced by that, men seldom care to enquire further whether there is anything noteworthy in spiritualistic or other phenomena. Such people, however, act like one who, never having seen corn except in the shape of flour, would refuse the title to an ear of wheat; they fail to see beneath the husk and the rind that to which these are the guides, and of which they are the protectors, and on account of the chaff they ignore the grain.

Without doubt the negative school is useful in preventing the affirmative one from running into absurdity; and even the "It is nothing but" mode of depreciation may serve to correct, develope, and elevate the assertions of those who, from what they have seen and known and heard, infer, like Hamlet, that there be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies. If, however, these negative men were to look a little further into these interesting phenomena, they might perhaps find something worth investigating: what they regard as the whole truth on these subjects is really its alphabet; it is the reflection of a few rays of imperfectly developed light; it is the stammer and lisp of a two-year-old child as contrasted with the elocution of an

accomplished orator ; the canoe which foreshadowed the "Great Eastern" steamship.

To those accustomed to look favourably, even *ab extra*, and not as agents in their development, into such subjects as Spiritualism, it seems strange that men, logical and clever on ordinary questions, should be so dull and illogical about that one, and that they should not be able to see that there are glorious verities shadowed forth by it, in which we may perhaps learn more of the meaning of the riddle of the world than by any of the ordinary processes of scientific research : all nature points inward as well as upward—it gives us hints of the flower within the flower, of the animal within the animal, of the man within the man ; the kingdom of life within the *kosmos*. Outward things are outwardly real, but they are not more ; you must go further, deeper, through shell after shell before you can reach the essential flower, animal, kingdom, man. Having gone thither, you enter at once upon the confines of the invisible, and are brought into relation with it. But insight like this belongs to the spirit only. It is here that spiritualistic manifestations play a very remarkable part. "Foot-falls" of those who, going hence have yet returned for the moment, have been heard from times immemorial, and their presence through voice and symbolic appearance recognized and acknowledged ; but it was left for this "end of the days" to have that which was exceptional developed into a kindred law ; and this law, so strong, so extensive, so varied, so progressive ; so poor, not to say grotesque, in its lower enunciations ; so lofty, grand, and Christian in its higher developments ; and so awful and fearful in some of its declarations, that whilst we laugh here, we shudder there, and yet may thank God, and take courage in the consciousness that for the reverent and devout, for those who take off the shoes from their feet in recognition of the Divine through the human and the spiritual, there is yet safe and holy ground whereon to stand.

We should not despise the day of small things, while we should not stop there. Let the sceptic doubt and test the negative, and argue by all means ; those who accept not merely the possibility but the actual facts of these records of Spiritualism, should regard them with honest, fearless, unblenching gaze ; should not allow themselves to be mastered by them, but endeavour to look beyond them, and through them, ever guiding themselves by the Apostolic canon of not believing every spirit, and of trying the spirits whether they are of God, by the supreme test of acknowledgment of the embodied manifestation of light and life in the anointed Saviour.

Did men know it, they would find a very deep philosophy in this test ; but because we do not care to acknowledge that name

in Jesus which is above every name, and before which the mundane, the supra-mundane, and the sub-mundane, must now or some day bow, we do not understand how to evolve the good out of the evil, how to eliminate the true from the false, how to rise above infestation to inspiration; and as part of that earth-work which is to be carried on more effectually hereafter, how to administer comfort and suggest restoration to poor rest-seeking spirits, and to rise ourselves as Christian warriors, clothed in God's armour, to due fight with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with the spiritual wickednesses in spiritual high places.

We are living in no ordinary days.

When this is said, men think of railroads and steam-engines, telegraphs and photographs, growth of commerce and consequent wealth and rational prosperity, and withal, in the midst of universal peace the noise of men "going forth for the fight and shouting for the battle." And these things certainly are extraordinary in themselves: but what if they are really only shadowings of what is opening out upon the world: what if the railroad and its plant are only a type of spiritual locomotion for us of earth; the telescope and telegraph, of spiritual inseeing and inhearing; photography, of the development to sight of invisible form; the steam-engine, of a development and application of latent and immaterial forces; even war, as in the days of Augustus Cæsar, the herald of that day when they shall not learn war any more?

Such questions may well be put in days like these, in which a decade sees changes wrought that formerly required a century to evolve; and there is more philosophy in answering them affirmatively than negatively; for human outward history always has its accompanying internal analogue; but connect such indications of what may be as to the spiritual with what is actually taking place, and then what may we not hope, what not wait for? Hoping, waiting, have long been the appointed lot of seekers after the realization of the glory; and as far as earthly realization has gone, they hitherto, save in one exceptional period, waited and hoped in vain: at that time the salvation was seen, the consolation granted, the promise realized, and yet even then but in part; and that was 1866 years ago: since then no answer has been given to the question, where is the promise of His coming save this, *wait!* The Church in the days of the Apostles expected to see Him come in His glory whom they had seen come in His humiliation, but it was not to be. Eight hundred and sixty-six years ago men thought that their century must be the time, for had not one thousand years passed away since their Lord had appeared; but all things continued as they were. Böhme, the seer, spoke of the "Time of the Lily" as near at

hand; Jane Lead, Dr. Pordage, and their followers thought it must take place in their days, because they experienced especial revelations and visions; Gichtel and his chosen band worked for it and dreamed of it; Saltmarsh had glimpses of the sparkles of its glory; Swedenborg saw of the Divine hand in the world of analogy and correspondence; De St. Martin knew of it so well that he cared not for observation or outward show as a testimony to the presence or the indwelling of the King; Irving had proof of some of its signs, and believed it to be near at hand: the fact is, it was near to these men in spirit, though not to the world; for the measurements of time count not for the spirit: it may well be therefore that we of this new age may not have more than dim dawnings of that glorious light as our portion.

There is this difference, however, between their times and ours, that they furnish illustrations in their experiences and speculations of spirit-action in individuals here and there, whereas the forces at work in the present day are not merely remarkable in the results they evolve, but are most widely spread; they have been rising from the trifling and shallowness of ordinary spiritualistic circles into fearful illustrations in modern life of the reality of older demoniac possession; from announcements which "it needs no ghost to tell us of," into *Lyrics of the Morning Land*; from coarse Darwinism and Positivism, or, as the word really should be, Negativism, into searching and impassioned Christianity. . . . From Spiritualism in a low, coarse, histrionic form, or worse, in that of Materialism and Pantheism, to the Christian Spiritualism, with all its safeguards and all its power, so earnestly advocated by more than one writer in *The Spiritual Magazine*. . . . God has not left Himself without witness amid these workings on and by the human spirit, of the eternal distinction between good and evil, truth and the lie, by raising up men and women so gifted that the marvel of their words and deeds is only exceeded by the marvel that they have not been accepted more thoroughly as messengers from Him.

But if men rejected the Master, and were deaf to the words of Him who spake as never man spake, who wrought works such as man never wrought, this ought not to surprise us, nor should we be dismayed though we stood alone; but Christian Spiritualists do not stand alone; the band of brotherhood is itself large, and is strengthened in its resolve to maintain the Christian basis by the personal experience of some, the warnings of others, the fatal results of an opposite course which they see in these, the blessed grace they see in those, as well as by the coincidence of such results with the attestations of Holy Writ to the existence of a similar state of things in the early days of Christianity. We know that God will defend the Right.—A. T. A.—*The Recipient*.

SPIRITUAL IDIOSYNCRASIES IN THE GOETHE FAMILY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"I do not name of men the common rout,
That wander loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remembered;
But such as Thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
To some great work, Thy glory."

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*.

IN Goethe's autobiography, under the name of "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," and in one of the works of Bettina von Arnim, we are made acquainted with particulars which shew that Goethe inherited a constitution open to spiritual influx, and hence, no doubt, his openness to poetic inspiration. Bettina says, "Goethe's grandfather, who lived at Frankfort, was a dreamer and interpreter of dreams. Once he foretold a great fire, and the arrival of the emperor. Neither of these things were believed; yet the talk of his predictions was spread through the city, and raised great excitement when they both came true. Once he secretly told his wife that he had dreamed that one of the sheriffs would die, and that he should succeed him, for he had dreamed that this sheriff rose from his seat in the council and offered it to him. On another occasion he predicted his succession as chief magistrate, though his family thought it very unlikely. Goethe in his "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*" relates these things more particularly:—

"It was while he was only one of the youngest councillors that he told his wife that, on the next vacancy, he should be elected as sheriff; and as one of the sheriffs immediately died suddenly of a stroke of apoplexy, he ordered on the day of the election, which was made by a sort of ballot, the candidates putting their names into a vessel or bag for the purpose, in which were a number of silver and only one golden ball—the drawer of the golden one being elected—that all necessary arrangements should be made in his house for the reception of the friends calling to congratulate him. He was really elected. His dream, as told to his wife, was that sitting in full council, a certain sheriff rose from his seat, came down to him, requested him most courteously to go up and take his place, and went out of the council chamber."

Very similar was his election to the chief magistracy. On these occasions, it was customary to make the election as quickly

as possible, lest the emperor would assert his ancient right to nominate. At midnight a council was ordered for early the next morning, the chief magistrate having just expired, and a messenger was despatched to apprise the members of the council of this. Arriving at Goethe's house, the messenger asked for a piece of candle, as the one in his lantern had burnt out. 'Give him a whole one,' said the grandfather to the woman, 'he is taking all this trouble on my account.' And actually he was chosen chief magistrate."—*Goethe's Werke*, Vol. XX., p. 42.

Bettina gives us another curious fact connected with this circumstance, which she no doubt received from Goethe's mother. Goethe says that amongst his grandfather's papers he found in a diary entries relating to matters of prognostication; such as, "To-night N. N. came to me and said—," or "To-night I saw—," all the rest being written in cyphers. "For," he adds, "There were persons who had no trace of pre-vision about them, who, when they came within his sphere, for the moment acquired his faculty, and declared things that were even then taking place in distant places, as sickness and deaths of friends or others, which always proved themselves true. On none of his children or grandchildren did this gift descend; on the contrary, they were rather of an active and gay turn, and disposed to the practical."—p. 44.

This appears an oversight in Goethe, for, according to Bettina, not only had the grandmother a mind perceptive of the supernatural, but also her daughter, Goethe's mother.

The grandfather had called out from his bed to give the messenger a candle for his lantern, but the next morning both he and his family seemed to have forgotten the circumstance, or did not think it worth a remark. Not so the eldest daughter, Goethe's mother, she had heard it, and believed every word of it. She therefore, when her father set out for the council, dressed herself out, according to his own account, in an outrageous splendour and frizzed up her hair immensely. In this high state, she placed herself in an easy chair at the window, with a book in her hand. Her mother and sisters thought she was gone crazed, but she assured them that they would quickly hide themselves behind the bed-curtains, when the members of the council came to congratulate her father on being elected Syndic. Whilst the sisters were laughing at her for her credulity, she pointed out to them their father coming towards the house in grand civic costume, followed by numerous members of the council. "Hide yourselves," she cried; "there he comes. and the councillors with him." One undressed head after another was popped out of the window, and away they all ran, leaving her alone to receive the company.

"This faculty appears only to have been inherited by this one daughter. Immediately after the father's death, as the family were in great perplexity from not being able to find the will, she dreamed that it was concealed betwixt two boards in her father's desk, which were secured by a secret lock. It was found there. Goethe's mother thought it was no particular talent, but arose from her high, care-free disposition, and her regard for everything good; but this probably was the gift itself, since she says that in those cases she never was deceived.

"Her mother, Goethe's grandmother, hastened one night into the chamber of her daughter and remained there till morning, for she said something had occurred that she could not for anxiety mention. The next morning, however, she related that something in her room had rustled like paper. That, imagining the window was open, and that the wind was blowing about the papers on the grandfather's writing table in the adjoining room, she got up, but found the window fast; she returned to bed, but the rustling again commenced, drawing nearer and nearer, till, with an agitated crumpling together of paper, it ended in a deep sigh, and the passing of a cold breath over her face. On this, in terror, she fled to her children.

Soon after a stranger was announced, who presented her with a paper much crushed and crumpled together, and as she saw it she fainted. In the night, on which she had been disturbed so mysteriously, a friend of hers, feeling his end approach, called for paper in order to write to her on some important subject; but before he could conclude his epistle, he was seized with the cramps of death—had clutched the paper, and crushing it together, had rubbed it to and fro on the bed cover, and sighing deeply, had expired. Whatever was written on the paper, Goethe's grandmother seemed to understand the wish of her friend, and her generous husband took the little orphan daughter of the deceased into his house, though she had no proper claim on him, became her guardian, and set aside a sum of money for her particular benefit, which Göethe's grandmother increased by many little savings. From that time she never despised any predictions nor things of that kind. "If," she said, "we cannot believe them, we should not deny or condemn them, for the heart is deeply moved by such things." —*Blätter aus Prevorst*, 12to. Sammlung, p. 167.

Goethe in his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Vol. III, p. 79, mentions a fact which should warn physical philosophers of being too physical:—"In Entenheim we saw a stupendous ærolite suspended in the church, and laughed in the sceptical spirit of the time at the excessive credulity of people, not

foreseeing that the like meteoric productions of the atmosphere, if not falling actually into our own fields, would, at least, be laid up in our cabinets."

Goethe shews us in his *Faust* that he was profoundly learned in Spiritualistic facts; either he had witnessed them himself, or he drew his knowledge from authorities who had. What can be truer, what more familiar to the experience of all practical Spiritualists, than the following passage, as it regards a host of spirits that perpetually flock about us?—

Sie hören gern, zum schaden froh gewandt,
Gehorchen gern, weil sie uns gern betrügen,
Sie stellen wie from Himmel sich gesandt,
Und lispeln english, weren sie lügen.

That is—

Gladly they hear us, upon mischief bent,
Gladly obey us, gladly to deceive;
They tell us that from heaven they are sent,
And talk like angels, as their lies they weave.

And this they do because they know that, feeling the emptiness of everything here,

Wir lernen das Ueberirdische zu schätzen,
Wir sehnen uns nach Offenbarung.
We learn the supernatural to prize;
We yearn for revelation from the skies.

Or, in the words of Lord Byron—

They send us prying into the abyss
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this,
The wretched essence.

In his *Conversation with Eckermann*, Goethe touches on a great weakness of the age, that of committing itself too absolutely to the apparently actual, and abjuring the whole region of faith and supernatural agency. "If men only," he said, "would but stick to the right when they have found it, and not turn about and mystify it again, I should be satisfied; and it is a necessity that the truth should be delivered from age to age. But men can never be at rest, and, before you are aware of it, they are again falling into confusion. So just now it is the fashion to be tossing themselves on the Five Books of Moses." This was fifty years ago, almost before Colenso was born. "If the destructive criticism be mischievous anywhere it is in the affairs of religion; for here all reposes upon faith, which, when you have once lost it, can never be restored. We will go quietly on the right way, and others may go as they like—that is the best.

"In the poetical region everything pleases us, and no marvel is too vast for belief; but, in this dazzling daylight of the actual, the least thing makes us start, if it only departs in the smallest

degree from the customary. We are surrounded by a thousand miracles in nature with which we are familiar—we find a single one inconvenient, because it is still new. We find no difficulty in accepting the miracles of a former time, but to a marvel which occurs to-day, to give a kind of reality, and near the visibly actual to honour it as a more highly actual, this appears not to be in man's power, or, if it be, it is driven out by education. Our age will become ever more prosaic, and, with the decline of intercourse and faith in the supernatural, all poetry will more and more disappear."

"He shewed me a picture of Christ walking on the sea, and Peter going to him on the waters, and at the moment of losing his courage beginning to sink. 'That,' said he, "is one of the finest relations in the life of Jesus. I prefer it to every other. In it is proclaimed the lofty doctrine that man through faith and bravery of mind will triumph over the most difficult enterprises, whilst by falling into the least doubt he will be assuredly lost.'"

It might astonish us to hear the author of *Faust* talking in this manner, but he had not only been the college friend of Stilling, and seen and recorded some of the surprising results of his faith, but had himself, no doubt, inherited the second sight of his family, and gives us a very curious instance of meeting his own double. Every one is familiar with the charming episode of his Idyllean love scenes with Frederike, the daughter of the pastor of the village of Gesenheim, when a student of Strasburg, out of which the poet does not come very creditably. He was taking leave of Frederike. "As I reached her my hand as I sate on my horse, the tears stood in her eyes, and I was myself greatly troubled. I turned and rode along the footpath towards Drusenheim, and there fell upon me a strange vision. I saw myself, not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the spirit, approaching myself on the same path on horseback, but in a dress which I had never worn—light grey with some amount of gold lace. The moment that I could cast off this vision the form had vanished. But it is extraordinary that eight years afterwards I found myself on the very same road, clad in the very same dress, and that not from choice, but from mere accident, and on my way to visit Frederike. Be the origin of this phantom shape what it might, it gave me at the moment of parting a certain composure. The pain of quitting, as I believed, for ever that noble Alsace, with all that I had found in it was softened, and the agitation of the leave-taking once over, I felt myself once more on a peaceful and exhilarating journey."—*Goethe's Works*, Vol. XXI., p. 63.

One of the most curious revelations in Goethe's writings is given in his "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," Vol. XXII., p. 899

He expresses his belief in a principle in nature, which he calls demoniac and that very much in the sense of the ancient Greeks. He says, "In the course of this biographical essay the reader will have fully seen that as a child, a boy, a youth, I sought in various ways to approach the supernatural; first, seeking with curiosity after a natural religion; then giving myself up firmly to the positive; next, trying my own proper strength by drawing myself inwardly together; and finally, giving myself up joyfully to the general faith. In the intervals betwixt these regions of inquiry, I wandered about, looked round, explored, met with many things which seemed to belong to nothing else whatever; and believed and perceived more and more that it was better to turn away my thoughts from the monstrous and the incomprehensible.

"I believed that I had discovered in nature both the living and unliving, both ensouled and unsouled, that which manifested itself only in contradiction, and on that account could be expressed by no particular idea, still less by any word. It was not divine, for it was unreasonable; not human, for it had no understanding; not devilish, for it was occasionally benevolent; not angelic, for it often took pleasure in mischief. It more resembled chance, since it displayed inconsequence, yet it had a resemblance to Providence, for it betrayed coherence. All that circumscribed us, appeared penetrable by it; it seemed to deal arbitrarily with the necessary element of our existence. It appeared only to delight in the impossible, and to fling the possible with contempt from it.

"This principle or life, which intruded itself betwixt all other things, as it seemed both to separate them, and to bind them together, I named demoniac, after the example of the ancients, and of those who had observed something similar. I endeavoured to rescue myself from this fearful entity, and according to my custom, fled for refuge to an image."

The image, or eidolon, as Bacon would have called it, was that of Count Egmont, which he worked up into his celebrated drama. With all his exalted patriotism, with the property of attracting towards himself the affections of all men, the devotion of the noblest women, the most unbounded popularity amongst his countrymen of all classes, yet this spirit of contradiction and overturning steals into his fate, and he dies on the scaffold in the front of the grand Hotel de Ville in Brussels. Goethe goes on:—

"Although this demoniac essence can manifest itself in everything corporeal and incorporeal, yes, in the most remarkable manner in beasts, yet it stands in the most wonderful connection with men, and forms in the moral government of the world, if not an opposing, yet a pervading and constantly thwarting

power, so that we might imagine these conflicting potencies the woof and the warp of the tissue of our existence.

"For the phenomena which are produced by this complex action there are countless names; for all philosophies and religions have striven, poetically and prosaically, to solve this enigma, and to drag its mystery satisfactorily to the light—an experiment, however, which yet remains open to future endeavours.

"Most fearful appears this demoniac power when it comes forth in overwhelming force in some particular man. During the course of my life I have had occasion to observe such men; some at a distance, some close at hand. They are not always the most estimable men, either for spirit or for talents; seldom recommending themselves through goodness of the heart, but a stupendous power emanates from them, and they exert an incredible influence over all creatures, some even the elements; and who can say how widely such an operating agency shall extend itself? All united moral forces are opposed to it, and to its incarnated ones, in vain. In vain do the more clear-sighted portion of mankind denounce them as deceivers or deceived, the mass of humanity is irresistibly drawn after them. Seldom or never do they find contemporaries of their own stamp, and nothing can conquer them but the universe itself, with which they have flung themselves into conflict; and it must have been out of the contemplation of such characters that the extraordinary but monstrous adage has arisen, '*Nemo contra Deum, nisi Deus ipse.*' None but God himself can contend with God."

The truth of the whole of this most remarkable piece of writing must have been felt by every one. The truth of the last portion of it stands written on the world's history. The manner in which mankind have been in all ages and countries, blinded, bewitched, hallucinated, drawn away to their own destruction, led on to the most insane enterprises, slaughtered, trodden upon, and annihilated by some single man—enthusiast, impostor, or maniac of ambition—is the wonder and opprobrium of our race. The Alexanders of old, the Fredericks of modern times, called by the base adulation of besotted men the GREAT! are not more astounding in their influences than the poets, historians, projectors in science, speculation, and religion, statesmen, and orators, who, for their day, bamboozle mankind, without a virtue or one genuine talent, into the worship of their pantomime hollowness, their spectral inanity. This is discovered in the next age, and a fresh generation stands aghast at the folly of its fathers, whilst perpetrating some still more transparent madness of its own. Napoleon, who alone could be conquered by the

universe with which he had dared the conflict, is not a more surprising proof of the demoniac principle in the life-blood of this earth than the great Mormonite development, or than the frantic attempt of science and the press to fling off the palpable visitations of the spirit-world from their closely-hugged Materialism. Every philosophic mind which has, like Goethe, watched with silent wonder the incessant working of the demoniac element in the pulsations of this world, must see that it is but one portion of a great perpetual and universal protrusion of life from the spirit-regions which surround us, and co-exist with us and within us, and can only be coped with by our seizing on the higher and diviner portions of this life, and by and through it achieving our spiritual independence.

With all his worldly wisdom, Goethe spoke ever and anon great moral truths, and this now given is one of them. He was not only a friend of Stilling's but of Lavater's, and tells us that there was something alarming in being in Lavater's immediate neighbourhood, for he saw through your whole interior organism, and could seize and display your most secret thoughts at pleasure. That on one occasion of making a charitable collection in his church he determined to look at no one in the act of giving, and would not lift his eyes above the plate, but that he knew from the very fingers of those who deposited alms the character and thoughts of the donor.

Lavater foretold the spread of Materialism, and the sending of a new age of miracles to destroy it. This was previous to the breaking out of the French Revolution, with all its horrors and infidelity. In the preface to the edition of his works published in 1806 this remarkable fact will be found. He told the Prince of Montbeillard that the dangerous doctrine of Atheism would become general; the condition of civilization; the empire which it was obtaining in those days over the public sentiment, reason, and philosophy, would cause that horrible dogma to prevail. This revolution would follow in the track of what was called enlightenment. "But," added he, "the reign of Atheism will be only temporary; God will send new manifestations to expose it," and that revelation and miracles were upon the point of recommencing to illuminate and save mankind.

How had Lavater acquired this power? Not by his physiognomical rules. Those rules arose out of careful observations made clear by his clairvoyant faculty. Like Swedenborg, he had discovered that this world and the next are one in nature and in continuity; that men in bodies are but spirits under a veil, living in the same world in which they will find themselves when the veil is withdrawn—in its lower stage, certainly, but in all its powers, passions, and essentials, the

same. That it is because this life is part and parcel of what we have been taught to call the next life, that our schooling here is essentially adapted to our advancement and advantage there; if, in fact, we can say, except conventionally, here and there. We are but like seeds of life planted in the dark earth of the great garden of God. We have all our principles of being, all our future coiled up within us. Anon, we shall burst forth under the power of the fostering sun of a paternal Deity, and find ourselves in the same divine garden, amongst the already developed plants of the Eternal. We shall undoubtedly put forth perpetually fresh branches, leaves, and blossoms—shed forth fuller and purer fragrance, be transplanted by tenderly culturing hands into higher and nobler sites, but still plants of one God, of one garden—the garden of a great, interminable, and congenerous universe.

Such was the teaching of Swedenborg, such the doctrine of our spiritual-eyed Milton:—

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

It is therefore that Goethe puts into the mouth of this mysterious power these wonderful words:—

“In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds, I wave up and down. I weave here and there—birth and the grave—an eternal sea—a varying web—a glowing life. So work I in the rushing loom of time, and weave the living garment of the Godhead.”

“All forms,” continues Goethe, “have a resemblance;” therefore the chorus sings to us of a “Secret Law.” Therefore it is that he elsewhere says, “The spirit-world is not closed—thy sense is closed, thy heart is dead. Up! student! and bathe undauntedly thy earthly form in the ruddy glories of the Morning!”

Goethe, the greatest intellect, perhaps, of the German nation—a man who had wonderfully accomplished himself by the accumulation of knowledge in almost every direction; the greatest of Teutonic poets, yet, at the same time, the profound metaphysician, the natural historian, the palæologist, the connoisseur of art, the originator of abstruse theories of colours, of the metamorphoses of plants, of the laws of optics, in these glances at the demoniac, had pressed upon the edge of a great truth, yet had not fully fathomed it. Had he lived to witness the phenomena of present Spiritualism, his sagacious mind would have probed the deeper regions of this mystery. Had he grasped the full fact of the influences of the invisible world operating everywhere and at all times on the visible, he would quickly have comprehended whence arose the continual contradictions which so much per-

plexed him. He would have found in the grand idea of the world of man surrounded by the world of spirit, and the heart and soul of man open to its influences, the solution of all his difficulties. He would have seen a mighty drama playing out before God, in which his angels, good and bad, are the actors, and mankind acting unconsciously with them. He would have beheld the armies of heaven and of the air, and of the subterrene,—Milton's "Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on this earth,"—combating for the dominion of the human race, and the Almighty Arbitrator watching the conflict, sure of its result in the discipline and the ultimate exaltation of souls, through the sharp and lasting experiences of woes, trials, and heart wounds, in triumphs of courage, faith, and affection. He would have seen that, as the good or evil influence, thus striving through the preparatory spheres of fresh-springing human life, rose into the ascendant, so would the features of mundane society shew dark or light, depraved or ennobled. In the middle grounds of these contests the fluctuations of character and event would present all the phases of contradiction which had astonished him. As the powers of darkness found a soul of large organization capable of vast action on mankind for good or evil, and concentrated itself within it, then would rise one of those human potencies which shake an age with direst convulsions, and dye the majority of souls in its own colours; steep them in the magic cauldron of its own sentiments. Then would strange and perverse theories and doctrines from some demon-infected head take possession of the worshipping public. In the falling or the rising of the balance of influence between the contending principles, would be seen the changing lights and shadows which pass over society, and give to view alternately phases of character which astonish by their good or evil, or their strange mingling of both. "In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds, I wave to and fro." Yet, as even in the extremest contrasts there is a certain resemblance, this points evermore to a great "Secret Law." That law is the guiding will of God, swaying the world-wide battle field of spirit legions, good, bad, and indifferent, and producing all the countless varieties of spiritual and intellectual condition and fortune which the human world presents, where no two faces and no two moral states are, perhaps, exactly alike. Yet, out of all this, arises serious thoughts on present and future, serious retracing of steps, unravelling of errors, and wisdom won through suffering, crushing of hopes and hearts, baptizings in shame and despair, till the tossed and shipwrecked soul strikes on the ground of divine recognition, and finds the "Welcome home!" of the prodigal son.

But what a saving from sorrow, what an escape from

confusions and shattering consternations in the knowledge of this great spirit mystery! When we know demonstratively what St. Paul told us long ago, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,"*—being thus forewarned, we are forearmed, and by prayer and watchfulness can draw near to the armies of heaven, and take shelter beneath the banners of invincible love, beneath the omnipotent sceptre of the King of all these shining hosts of the universe.

THE DAVENPORTS IN BELGIUM.

AT length it would seem that the Brothers Davenport have found a nation and a press willing to give them a fair hearing. The violence and barbarity which they experienced in England; the determination of the press, and of literary and scientific men, almost without exception, to mis-represent and to malign them; the ignorant brutality of the Liverpool trading public, which destroyed their cabinet and menaced their lives, shews that England in the investigation of great philosophical questions has not yet advanced beyond the stupidity of the monks who compelled Galileo to declare that the earth did not move. No circumstance has of late years occurred so usefully to shew the stolid pride and crass prejudice which overlay the mind of this "nation of shopkeepers," as the arrival in it of the Davenports. Their reception in France and Germany was equally characteristic of the materialistic philosophy which prevails in those countries; but at the same time, of the more civilized and courteous character of those people. The French *savans* shrugged their shoulders and cried "*Mon Dieu!*" but without doing the Davenports or their cabinet any harm, and the homelier Germans stared and cried "*Potz tausand!*" and walked away to their beer and sausages; but the Belgians have received the Davenports, notwithstanding the prejudice that almost all the rest of Europe has tried to raise against them, as men entitled to fair hearing, and fair treatment. Like sensible people, they have not rushed on the cabinet to tear it to pieces in order to see whether there was any particular machinery about it—a thing they might just as well have discovered without; nor have

* Literally, "in the heavenly places," *en rois enouvois*,—a very obscure passage, perhaps meaning merely what we call the welkin, or upper atmosphere, in allusion to the devil being the prince of the power of the air; but more probably meaning in the invisible world, popularly regarded as the heavens, though in its inferior regions great power of evil exists.

they chased the Brothers themselves through the streets to kill them, by way of solving the mysteries of their proceedings: they have gone quietly to see their exhibition; have quietly used their senses, and come to the plain conclusion, which all candid enquirers have come to before, that the Brothers and Mr. Fay are honest fellows, and that they are attended by phenomena which no law of matter at present known can explain. They do not yet pretend to say what is the real nature of these phenomena; but they have candidly declared them genuine.

This is the first rational step in such an enquiry. When the manifestations are pronounced honest and genuine, it is clear that they must have a cause, and people satisfied that no trick is being played upon them are in the true temper of mind to prosecute the enquiry into their nature and origin. If, after all attempts to solve them on principles of practical dexterity or of science, they should still remain a mystery, such a people will be more likely to look for a higher mode of solution than the stupid mobs of Liverpool and Huddersfield, who have no better idea of coming at the truth than that which their fathers had, who used to smash up bakers' shops by way of making bread cheap.

We have before us a paper issued at Brussels, entitled *L'Opinion et Appreciation de la Presse sur les Frères Davenport et M. Fay; comptes rendus de quelques Journaux pris au hasard*. This paper commences by stating that the press in Belgium, after a month's observation of the Brothers Davenport, is unanimous in doing justice to the curious experiences which for twelve years have remained throughout America and in Europe an enigma to all the world. Amongst the Belgian journals whose opinions are given are *L'Etoile Belge*, *Le Reveil*, *Moniteur Belge*, *Journal la Belgique*, *Le Nord*, and *Le Bulletin de Dimanche*. All of these journals, which include the leading organs of the Belgian press, enter at length into the details of the exhibitions, and pronounce the most unqualified praise of the marvellousness and interest of the manifestations. The leading journal, *Le Nord*, declares that the most malignant persons amongst them have renounced the hope of discovering the secret.

It is consolatory to find that there is at least one country in Europe that is not completely given over to that dogged scepticism which has been wittily called the lock-jaw of modern science, which shuts up the mouths of men as with a blacksmith's vice, and says they shall not have an atom more of spiritual nutriment. Belgium certainly stands at the head of Europe for rational common sense. If it is not prepared to accept Spiritualism to a large extent, it is not so utterly lost in what is funnily enough called philosophy as to refuse to use its eye-sight and believe its own senses.

THE REV. FRANCIS PECK, THE ANTIQUARY'S,
FAITH IN APPARITIONS.

THE Rev. Francis Peck, M.A., Rector of Godeby Maureward, in Leicestershire, Prebendary of Lincoln, &c., Member of the Society of Antiquaries, and author of various works in high esteem by the Church of England, as *TOYOS'ATON, Desiderata Curiosa, Lives of Milton, Oliver Cromwell, Critical Notices on Shakspeare, &c.*, was a firm believer in apparitions. In his *History of Leicestershire* he treated of "Stones, Salt, Long Life, Herbs, Earthquakes, Crevices, and Apparitions." The cautious and orthodox Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*, is rather scandalized at the last heading from so learned a man, and thought "perhaps some apology was necessary for it in this enlightened age." Mr. Peck died in 1745; when he published his account of apparitions, he gave this reason for his faith:—"I believe, with the author of the *Reality of Apparitions*, that the souls of the dead never stay to shew themselves on any account whatsoever, after they are once freed from the body, but immediately pass on to a place of happiness or misery appointed for them, where they know nothing of whatever happens here afterwards; yet, I believe with the same author, that Providence, for its own wise end, does sometimes send both good and bad spirits, with commission to speak and shew themselves to us in the shape of departed friends or enemies, or others, as occasion requires; and, as an imposture may be distinguished by wise judges from an apparition, or spirit, so that good or bad spirits may easily be known from each other by considering the motive of their errand, the manner of their appearance, or the like, and that let such spirit be good or bad, with a good conscience on our side, we need not fear it; and, lastly, that should such a spirit appear to us, we must not ask it impertinent questions."—*Nichols' Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. I., 5-17.

We need not add that Mr. Peck had not acquired an extensive or accurate knowledge of what apparitions may do, particularly as to shewing themselves immediately after death, but he is much to be respected for boldly declaring his faith on such a question in his character of a clergyman of the Established Church.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

FIFTEEN years have rolled away since the first intelligent communications were received in this city by means of the raps, spelling out messages from departed ones, in which there were evidences of identity so clear and unmistakable as to satisfy the minds of honest enquirers. In these fifteen years, what wonderful changes have we experienced. In the undulating waves of human life, how have we been buoyed up with hopes and depressed with fears; but still our course has been ever onward. At first, the cause numbered but few within its ranks, and they were timid and fearful; but gradually, as the light dawned more clearly, the numbers increased, and we became bolder and could look each other in the face and relate our experiences with earnestness; for the truths which we hoped to realize, which had been dimly shadowed before us, began to grow more plain, and as we had strength to utter them they found responses in many minds. How fearfully did we look upon the great question of immortality in those early days. Education and hope led us to believe that there must be in some mysterious manner a spiritual body prepared for those who passed into the inner life. Gradually and by slow degrees we came to realize the fact that these bodies were not new and created in the after life, and that we were living in a spiritual world now—that within these external caskets that we had long known and realized as ourselves and our friends, there lived a form more refined and enduring than the external, which, to a certain extent, it moulded, and which in turn modified this spiritual body. This was a truth, the importance of which we can scarcely realize. Now as we look at our fellow-men, we see not merely the clothing they wear and the external body, which is but a garment, but we see also that there is within each of these human beings a spirit-form working as best it may, amid the dark surroundings of earth. Hence, the cry comes properly from the spirit-land to us, “Watchman, what of the night?” How vainly in our ignorance have we thought this life was one of light, and the after-life one shrouded in darkness and mystery. Now we know this is the night, and that we are groping in darkness—that just in proportion as the body becomes moulded, so that the spirit can control and unfold its powers, do we approach the light. We are spirits now living and moving in the spirit-world, anchored, it is true, to the external world by our physical bodies, but in aspirations, which are a beautiful and certain prophecy of our future powers, soaring aloft into the realms of infinitude—travelling from planet to planet, and not only seeking the companionship of the great and the good of past ages, but

searching for the means by which we may be prepared for that companionship. The man who visits a foreign country without having made himself somewhat acquainted with the character and habits of the people, as well as the general features of the country, goes blindly forth, and fails to find either pleasure or profit in such a journey; so the man who goes into spirit-life, without knowing anything of its characteristics and the habits and customs of its inhabitants, will find that he has many difficult lessons to learn, before he can appreciate his condition and be prepared to receive and enjoy the blessings which properly belong to his new home.

Our good friends in the Church say we have no right to search into these things—that God does not design that we should know anything about them. But the God within us is prompting us to lift the curtain and see where our friends have gone and what they are doing; and, urged on by a Divine impulse, mankind are exploring these regions, seeking by a proper development of their interior faculties to penetrate the veil, and realize more fully the truths that dawn upon us from that world of causes. The cry of infidelity and blasphemy sounds in our ears, but it has lost its potency; and free men and women, feeling the strong impulse of the Divine nature within, are pressing still more closely into the arena of the spiritual; and every step we take in that direction reveals to us that it is not only not forbidden by the Author of our being, but that, while His blessing is upon us, cheering our hearts in these labours, the angel bands are near us, rejoicing and shouting "Amen" to our efforts in search of light and knowledge in regard to the hereafter. And now, clasping hands with the angel-world, we can look back over the past, and see how the mild and radiant light of spiritual truth as it shines over the ages, though dimly perceived and but little understood, has ever been tending towards the grand and glorious era which has now opened so clearly, in which the great world of causes is revealed to us, and, while this furnishes a key to unlock the mysteries of the past, it gives us still more important and instructive lessons in regard to the present and the future. The age of mystery and miracle has faded away before the dawn of Spiritualism. Everywhere, in the Church and out of it—even among those who know but little of the spiritual phenomena which mark the new era—a change has come over the minds of the people. The gross and materialistic ideas are becoming obsolete. The old hell, with its fires of brimstone, has become too gross for the age; and in all forms of belief the refining process is going on, as a result of a nearer approach to the spirit-world by mankind. Another fifteen years like the past,

and the recognition of spirits will become so common that no one can doubt it. The mass of the intelligent world admit the phenomena already; and when the people come to exercise their prerogative and fulfil the command of Scripture to "try the spirits," we have no fears of the result. Truth is ever calm and reliant; she has nothing to fear, and can wait until man grows into a condition to perceive and recognize her. The signs of the times never were more hopeful than they are to-day: the leading minds of the age, wearied with the old dogmas, are rousing themselves up for the conflict; and, though error and superstition may do battle for the time, we fear nothing as to the result. God, and good angels and men, are ever on the side of the right, and they must prevail.

634, Race Street,
Philadelphia, U.S., 1866.

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

GENERAL GRANT A MEDIUM.

MANY persons who by accident or otherwise are abruptly removed from the sphere of their earthly duties and relations, have, in one way or another, been able to vaguely intimate, and perhaps clearly reveal the fact to persons with whom they were in the most intimate fellowship. An illustration of this kind seems to have occurred on the occasion of the accidental death of Col. T. S. Bowers, Gen. Grant's Adjutant-General. We extract the following from the *New York Herald's* description of the circumstances attending the accident:

Gen. Grant was notified of the accident by Mr. Garrison, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." Gen. Grant replied "Something told me he was killed."

In a sudden emergency—in a moment of mortal peril—subjects of vital concern and friends with whom we are most closely identified, rush like a torrent upon the mind. Feeling and thought become so intense as to influence the sensations and mental emotions of such as chance to be in intimate association and sympathy with us. In the last moments of earthly consciousness the brain is quite likely to be occupied with the images of those whom we most love and reverence. When the vision of certain destruction was suddenly presented to Col. Bowers, it was but natural that his mind should instantly revert to the man whom he had followed through so many dangers. Hence the General's impression—"Something told me he was killed."

S. B. B.

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT CHICAGO.

IN our number for January last, we gave an account of the Artesian Well at Chicago, found at a depth of seven hundred feet below the surface; the spot where the well was found having been pointed out, and the work from the beginning carried on, under direct spirit guidance. Our account was taken from a pamphlet by George A. Shufeldt, jun.; published at Chicago, in September, 1865, and which pamphlet is now in our possession. Even before this pamphlet appeared we had seen a brief account of the case in a private letter addressed to a friend by his brother, a resident at Chicago. A report of the discovery, and of the means by which it was effected also appeared, at the time, in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, published at Chicago, and in the *Banner of Light*, published at Boston; and probably in other American journals. These accounts have never, that we know of, been seriously impugned. We recur to the matter now, in consequence of the inquiry by a correspondent for further evidence and particulars. We add, for his, and our readers' information, that an Artesian Well Company has been formed in Chicago, for turning this water to the best account. It is now flowing to the extent of a million and a half gallons daily. Besides supplying the town, this water-power is to be applied to manufacturing purposes. Already, to prevent it running to waste, it is flowed into meadow ponds which, by winter freezing, produce each season forty thousand tons of ice, and which quantity it is said could easily be quadrupled. That the Yankees living on the spot are investing their dollars in it, is pretty fair evidence we think of its being a genuine concern. If our correspondent has any doubts remaining, and feels sufficient interest in the matter, we have no doubt that by becoming a shareholder he will be able to obtain all the information he needs, and that in realizing good dividends his scepticism will find a "perfect cure." We are informed in the company's prospectus that "all communications on this most interesting subject should be addressed to A. F. Croskey and Co., No. 70, Washington Street, Chicago."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.—A correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, of August the 4th, writes—"A photograph of Mr. C. Brailley, of Troy, Vermont, was taken some time in May last, by the artist, King, of Winter Street, Boston, which on examination was found to contain two or three *extra* faces, one of which strongly resembles that of a son of Mr. B., who passed to the spirit-world some three years ago. This was wholly unexpected—as Mr. B. was not previously convinced of the power of spirits thus to represent themselves on the camera—and had forgotten that this spirit son had promised some two years ago, through a medium, that if Mr. B. would go to Boston and sit for a picture, he thought he could give his own—a promise now fulfilled to the satisfaction of all the friends."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1866.

PSYCHOLOGY; OR, THE SCIENCE OF SOUL.

TWO LECTURES BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Second Lecture.

SINCE it is your pleasure that the Discourse of last Monday night shall be continued, we propose to speak of that broader field of psychology which we assume to be occupied by the action of the spirit-world upon this earth. We must all have realized, in our investigations of modern Spiritualism, that there is a large amount of intelligence displayed at the spirit-circle which cannot be accounted for on the principle of human psychology, or the action of embodied "mind upon mind." The experiments of which I spoke last Monday night—popularly called electro-biology—are clear and distinct; they connect the mind of the subject directly with that of the operator. You will scarcely find a well-marked instance of electro-biology in which the mind of the subject does not immediately and simply reflect that of the operator. Those who are familiar with experiments in mesmerism, or what I prefer to call psychology (as distinguished from those practised for mere amusement under the title of electro-biology), know that the psychology which first operates through magnetism, and then by the action of one mind upon another in psychology, will often render the subject intractable to the will of the operator—in fact that mesmeric subjects sometimes pass beyond the sphere of the human operator's will. He loses control of his subject, who seems to wander off, either upon this earth, or in some distant sphere, where appearances of beings and scenes present themselves that the mind of the operator has not conceived of. I believe that in many mesmeric experiments, these results (though not always inevitable) are still sufficiently well known to experienced magnetizers to excite much speculation, and challenge deep enquiry; in fact these puzzling phenomena occurred even in the experience of Mesmer and his

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immediate followers, and suggested attempts at explanation which cannot possibly come within the range of electro-biology to cover, or the philosophy of mind upon mind to account for. In experiments resulting thus, it was soon perceived that the mind of the operator did not invariably suggest the scenes perceived, nor always bind that of the subject. Somnambulism was suggested as the possible explanation of this phenomenon. It was said that "the soul could possibly perceive, and act for itself in prepared conditions, outside of the mind of the operator;" but somnambulism did not entirely meet all the cases observed. Somnambulism is, it is true, a state of magnetism—that is, it is a sort of magnetic sleep. This may be a state induced by external causes, by disease, or by some special tendency of the subject; but wherever it exists, somnambulism is not a purely natural sleep. It is a state in which the body is saturated with an unusual charge of magnetism, and the spirit is wholly unconscious of its connection with the physical system.

The somnambulist is unconscious of weight or density, and exhibits an exaltation of mental power analogous to that of the good clairvoyant. Still the somnambulist only conveys intelligence, which seems to be limited by the mind of the subject exalted to a high pitch, but does not enter upon the domain of what has been called the "supernatural." Whatever be the intelligence manifested, it may display powers and attributes of mind of which, in the normal state, the subject appeared wholly incapable. Nevertheless, somnambulism only carries its subject up to a certain point, but does not enter upon that description of intelligence which we are compelled to admit can only emanate from the "land of the dead." Ordinary somnambulism, like electro-biology, does not carry the spirit into Hades, nor give revelations of those who have passed from earth, and are deemed lost to its mourning inhabitants. It does not describe spheres, scenery, and surroundings which belong not to earth, nor discourse of those whom men call "laid away in the tomb." In electro-biology, the revelations of the magnetized subject are almost always limited by the mind of the operator. In somnambulism the intelligence manifested is obviously the mental power of the somnambulist in a state of high exaltation. It is very different in nearly all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, which exhibits a range of ideas and treats of subjects of a totally different character to either of the above known states. Take for instance the whole of the physical manifestations—allowing for the possibility that some "unknown force," proceeding from the combined magnetisms of a circle of human beings, is able to produce the manifestations, granted that those who assemble at the spirit-circle charge the substances

around with their own magnetisms, then that their own psychological powers, unconsciously operating upon matter, shapes the intelligence that is produced; still this does not account for the whole of the phenomena. Its very origin, in this age, was outside of the combined magnetisms of a circle. The history of modern Spiritualism discloses the fact of innumerable manifestations unsought for, and of innumerable subjects of the manifestations captured and controlled by them, rather than seeking for or influencing them.

Out of the three thousand persons whom the statistics of the Western Continent shew to be now engaged as public or well-known mediums (an occupation that has only arisen in America during the last score of years), we may affirm that scarcely one per cent. of this number has courted the gift of mediumship or become its possessor through their own will. In almost every case the phenomena has been forced upon the subject, and the gift appeared to arise spontaneously; indeed, a careful investigation of the subject shews that, in many of the most remarkable instances of mediumistic power, the gift has fallen upon subjects directly opposed to its exercise. Now these are facts that the scientists and the so-called leaders of public opinion may ignore, but which the modest and candid investigator of psychological phenomena cannot afford to overlook. The proud one-ideal sectarian may choose to deny the entire action of a world of spiritual influence, save its revelation in one place, at one limited period, and to one special people. Except in the openly avowed or tacitly received evidence afforded by dogmas of some sectarian belief, "the leaders of public opinion" have not even the first shadow of evidence wherewith to decide upon the questions of human and spiritual psychology as the origin of the modern spiritual manifestations, because they repudiate the testimony of the only possible and reliable witnesses, the mediums and their experiences. These experiences, you will find by careful investigation, place the possibility of human psychological influence upon the origin of quite one third the manifestations entirely out of the question. One of the most striking evidences of this assertion will be found in the consideration of that feature of the manifestations which is called the communications of undeveloped or "evil spirits." Investigators at the spirit-circle are apt to repel the presence of this class of communicants. We pride ourselves upon being "seekers for truth," and desire only the presence of the good and the exalted, and we claim generally that "our own purity and exaltation of mind" should, according to all known psychological law, attract only the good around us, and yet it is a fact that the *good alone* do not come. The undeveloped, evil, and false are just as often present as the good; and this is some

evidence that we do not, as yet, know all of God's psychological laws, and that our own proud egotism stands in the way of thorough investigation; for, whilst we are driving back what we call the undeveloped and the false, we are not only repudiating our duty as guardian spirits to those beneath us, but we are also depriving ourselves of one of the strongest proofs we can receive, that our psychology and our will are not the authors of the false and deceitful manifestations we complain of. We have too much faith in human nature to suppose that men habitually practise deception simply from the love of the false, or that they would wilfully, while seeking for truth—while courting at the spirit-circle the presence of ministering angels whom they feel to be the mysterious links that bind them to the Infinite Spirit, come deliberately into their presence, and while proposing to commune with a power whose extent for good or evil they know not of, yet practise such deception as reflects itself in the communications which are assumed to be the action of "mind upon mind." And yet, if the psychologists are not the members of the spirit-circle, who then are they, and who are the authors of the folly and even the blasphemy and falsehoods which are sometimes given at such circles? Taking such communications as evidences of what the spirit-world is, and realizing that it consists of the evil as well as the good, they become phenomenal lights, enabling us to guide our way through the mysterious manifestations that have fallen upon us in this age. They prove, too, that we have waked up in this century in the midst of a world of cold, hackneyed, routine religion, with Sabbath-day observances and lip worship only, to find ourselves in the presence of a real living spirit-world; and instead of the doubtful testimony of the ages of antiquity and the beliefs of our fathers only, to find ourselves face to face with an actual reflex of this human world, and by the presence of the good and the bad alike, to realize for ourselves that the soul still lives, preserves its identity, continues its nature, proclivities, passions, and habits with its life beyond the grave: in a word, the infinite variety, as well as the strictly human character of the manifestations, proves by knowledge that which we have hitherto received by faith—the Immortality of the Soul.

It matters not that the press assails, the pulpit anathematizes, and the world scorns the manifestations of the spirit-circle; press, pulpit, and world cannot live for us, die for us, answer for us, or be responsible for the light which has come to us, but fails to illuminate others. With us, then, the responsibility rests of how to use and interpret whatever is strange and suggestive in the facts of the spirit-circle; and to the vast mass of revelation which is extraneous to our own will in the phenomena, I point, to shew you that there is, if we seek carefully, ample evidence

even in the communications of so-called "evil spirits" alone, of an unmistakable and disembodied intelligence, manifesting its presence amongst us, which is foreign to the experiences of this earth, or that of the circle investigating; and that, whilst many proofs of animal magnetism, and human psychology, are to be found, a vast mass of the phenomena transcends its power, and the limits of its intelligence to account for. But we must consider more in detail the broad foundations on which the philosophy of the relations of the spiritual and natural worlds subsist. Forget, if you can, for awhile your own special beliefs or special systems of religion. Assuming that none can be so specially favoured as to have all the truth, and none so utterly forgotten of God as to be immersed in entire error; remembering that your special form of belief depends much on where you were born, and where some special custom of opinion has been forced upon you; you may find in every religion something of truth and something of error, humanly speaking. Remember then only this night that every nation of the earth enjoys some religion, and worships God, "who is a Spirit," at some shrine or other. In all religious systems we find the belief in the incarnation of Deity, or "the Word made flesh." Question even of the earliest forms of worship—of those systems which in primitive ages must have been the inspiration of Deity to His untaught children. Ere gospels, creeds, books, edicts, councils, or priests existed, the soul itself witnessed of religion, acknowledged a spiritual cause and ultimate of being, and realized the action of a mighty though unseen God, permeating all life, and acting immediately by law through the grand phenomena of nature. To these ages I go, and I find there that the first feeble and faltering attempt of the human mind to conceive of Deity, represents Him as a Triune power, exhibited in nature. The Hindoo calls this Triune Being, "the Brahm," which fills all space; the Egyptian, "the Father, the Mother, and the Child, product of all being;" whilst philosophy outworks infinite varieties of the metaphysical Trinity. And thus the nations whom we have branded with the offensive name of "Pagans," were the originators of the self-same idea, which, in our own fashion, we claim as a direct revelation of God's truth, in the form of the Christian Trinity.

The same universality of belief, manifesting itself in various forms, underlies other articles of religious belief, such as the mediation of spirits, the ministry of angels, the gifts of the Spirit to special individuals, the seal of "miracle" on certain systems of religion, and, above all, the presence of an Incarnate Deity manifested amongst men. When nations became the subjects of some great calamity—when human power seemed to fail, and super-mundane aid was deemed the only resort for

weak suffering man, he prayed for the coming of God's kingdom, and the direct presence of an all-powerful emanation from God to restore and redeem the race; whether in answer to such appeals, or as the order of God's providence in nature, it matters not now to enquire, certain it is that amongst all peoples, and in all lands, there have from time to time arisen in ages of dark superstition or gross corruption, men who appeared to move on earth as sublimely inspired teachers, seers, prophets, and sometimes even mystics, whose origin is lost in the dim night of antiquity;—beings who seemed to have stood between the heavens and the earth, bringing the precious influence of the one to the dark materialism and ignorance of the other;—men who in truth seemed to be "the Word made flesh." Martyrs too they were, who, living before their age, or in rebuke of its wickedness, were sacrificed to their divine mission, and generally perished at the hands of insensate violence; and afterwards, in the revulsion of the mad populace, from gratitude or admiration, received Divine honours, became the founders of sects, and were regarded as incarnations of Deity. Can all these beliefs, obtaining as history proves amongst every nation of the earth, be utterly groundless—all founded in error, falsehood, or superstition, and engross the credulity of the whole race, without some origin in truth, or groundwork of probability? It is a libel on human nature to assert this. It is a falsification of the spiritual experiences of ninety-nine per cent. of the race to gratify the egotism of one self-styled philosopher. Besides, that which we call "fancy, imagination, or hallucination," is still the reflection of some substance. Our mind may be a prism through which the rays of truth become broken and refracted, but there must still be a source for the primal truth ere it can be broken and refracted. There is an origin therefore for every thought, every system, however gross, erroneous, and superstitious; and this universality of belief in a Divine Incarnation, a belief (not, as I have suggested, confined to Christians, but shared in by all peoples of the earth) maintained and cherished by all human worshippers, must have some foundation for its origin, some original text in history for the multitudinous theologies that have been built up upon it. And yet when you question the reason or intelligence of the present age, you will find men manifesting a more violent spirit of partizanship on this point than on any other of religious belief. Some there are who totally reject the idea, others who accept it as the very linch-pin of religion, but only in their own peculiar sectarian form. Perhaps the truth lies in the realm of mediation between both opinions, and that one side believes too little, and the other too much, for the simple truth of all religions. The external forms of religion

change, but their fundamental ideas never disappear or lose their hold on the human mind. Age after age rolls on; the arts change their form and fresh sciences are developed. Continents recede beneath the action of the lashing wave, and islands are born by the upheaval of central fires. Cities are destroyed, mountains levelled, vast rifts tear open the hearts of giant mountains, and valley gorges are formed; the surface of the earth is torn and rent with fire and flood, storm and tempest, and eternal change. Geology tells us of far mightier changes beneath its crust than any which its surface presents. But in the midst of all this vast panorama of change, there is no death or decay in the spiritual nature of man, no footprints of change in the solemn temple of his religious being. The world of super-naturalism keeps track ever with the world of naturalism. The primeval ideas of a triune God—the soul's immortality—Divine inspiration from God in man making "His Word flesh and dwelling with men"—all these ideas, forming the fundamental basis of religion, never die. We call the old truths by new names, but the truths themselves change not. The variety is in our refracted vision, not in the eternal and ever-present spiritual ideas. Divine manifestations change their form, but never cease or die or fail, and ever come through a world of spiritual mediation, ever come through varying phenomena. We may wreath around the phenomena of spiritual communion fantastic myths and mystical figures, because it is of ancient origin, or comes with some claim of God's special favour; but search into all times and places and history, and we shall find an unity in every spiritual idea, and an universality in all religious beliefs, that point conclusively to a common origin inherent in the relations that subsist between the spiritual and the human worlds. And thus the idea of a Spirit-God is universal; and thus his revelation to man, though by some called incarnation, is, in God's inspiration to all his creatures, universal; and thus the eternal and unbroken harmonies that bind up the whole universe of being, from the souls of men to the highest angel and the Infinite Spirit Himself, unite all being in one continuous chain of spiritual dependencies and spiritual relations, known to us in ancient times as "magic," in sectarian beliefs as "miracles," in superstitious ignorance as "witchcraft," in modern revelations of spiritual power and influence as "modern Spiritualism."

Some of the religionists of antiquity taught that there were three hierarchies of angels supreme and mighty, who maintained the integrity of, and ruled by, mediatorial degrees throughout the universe. The first of these three hierarchies included three powers, all subordinate to the Infinite, called "seraphim," "cherubim, and thrones;" the next were "powers, virtues,

and dominions ;" and the next, " principalities, archangels, and angels." This belief prevailed very widely, and took such deep root in the earliest of the world's religious systems, that it extended from the philosophies of Paganism to some of the early theories of the Christian Fathers. The alchemists and mystics of the middle ages asserted that the last hierarchy included " the souls of dead men ;" but in whatever form the opinions of religionists represented the realms of spiritual influence that operated through the universe, all concurred in assigning this earth to its care and ministry, and included in its graduated spheres of active existences, the spirits of departed human beings. The Neo-Platonists—a sect renowned for the purity of their lives, and the spirituality of their teachings—assumed a spiritual origin for all life and motion, and asserted that suns, stars, and systems, worlds and earths, were all " Divine animals," endowed with souls and reasoning spirits. They argued thus : " Men are parts of this earth ; all things upon this earth are parts. The most perfect body is only perfect by virtue of a soul ; can, therefore, the large, the vast, the whole, of which men and things are parts, be destitute of a soul ?" Such are the broad views of psychology which these philosophical ancients took. We accept of their music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and classical lore ; nay, in our profound admiration for the wisdom of antiquity, we sometimes claim that man has retrogressed from their attainments, and mourn that we have no one in our own time as virtuous as Socrates, as philosophical as Plato, or as wise as Pythagoras. But when it comes to questions of philosophy or religion, we brand them with the opprobrious name of " Heathens," and deem their wisdom folly, and their virtue blasphemy ; and yet we have no system equal to theirs, in thus spiritualizing creation, and attributing to infinite spiritual perfection the existence of all things in being, from a dewdrop to a world ! With them the psychology of an all-wise, all-powerful and intelligent spiritual universe, corresponding to our material realm, was the satisfactory and philosophical solvent of life, motion, and intelligence. Compare this with our religious mysticisms, whose venerable dust we dare not disturb for fear we encounter the view of a corrupting skeleton where life ought to be. Our modern religious systems seem very like the dry bones of a past age that need the Ezekiel breath of prophecy in the form of modern Spiritualism to put life into them, and make them an army of living truths.

But, save in the matter of our own special beliefs, the past seems to most men now more like idle fables than parts of one universal religion ; and yet the question in true philosophy arises as to whether it can be possible that this natural world of

ours can exist unvitalized by spirit in every part. I believe, even from the very lowest clods of earth to the suns, stars, and systems about us, that all are full of spiritual life, and all harmonically related to each other by the fine but inevitable action of an eternally active and mutually related psychology. We know that on our own planet the force of the towering mind and mighty soul of man, making all things subject to it, is the viewless spirit within. Surely, then, since man and his planet is not the last or highest form of being—he and his earth must be the subjects of higher spiritual existences than his own soul! We know that soul is the motive power by which mind has risen from barbarism to civilisation. The history of the world and the records of the march of intellect prove to us that arts and sciences do not spontaneously grow up within us. We were not born with them, and only acquire them by painful and experimental struggles of intellect. What prompts us to struggle?—what suggests inquiry or stimulates us to search? We answer vaguely, “God’s inspiration;” but I claim that every living creature is a medium, a medium for the inspiration of some other living creature higher than the recipient, but yet not removed wholly from his sphere of action or sympathy with his nature. As the babe is the subject of the mother or nurse; as the young child learns of his teacher, the schoolboy of the professor and the man of the world;—so the totality of the race is the subject of the spiritual teachers of a higher and better world. And thus the truth of God’s perpetual incarnation becomes manifest, and “the Word is ever made flesh, and dwelling amongst men;” and that not in one form only, but in all. I believe, moreover, that every creature that passes from this earth becomes in his condition, degree and capacity a ministering spirit to the being related in the scale of creation next to himself. Nature in all her moods teaches us this lesson of relation, and every tree becomes a gospel of ministration. Behold the root producing from the tiny germ the miracle of a full-grown tree, with its branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit, and all its growth, being reproduced again a thousandfold in its seed. Shall not the human soul, like the tender plant, not only perfect from a germ the mighty mind, but reproduce its powers and spiritual life from its physical death in its spiritual birth a thousand and a thousandfold? And is it not ever so? Every child that passes from this earth is but a seedling sown in the mould of matter to germinate in a higher and better world. Whether for good or for evil, every soul repeats itself for ever on creation, and re-acts on the sphere of life below itself, whatever its nature may be,—and to the world of departed souls this earth is the next sphere of existence harmonically related to it.

The entire spiritual world, then, is the schoolmaster to this earth, and it is in the act of angelic ministry to this world, that the spirits progress from sphere to sphere, and ascend to higher and yet higher realms of good and use. And these relations and results exist—first, on the basis of the laws of being; next, on the love and sympathy of souls in all spheres of being with each other; and next, on the principles of justice. And besides all this, the love which urges this system of harmonious ministry through all realms of being is the direct influx of the God of all being, who vitalizes the universe, and is in himself all love: and hence the love of soul is the God principle that shall never be quenched so long as souls exist, and God creates them. The love of every creature is God-like and holy; whatsoever love we bestow upon another is, in our feeble way, a representation of Him who loves his every creature; and, therefore, I conceive that the expression of this Godlike and Deific principle can never be quenched, that it finds expression in the universal relationship, influence and sympathy that exist in every realm of being, and manifests itself in that Divine psychology whereby spheres and worlds act and react on one another. Can the grave extinguish love? Oh! never, never! It is the Godlike spark that redeems the darkest of criminal hearts,—it is the lamp of hope that shines in the dungeon of the lowest despair; and if there be no expression for this love beyond the grave, either the soul is quenched in death, or the life eternal is less Godlike and blest than the life temporal, of which Love is the sun.

We never find this dearth of love and sympathy on earth. Surely, then, we might in nature, justice and reason, hope that the love that binds up humanity into kindred ties, family relations, and the sweet associations of affection, must not only be preserved in the immortal soul, but also find appropriate spheres of ministry, and opportunity for devoted and tenderest expression. They pass from mortal sight, the loved and loving ones; but still, invisible as when it dwelt in earthly garments, the loved and loving soul is still the same, and its sphere of affections and ministry may be enlarged, but must subsist in heaven, or heaven is not its rest. It is in this unending ministry of love, then, that we know this earth is the subject of the spirit-world's psychology. Hitherto, science has informed us only of the human frame in its physical proportions. Man has been studied only in his physiological being. We have considered only the atoms, and speculated upon the marvellous machinery of the casket only: but who has searched into the physiology of soul, and learned to comprehend the real spiritual man within? The changing atoms of our outward form are not the real man! And yet we grope in the midst of their phantasmagoric play

to find out the motive powers of being, and leave the grand volume of our souls unread, and the wondrous physiology of our spirits all unstudied!

Why do not our scientists search into this mighty page? Surely our spirits live for ever! and for ever must we carry the signs we have engraven on those spirits in this our earthly career, unless a spiritual science can inform us of the spiritual system, and soul physicians minister to its necessities. Animal instincts guide us far in the care and preservation of our mortal frames, while the hindrances of society and national laws will not permit us to stray very far from the paths of human duty without recall; but where are the instincts to guide us up to heaven? where the code of laws to legislate for eternity? Both are in operation, but all too vaguely known—too vaguely told. Painfully groping our way amongst rival sects, and ever warned off from scientific investigation of our spiritual natures and spiritual surroundings by the spectral finger of mystery, we are invited to spend our lives in the study and care of the body that perishes, and are left wholly destitute of law, guidance, or science for the soul that lives for ever! I have spoken in a former discourse of the perpetual exchange of psychological power that human minds are exercising upon one another. Do you suppose that this subtler influence is less active when the mind is disembodied, and its force is operating from a world of spirits? Believe it not, or rather know, that the soul set free acts with a thousand times more power upon the realm of mind than when it was fettered in the prison-house of matter. Consider the potent tyrannies which human opinions exercise upon us here. How powerful is the psychology of fashion! We imitate the gay butterflies about us because our psychological natures cannot endure to stand alone, opposed to the universal realm of opinion that prevails around us. All this we see, we know, and we can deal with, because we know it. Recognizing the truth, we can even guard against the power of human psychology, but as we know not the existence of spiritual psychology, and its power is exercised upon us all unconsciously,—we can neither guard against, nor aspire to, the power that for evil or for good acts upon us. And yet consider the philosophy, the reason, justice, and naturalness of the psychology of the spiritual world for ever operating upon this natural world! To know the relations subsisting between these worlds is to unlock the great mystery which has perplexed and distracted our minds concerning the subject of incarnation.

Thousands, aye, millions, of lives have been sacrificed upon the altars of superstition merely to defend or repudiate baseless opinions, founded on beliefs which were not established in the minds of the victims, on the mysteries of "incarnation." Men

hoped to make their fellow-creatures by torture and by terror, if by no other means, accept that which they could not themselves explain, while the whole sublime truths of religion have been waiting for the advent of a spiritual science, which alone is sufficient to interpret its mysteries; and so men have gone on uselessly torturing and cruelly destroying each other, and all for the lack of that very knowledge whose study in human and spiritual psychology I am urging upon you this night. The philosophy of spiritual life, cause and ultimation, action and re-action, explains to us the whole mystery of incarnation, inspiration, divine and evil psychology,—the influences of mind upon mind, nation over nation, and spirit upon mortal. The Divine Word through inspiration ever dwelling amongst men, and manifest in their hour of need, as God, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, a Divine and subtle influence proceeding ever from the Infinite, and God, the Great Spirit, over all, through all, and with all.

We may not know in our present rudimental condition of spiritual knowledge how the Great Spirit operates upon us, or through what lengthened chains of mediation his inspiration visits us. We only know it comes—comes in an universal realm of spiritual psychology. Perhaps it comes direct from archangelic beings who act as missionaries from the Most High to us. Perhaps God speaks to us through the warm impulses of human hearts, and human love and kindness. But why not also through the precious ministry of those we have known and loved, who have lived as we have lived, felt, suffered and endured as we have;—dear “dead ones,” who have fainted by the way-side beneath the bitter cross of martyrdom, and who best know how to strengthen the dying martyr, and uphold the fainting feet in the same rough path they trod? Why may not our spirit-friends be still permitted by God’s wisest and most merciful of ordinances to be the same beloved ones to us, though acting through the shining veil too bright for our dull eyes to penetrate? What, if they have passed beyond that flood, whose shining waters yet divide us from them? Can they not act as we do on each other by the ministry of psychology—by the power of mind, and the influence of magnetic *rapport*? Be assured these bright ones are not only permitted to bring us the sweet cup of affection, and the blessed ministry of kindness, but that they repeat again the mastery of mind that all can exercise upon each other, and inspire this earth with their views of those broader grander sciences which they have learned in the higher colleges of another world, and the schools of a vast eternity. It is from those ever-widening vistas of power and knowledge, light and information, that the flow of inventive idea

and brilliant inspiration comes. They are permitted, all of them, to be ministering spirits. They it is who in their totality are the "Word made flesh," and their thoughts as God's ministers are ever incarnate with us. Be assured that spirits of all grades of mind, virtue, and vice, intelligence, and ignorance, minister to earth through that psychology which I call universal inspiration. We talk of inspiration derived from the flowers, the murmuring fountain, the booming of the waves of ocean, the roar of the tempest, the sighing of the summer breeze; we gaze upon the solemn stars, and imagine we can study their shining sculptures by their "inspiration." And in all this we forget there is a mind behind the breeze, the storm, the wave, and flower, and star;—a mind that is ever speaking to us in the low sweet whispers of inspiration—and that mind is intelligence, and inspiration therefore is only the evidence of mind. It was mind that spoke to Newton as his abstracted eye gazed on the falling apple. It was mind that spoke to Galileo, as he turned from the scriptures of the skies to the mystery of falling bodies. It was mind that spoke through inspiration, even to the poor savage of primeval ages, and prompted him to search and investigate the world he had not tried, and of whose resources he was in ignorance.

It was the inspiration of mighty mind that compelled us to track our way across the pathless wastes of ocean, through which no human intelligence alone could guide us. No path was there—no man had laid down the map or charted the ocean depth—and yet onward man must go, for the whispering tones of inspiration said, "There is land there; there are new worlds for discovery— islands for conquest—elemental powers yet to be revealed—a great new hemisphere to be man's subject." We know not who speaks, but we hear, comprehend, obediently follow the voice, and it ever leads onward. That voice is the voice of earth; that mind, the mind that understands the earth. The missionary angels who have charge of earth are souls who grow bright, and good, and glorious, by leading other souls to God, and guiding them through that earth whose thorny paths they have trod, whose sufferings they have experienced. Where now are all the bright and beautiful of ages past—the mighty hosts of souls who have passed the mystic gates, but still live on and move and have their being, with burning hearts of love and minds of richest wisdom? Can they be lost to us and earth, and all they loved and lived and suffered with? Oh, never! We feel the impress of their divine psychology upon us. We know that they must still act out their every talent, and return it back to God with usury. We know that the spirit of impartation compels the poet to make sweet verses for the world—not for himself. We know that the musician is bound by the gift

of his sweet melody to bestow it on his kind. The artist paints for the race—not for himself. The writer is the world's, and not his own. And we know that this necessity of impartation is the voice of God commanding us to give again as we have received. Shall the freed spirit be exempt from this Divine law? Be assured, its continuity is unbroken by death; and hence, the glorious psychology of the spirit-world is upon you, and from thence are derived your inventions, discoveries, geniuses, and ever ascending spirit of progress. The master-minds of old are with you still; your patriots still labour for the land of their mortal birth. Nothing is lost that ever earth possessed. In heaven, the amaranthine blossoms of eternity may unfold; the root is still here in its birthplace, Earth. And yet there is a psychology—dark, baleful and pernicious—affecting man, that may not be overlooked, and as surely wells up from lower spheres as bright inspiration comes down from heaven.

As the bad man loves to tempt his companion to crime, so acts the bad spirit. The conditions of spirit life are still like mortal life, and the psychology of the undeveloped soul is as powerful for evil as the good and true for blessing. Our consolation is that, throughout eternity, progress still goes on; and hence, as the evil spirit can communicate and operate on earth as surely as the good, so, by our psychology for good, we may affect the spheres of darkness below ourselves as surely as those above can influence us. Hence, whilst we shrink back from the idea of unseen tempters luring us on to ill, let us remember that we may be guardian angels to them, and by our psychology elevate those who fain would drag us down. We have before reminded you that no spirit can successfully tempt us to evil, unless there is a magnet within ourselves that sympathizes with him. We may not know it, but as the seeds of all good and all evil are within us, so there are latent crimes and wrongs which may be awakened by some unhappy being who has sinned on earth, and, longing to repeat his earthly crimes, becomes attracted to us from some like tendencies within ourselves. But who shall be the conqueror? The question is, "Is our psychology stronger than his?" He or you must triumph over the other, and the law of psychology obtains between spirit and mortal as between mortals only. When we feel, then, mysterious promptings to do wrong, when the dark fiend of anger is upon us, or malice moves us, or the spirit of destruction is upon us—pause and beware! It is not alone of ourselves that we think or feel; a spirit is about us. We are surrounded by the psychology of another world, and moved upon by a whole spiritual universe.

Not in vain did ancient legends tell us of the "white

and black robed angels" standing on either side of every human soul. Think well of this—that you may be armed alike to aspire to the good and trample down the bad. Here, on this earth, are the foundations of all science laid which belong to us to know. Here, on this earth, is the battle-ground of all life and effort. To study the soul we must commence with animal magnetism, the soul embodied, and its motive powers, until we end with spiritual magnetism and its more subtle action. We must start with learning human psychology and end with the recognition of the same power acting on us from spirit life. If the soul lives it loves. Living and loving, hating and still in being, it must still operate upon us, either from love of the good or love of the bad that moves it. Even so then shall we find that the study of psychology carries us from the sphere of mortal life to that of spirit,—from the knowledge of the psyche within ourselves to the powers that enlarge their sphere of action in eternity. And thus may we realize that which is about us, and in our knowledge grow powerful to control it. The bright vision of the horsemen and chariots of fire guarding earth about were not only meant for the ages past, but still reveal the ministering angels who ever protect us. Angelic beings, who held this world in charge and guarded mankind in days of yore, are still with us; but, above all, nearest to our hearts in this the rudimentary stage of spiritual philosophy, is the understanding that our own beloved dead, our friends, our lovers, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—all are with us still!

What though their forms lie mouldering in the grave?
 What though their great heart-throbs are silent in the grave?
 In heaven they are gathering—the great, the good, the brave;
 And their souls are marching on.

Our patriots and heroes are soldiers of the Lord;
 Our martyrs now are legions in the army of the Lord;
 On to Armageddon with truth's sun-bright sword,
 Their souls are marching on.

Aye, they are marching on, the earth's great dead;
 On, on to glory: hear ye not their tread?
 Loved ones, with angels at the bright host's head,
 For ever are marching on.

Foremost they file where life's ranks of battle form—
 Face with God's angels, where life's squares of battle form;
 They tread in the thunder-cloud and charge in the storm,
 Till they're conquerors, marching on.

On, till the freedom of humanity is won;
 On, till the reign of truth and justice has begun;
 On, till the warfare of earth-life is done,
 And in heaven our souls march on.

Question.—What is the philosophy of spiritual possession?

Answer.—The philosophy of spiritual possession belongs to the subject of which we have been treating. On the last occasion when we met for answering questions, we alluded to this subject and remarked that the possession by any spirit of a human organism, and the subjugation of the will for any length of time can only take place in a subject who is mentally unbalanced or physically diseased. We believe it is not possible for any spirit permanently to possess itself of a human organism, subdue the will, and substitute its own for that of its subject, unless that subject be in the receptive condition of physical or mental weakness which I have indicated. In all cases of possession the operator must be positive, the subject negative; and, to maintain possession, the subject must be in such a highly negative condition as to render reaction difficult or impossible. Even in the most passive medium, or one whose mentality is least individualized, permanent possession cannot be maintained by a spirit unless the subject is in some highly abnormal and unnatural state. For one mind to maintain permanent control of another, is for one spirit to incarnate itself in that form, remove the will, and operate through the body as its own. Such a state is unnatural, abnormal, and a monstrous usurpation and abuse of psychological power on the part of the spirit. And we believe that it can never take place, until the mental and physical condition of the suffering subject is prepared for it. We would urge therefore that investigators should consider carefully, first, the physical condition of the persons said to be possessed, and next their former mental state. As a psychological effect is evidently produced, and the will of a spirit is operating through the subject, it is clear that the cure must be effected in part at least by psychological action; in attempting this, the laws of which we have spoken must be brought to bear, and philosophy requires that the higher psychology of the mind that wills to restore the subject to health and its normal state, shall be stronger than that which has for the time being possessed it. In this connection, animal magnetism as well as psychology must be employed. It is impossible that any human psychologist or powerful magnetizer can fail to operate successfully upon a subject so diseased, provided the magnetism of the operator is strong, and the will for good pure and powerful. A vast number of lunatic asylums are populated with cases of possession, rather than those of physical or even mental disease. In some cases, lack of individuality, or some slight disorganization of the system, has created a condition of receptivity to the psychological power of a bad spirit, and this

state is mistaken for lunacy. The whole subject is included in the philosophy of psychology, and is one requiring a far more elaborate explanation, study and investigation, than our limits will now permit us to enter upon.

Question.—The lady has referred to good and bad beings, or good and bad principles, in her lecture. Does she refer to them logically, or predicate them of individuals? Because, if individuals are continually dominating, good and evil cannot be predicated of them. We can only speak of good and evil logically as they influence others.

Answer.—Pardon me for saying that you fail to comprehend one portion of this discourse, wherein we claim that good and evil may not only be relative but absolute. Whilst we admit the dominance of mind both from the spiritual and the natural worlds over mind, we claim that the mind of the bad, or the undeveloped, or (to use the phrase in most common acceptation) "the evil," cannot operate upon the pure and good without a certain amount of consent within the individual. We have claimed that though latent, perhaps undiscovered within us, the germ of evil is there, or the tempter could not operate upon it. Whilst we believe that we are all, more or less, the subjects of the psychology of others, we do not assume that man is a mere machine, nor forget that the spirit is itself an entity and a psychological power acting upon others, and therefore must have some relative position in the realm of good and evil. We are always changing, growing, perhaps, in one direction, or swerving towards another; but there is always a certain definite amount of good or evil in us which can be swayed so as to yield to the attraction of good or evil, according to our strength of resistance or attraction in either direction. From what we are, and from the point where we stand, we are to be measured, not from the point where another stands.

We know there is a great deal of sophistry abroad about evil being in reality only "undeveloped good;" but when we consider its results, and know that it is whatever is pernicious to mankind or occasions pain and sorrow, and that good, on the contrary, is absolutely its opposite, is that which is valuable to humanity and produces pleasure and happiness, we may venture to style these two different states or motive powers of the mind, "good and evil." It is best to do so. We shall learn better how to cultivate the good and how to avoid the evil, when we understand the terms and what they signify. In the sense of right and wrong, then, each one is developed to a certain point, and, according to that, he is operated upon or impressed by good or evil spirits; but himself at last is the

battle-ground on which the struggle endures, and himself at last decides his own part in the war. We cannot except the war from the human mind itself, nor suppose that bright and dark angels combat thereon independently of the action of our own spirits. Therefore, we refer you once again to the assertion that inspiration acts upon us according to our receptivity to receive the good; and temptation to evil can only operate successfully on a mind predisposed to yield to it.

BLIND TOM.

THE student of Spiritualism, it must be acknowledged, has an aggravating way of discovering traces of his favourite subject in matters which, to ordinary minds, afford neither evidence nor even a remote suggestion of it. A close observance of the intimate connection existing between the seen and the unseen, a certain knowledge of the occasional direct operation of spiritual forces upon the wills and actions of human beings, added to that curious habit of believing as possible in the present what others only think they believe to have been possible in the past, cannot fail to endow every "freak of nature," every new phase of human development, with an extra interest and a deeper significance for him, than for others. To him, the word "inspiration" is not merely a vague term with which to parry the scruples of objecting and puzzled bible-readers, but it is capable of distinct definition in his mind, and thus alone fulfils the conditions necessary for a real and sincere belief in it. He may, or he may not be right in his conclusions, but he is at any rate pursuing his investigations with an extra light, and an extra knowledge, and has a proportionately better chance of attaining to a true comprehension of all he sees and hears. Spiritualism may be a subject which a large portion of society would rather not know anything about, but it is certainly one which is ever rewarding the sincere students of it, with a new aid in their study of almost every other. Although strongly inclined to believe that those who have "found out" Spiritualism (with a different sort of penetration to that with which Mr. Addison and his friends are gifted) will experience an interest in the performances of Blind Tom, and see in them a significance little dreamt of by those who go to see him as they go to see Chang the Giant, or the Christy Minstrels; our desire, in drawing the attention of our readers to this musical prodigy, is rather to enable such of them as have not had an opportunity of witnessing his achievements to form their

own conclusions, than to insist upon any forced application of the principles to which this Magazine is devoted.

The fame of "Blind Tom," who has only recently made his appearance here, had already travelled to this country, and some years ago an article appeared in *All the Year Round*, describing his remarkable powers, and the sensation they have for some time created in America. The story of the way in which this "genius" first became manifest in the blind, illiterate, totally uneducated slave; how, arrested by the sounds of music in his owner's house, he unceremoniously ran into the room from which they proceeded and usurped the seat at the piano; how he then and there reproduced, note for note, the piece that had just been played, laughing and rolling his body in an ecstasy of delight at the newly discovered world of happiness then for the first time opened to him; has now been so frequently related that nearly all who have heard of the existence of Blind Tom will be acquainted with this incident also. But we should not omit to mention an interesting and significant fact related to us by a friend who was one of the first to witness and appreciate Tom's peculiar faculties. This friend tells us that on that occasion, for the first time, a composition of Handel was played to him. Tom immediately sat down and gave a correct reproduction of it, and when he had finished, nodding and rubbing his hands with an expression of more than ordinary satisfaction, he said, "I see him! old man with big wig. Him play first, and *me play after*."

The performances, as presented at the Egyptian and the St. James's Halls consist, first, of a general specimen of Tom's musical proficiency on the piano, as exhibited in his original and dexterous treatment of various well-known melodies and themes from the operas, and his still more marvellous execution, necessarily from memory, of long classical sonatas, or elaborate modern fantasias (by-the-bye we should like to see the musical professor who would attempt to learn by heart Thalberg's variations to "Home Sweet Home" with his eyes shut); after this, the public are invited to test in various ways, the remarkable acuteness of ear, correctness of memory, and power of imitation by which these results have partly been obtained.

Judging from the information afforded us by the intelligent guardian who introduces him to the public, we should say that Tom scarcely derives an idea, or takes cognizance of anything in the outer world, except through the medium of sound. The letters of the alphabet, the names of persons, various articles of furniture, his clothes, his dinner, &c., are all associated in his mind with particular notes, or combinations of notes, of the scale; and not the least remarkable of his powers, is that of singing, in a clear firm tone, any note or interval which may be asked for,

with infallible accuracy, and with a pitch that never alters. Tom's acute ear is not to be puzzled, or led astray by the most discordant combination of sounds. Strike the keys of the piano indiscriminately with the palm of the hand, and without a moment's hesitancy he will give the name of every note thus struck. Ramble over a number of chords in one key, and immediately afterwards demand any tone however foreign to it, and he will sing it with unerring precision. In fact every tone and every shade of tone, is a distinct living reality in Tom's mind, and it is apparently impossible under any circumstances, to make him mistake one for the other.

The sense of touch must be developed to an almost equally extraordinary degree, at any rate as far as his pianoforte performances are concerned. While watching the ease with which his hands sweep across the keys, pounce upon the notes high and low, and faultlessly execute difficult and intricate passages, it is almost impossible to believe in his blindness; and the strangeness of the piano seems to cause no appreciable difference in this facility.

The proficiency with which Tom imitates pieces of music after the first hearing, seems to vary considerably, and to depend more upon his particular condition of mind at the moment, than is altogether convenient in a public entertainment: at times we have heard him give an almost identical reproduction; at others, the success has not been so marked. In all cases he seems to be able to reproduce a general outline of the composition, however intricate it may be, and we fully believe that there is no piece that can be played to him which, after a second or third hearing at least, Tom would not make thoroughly his own. Whenever this part of the performance is announced, and any person from among the audience is invited to take his seat at the piano for the purpose, Tom may be observed to suddenly put his hands to his ears with a comical expression of mingled glee and apprehension. No doubt at times, poor fellow, his keen musical susceptibilities, render this the most trying ordeal of all.

There is something kindly and good natured in Tom's very grotesqueness, and by his simple expression of child-like delight, his eminently phonetic spelling, (which he specially glories in) and his many funny and unmistakably negro antics, he never fails in a very short time to gain the sympathy and favourable opinion of the audience. The sense of drollery decreases, and the sympathy grows in intensity, before the conclusion of any of Tom's entertainments. To see him, when left to wander on in his own way, gradually losing himself in that world of sound, cut off from which he could scarcely be said to exist at all; to watch how, while taking perhaps some well-known melody and weaving a strange garland of variation around it, the thoughts

seem to quicken, and flashes of a newly awakened intelligence change the ordinary vacancy of his features; to note how eagerly he tosses the theme from one supple hand to another, and seems to twist it and mould it from time to time into a shape of new beauty, without destroying its essential form; above all, to realize, as one cannot fail to realize after a time, how thoroughly happy poor half-witted Blind Tom is, and how far, far away his beloved *sounds* have drawn him from the ordinary associations of everyday life;—besides being eminently pathetic, cannot fail to arouse in the mind of the spectator many deep and pregnant considerations.

The startling fact of a blind uneducated slave exhibiting from childhood, under circumstances precluding all possibility of previous culture, powers which others are unable to acquire with all the advantages of study and education, will probably be dismissed by many—after the prevalent fashion of smothering every difficulty with a generality—by the terms “genius,” and “peculiarity of organization.” Admitting these, as far as they go, and recalling the well-known distinction that “talent does what it can, genius does what it must,” we think there are some among our readers who will be inclined to go further, and ask “whence this *must*,” whence the controlling, impelling power, manifesting itself in such various degrees at different times, which first led this child of slavery, untutored, blind, and intellectually deficient, to do at once, and without preparation, what others fail to do after years of labour and study—to seize and reproduce the musical thoughts of the greatest musical composers, to give expression to his own ideas, with an immediate appreciation of the subtlest niceties of tone and harmony, and to perform musical feats, in some of which, at any rate, there is no living professor who would be able to compete with him? And, while leaving each of our readers to answer this question in the mode most consonant to his own views, we repeat our belief that those who have condescended to examine the various phases of psychological phenomena presented to our notice by the study of Spiritualism, will find themselves possessed of an additional material for this, and all similar investigations, which they will be at no loss to apply.

H. A. R.

SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS IN GREAT POEMS.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

POET, prophet, seer, *vates*, are all terms devised to signify the conviction that those so designated were in the exercise of their gift in an exaltation of mind transcending that of the ordinary normal state. It was anciently believed that the gods were in more intimate communion with these men than with common mortals,—that the wind of inspiration swept through all their faculties;—that they were filled with a divine afflatus, which they breathed out to the world in song and music, in poem and prophecy;—that their organism was an instrument whose vibrant silver strings, touched by invisible fingers, produced divine melodies which thrilled and led captive the willing souls of men. Plato, in his Dialogue of *Ion*, says—“The authors of those great poems which we admire, do not attain to excellence through the rules of any art, but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse *in a state of inspiration, and, as it were, possessed by a spirit not their own.* Every poet is excellent in proportion to the extent of his participation in the divine influence, and the degree in which the Muse has descended on them. For they do not compose according to any art which they have acquired, but from the impulse of the divinity within them.”

Men of the highest genius have the most deeply felt the truth of this early faith—have felt that their highest impulses and best achievements were not wholly their own; that it was their privilege to receive and outwork that which came to them from a higher realm of being. Hence, the ancient poets when they would sing worthily of some great theme, invoked the inspiration of Apollo, and of the Muses who—

“Round about Jove’s altar sing.”

Hence, our noble Milton, with a purer and higher faith, invoked the

“Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Zion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa’s brook that flow’d
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st
 What in me is dark,
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men."

And he affirms that his "heroic song," was due to—

"My celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse."

So, too, one who in our own day has been a worthy successor of Milton—Wordsworth, conscious of drawing his inspiration from the spiritual world, thus lifts up the voice of invocation—

"Descend, prophetic spirit, that inspir'st
 The human soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty poets! Upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight."

We still speak of great men as *possessed of genius*, as *inspired*, though we may have lost the faith which gave these words their meaning; but the great poet, musician, painter,—Dante, Mozart, Raphael, were they not in very truth, as Plato says, "inspired," "possessed by a spirit (or genius) not their own?" When boys shouted after Dante in the streets of Florence—"There goes the man who has been in hell!" was it not true? Had he not been in a very hell of strife and pain? Had not his spiritual sight been opened to perceive "A Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise," as in a latter age was that of Swedenborg, who, in his *Heaven and Hell*, and *Memorable Relations*, has described the "things heard and seen" by him with a force, picturesqueness and moral grandeur, scarce inferior to that of the great interpreter of mediæval spiritual life and faith? And Mozart, does not he tell us that the music he composed he first saw like a beautiful picture, and heard the different parts not in succession, as they must be played, but the whole at once; and that that was the delight.* So, too, Raphael, was he not "Clairvoyant in Art?" Did not he see the visions that he painted? Could these or any great men have given us their revelations, if they had not had their apocalypses? Whence their marvellous intuitions—their "genuine insight," and thence foresight, if it were not that to them had been accorded from the world of higher intelligences—

The vision and the faculty divine?

* I have quoted the entire passage from Mozart, in my article on William Blake, spirit-seer and artist. *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. V., page 113.

We talk of the poet's "imagination," as if that were a universal solvent of all the difficulty. But what (if we mean anything by the phrase) do we mean by imagination? What is it, if it be not simply the image-forming and image-reflecting faculty of the mind? "Imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown," says one who possessed this faculty in its highest degree, and was no less philosopher than poet. We know that we can (as in mesmerism and electro-biology) reflect the images in our minds on the imaginations of susceptible persons, so that they will be ready to act them out as their own; this is the action of the higher or positive mind, on the lower or more impressible mind or brain, which for the time is thus operated on by a will other than the subject's own. But are we not all in different degree, thus open to the impress of the spirit world, and if so, is it not reasonable to conclude that the quality of the impressions thence received, will depend largely on the power of the imagination (as above defined) to reflect the images presented to it? We ask, then, whence come those images of immortal beauty which flow through the imagination of the poet, and are a joy for ever? Whence those majestic ravishing harmonies, that fill us with such wondering rapture that they form our highest type of heaven? Whence those deep truths which come to us in hours of meditation and soul-communion? Whence, if not from that causal, typal, thought-world, the source and fount of all beauty, all harmony, and all truth?

This view fully recognizes the varieties and degrees of character; it is only the truly loftiest minds that can perform truly loftiest functions. The instrumental uses we fulfil, and the inspirations we receive, will be in closest correspondence with our faculties and attainments, and with the ends to which we make these subservient.

Perhaps no man of his time had more of this gift of imagination, or more worthily employed it, than Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet-philosopher, our English Plato, as he has been, not inaptly, termed; none have left a deeper, more vivid, impression on the thoughtful mind of his age than he. Carlyle, Sterling, Maurice, Hare, Hazlitt, Lamb, were among the stars in the firmament of poetry and philosophy that revolved around him. He was "guide, philosopher, and friend," to the foremost men—the men who were the teachers of their generation, and who delighted to sit at his feet, and who acknowledged him their master. Great as his reputation deservedly is as a writer, still, it was more in speech, in free friendly converse, or in inspired monologue, to such auditors as those named, that the force of his genius was most fully felt.

His poems are small in bulk, many of them are only frag-

ments, yet, even in these there is evidence that he had felt the joy of

Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power.

The realms "beyond this visible nature, and this common world," and the varied beliefs of ancient and modern times concerning spiritual beings and their relation to men, were with him favourite themes. He delighted to sing of pixies, fairies, demons, and elemental and tutelary spirits. Even for astrology he had a kindly feeling. He translated Schiller's *Death of Wallenstein*, that remarkable mysterious man, whose presence could bring an army into the field, and who was deeply imbued with a belief in the presence and power of spiritual beings, and who even, like the great Napoleon, trusted in his "star." In the following passage from this drama, Coleridge has expanded the text in translating it, and thrown in some of the finest graces of his own fancy. Robert Chambers says, it "may be considered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical:"—

Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the night of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love,
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his house, his birthplace:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion—
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or fiery mountain;
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names:
And to yon starry world they now are gone—
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day,
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

Though these faiths, in their antique form, "live no longer in the faith of reason," Coleridge evidently regarded the yearning of the human soul for a communion beyond that of "this visible nature"—a communion that should satisfy "the stricken heart of love"—a communion of man with natures kindred to his

own, as evidence that these fables were shadows projected from the substance of divine realities. In another poem, Coleridge strongly asseverates his conviction that our mortal life itself is no more than this:—

Believe thou, O, my soul,
Life is a vision, shadowy of truth,
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream.

A few passages, from the poems and poetical fragments Coleridge has left us, setting forth and illustrating his spiritual faith, may serve as fit prelude to the mystic, wild, and solemn music of the *Ancient Mariner*.

In his *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, Coleridge thus invokes the spirit of him, whom Wordsworth calls—"The marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

O Spirit blest!
Whether the Eternal's throne around,
Amidst the blaze of Seraphim,
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn;
Or soaring through the blest domain
Enrapturest Angels with thy strain,—
Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound,
Like thee with fire divine to glow;—
But ah! when rage the waves of woe,
Grant me with firmer breast to meet their hate,
And soar beyond the storm with upright eye elate!

The sixth of his *Sonnets* begins—

It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various powers!

From a "desultory poem," as he terms it, entitled *Religious Musings*, written on the Christmas Eve of 1794, more than one passage illustrating Coleridge's faith as a Spiritualist may be cited. Thus, after referring to the judgments which the French Revolution had just brought on the corrupt church, and at which

The mighty army of foul spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth;

he exclaims—

Return, pure Faith! return, meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart
Self-governed, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favoured good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.

And the poem concludes with the following grand apostrophe:—

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
 With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
 Ebullient with creative Diety!
 And ye of plastic power, that interfused
 Roll through the grosser and material mass
 In organising surge! Holies of God!
 (And what if Monads of the Infinite Mind)
 I haply journeying my immortal course
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir. Till then
 I discipline my young and novice thought
 In ministries of heart-stirring song,
 And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
 Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
 Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
 Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
 As the great Sun, when he his influence
 Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
 Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

The Destiny of Nations: A Vision, is another poem by Coleridge, full of spiritual suggestion and profound philosophy. In this poem he expresses himself with marked emphasis, concerning those scoffing *pseudo*-philosophers, who

Themselves cheat
 With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
 Untenanted creation of its God.

And he puts forward with evident sympathy that philosophy which represents the divine government of the world, as carried on by spiritual agencies—Monads of the Infinite Mind.

As one body seems the aggregate
 Of atoms numberless, each organized;
 So by a strange and dim similitude
 Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
 Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs
 With absolute ubiquity of thought
 (His one eternal self-affirming act!)
 All his involved Monads, that yet seem
 With various province and apt agency
 Each to pursue its own self-centring end.
 Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
 Some roll the genial juices through the oak;
 Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
 And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
 Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
 Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
 No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
 With complex interests, weaving human fates,
 Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
 Evolve the process of eternal good.

As in the passage quoted from the *Death of Wallenstein*, so here, even the legends of spirits, which "thrill" the "uncouth throng," he regards as

Not vain,
 Nor yet without permitted power impressed.

which his genius was so well fitted to illustrate, and which, so far as this fragmentary piece presents it, he, with "gift of genuine insight," has so nobly rendered. From the concluding portion of this poem, I give the following passage:—

" Even so (the exulting Maiden said)
The sainted heralds of good tidings fell,
And thus they witnessed God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud songs of triumph! O, ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed multitude of slaughtered saints
At Heaven's wide-opened portals grateful
Receive some martyr'd patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

Coleridge further expresses and illustrates his sense of the connection between the material and the spiritual worlds in his unfinished poem of *Christabel*, a romantic supernatural tale, filled with imagery wild, weird, and beautiful. The first part of this poem concludes thus—

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood-so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

This poem is said (I know not on what authority) to have been founded on a vision of the poet's. From internal evidence it may well have been so. But there is another fragment by Coleridge of the origin of which he has not left us in any doubt: it is entitled *Kubla Khan*; or, *A Vision in a Dream*. The circumstances of its production is thus related by himself:—

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*:—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀύριον ἄριον ἄρα*: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

From this very remarkable and most musical fragment of a poem of the spiritual origin of which I think there can be little doubt, I present the concluding stanza—

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But Coleridge's most remarkable poem, indeed, one of the most remarkable poems of any age or author, is, unquestionably, *The Ancient Mariner*. To a superficial reader, no doubt, it is simply strange and fantastic; but to those who rightly comprehend it as a spiritual parable, it is, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory full of significance and truth in relation to the history of the inner life of man. Its theme is moral law and responsibility, sin, suffering, atonement, partial restitution, and the earnest of final victory. It illustrates the nature and process of evil, first within the soul, weakening its power, staining its purity, distorting its vision, burdening it with remorse, or hardening it into insensibility; and thence, as from a centre, working discord, antagonism, and suffering, which spread in ever-widening circles of outward environment; for—

Sorrow follows wrong,
As echo follows song.

Throughout the poem we see the interaction and blending of the natural and the spiritual. As we read it, a sea of spiritual wonder and mystery seems to flow around us, as the sea flowed around the spell-bound ship. The story is told in the old English ballad measure, and in language to which an air of antiquity is skilfully given, in admirable harmony with the character of the events related. In rehearsing its leading passages, I shall, in parts, freely avail myself of a skilful exposition of it, which appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*, in 1850, understood to be from the pen of the Rev. George Gilfillan.

An Ancient Mariner, urged ever and anon by an internal agony, to make confession, meeteth three gallants, bidden to a wedding feast; he detaineth one, and begins his tale; the guest, against his will (he is next of kin to the bridegroom) is constrained to hear;—

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.
The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear.

The Ancient Mariner tells how the ship was cheered merrily out of port, and, with favouring breezes, sailed south to the Line, where a storm arose and drove it among the icebergs of the Antarctic Pole. No living thing was seen; solitude, desolation, mist, snow, cold, and "ice mast high" were all around:—

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came!
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!
 And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!
 In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
 It perch'd for vespers nine:
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmer'd the white moonshine.
 "God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus!
 Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross."

In evil hour was this done; it was inhospitable and ungrateful. The mariners in their dreary, desolate condition, had hailed the bird in God's name, "as if it had been a Christian soul;" it had perched on mast or shroud, and had come to their call; it had shared their food and play; it had been to them a bird of good omen; it should have been safe and sacred with them—the memento of their danger, the symbol of their deliverance; still, the killing of a bird was apparently a trivial incident, but it was the perpetration of a wrong; and, therefore, in working out his theme, the poet has purposely made this the turning-point in the downward history of the wrong-doer; it is the seed sown by him, of which he must reap the bitter harvest; it is the beginning of his misery, and of the misery of those who approved his act, and in approving, shared with him its responsibility. All the suffering and remorse, and tragic incidents that follow, spring from this wrong. It "expands into world-wide dimensions, like the tree of the Chaldean king, overshadowing heaven—an upas tree, under which the Mariner droops and suffers, until 'a watcher, an holy one,' comes and cuts it down. But the roots of it remain, and his being is bound up with them in 'bands of iron and brass.' Shoots spring up ever and anon, suddenly, as the gourd of the prophet, but not for cover or shelter. They spring up as at first, only to eclipse the glory and beauty of the universe. Memory waters them, and preserves their fatal freshness. Consciousness gives them a fearful immortality. There is no absolute blotting out of what has been. Our actions are as immortal as our souls. They cling to us, and will cling for ever."

Mrs. Browning tells us:—

The mills of God grind slowly,
 But they grind exceeding small.

And this truth was soon realized by the Ancient Mariner and his shipmates. At first, the crew looked for speedy vengeance to

follow their mate's inhospitable and cruel act, and in their fear, blamed him for exposing them to danger. Danger *was* near; retribution had already begun to take effect, but their presence and process were not immediately visible; and as the good south wind still blew behind, and the fog and mist cleared off, the sailors justified their mate, and so made themselves accomplices in his guilt. Still,

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Suddenly the breeze falls, the sails drop down, the ship is becalmed on the burning Line; no breath stirs, no whisper is heard other than the utterance of their own foreboding fears; right above the mast, the bloody sun looks down on them in blazing wrath from a hot and copper sky; water for drink soon fails them utterly, the ocean around but mocks and maddens them:

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

Every tongue, through utter drought, was withered at the root; the very deep did rot, and slimy things crawled on the slimy sea; while the ship stuck fast,

As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.

It began to be revealed in dreams to some of the mariners that this was not a natural calm, but that a spirit—one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet,—a spirit who

Loved the bird that loved the man,
Who shot him with his bow,

had followed them nine fathoms deep under the ship, and that 'twas "he that plagued us so." And now, what evil looks hath the Ancient Mariner from old and young; fain would they throw the whole guilt on him, in sign whereof they hang about his neck the dead sea-bird he has killed.

So, each throat parched, and glazed each eye, passed a weary time; at length the Ancient Mariner beheld, westward, what seemed at first a little speck, then a mist, and, at its near approach, a ship. There is a flash of joy—

And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

But horror soon succeeds, for at the close of day it nears them fast without a breeze or tide; it passes between them and the setting sun, and straight his face is flecked with bars, as if he peered through a dungeon-grate. It is a skeleton ship—not of this world, nor are its crew: they are but two—Death, and his mate, Life in Death, ghastly, with yellow locks, and skin as white as leprosy. They are playing at dice for the doomed men.

Death wins them all save the Ancient Mariner, and Life in Death has won him.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

As above the eastern bar clomb

The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip,

four times fifty living men, one by one, dropped down dead.
They could not curse the Ancient Mariner with their dying lips,
for they were parched and sealed, but

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

And every soul passed him by, he tells us,

Like the whizz of my cross bow.

The Ancient Mariner in his agony is now alone, with no sweet companionship, no blessed sympathy; alone on a wide, wide sea:

So lonely 'twas that God himself,
Scarce seem'd there to be.

Above, the burning sun; beneath, the red, rotting sea; around,
the rotting deck, and at his feet the bodies of the dead men—

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they.

And, oh! more horrible than all was that curse in their dead eyes, which had never passed away:

Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

This is the climax and crisis of his penance. We have seen the sin and its fearful punishment. It was not by storm or tornado that the albatross was avenged. The winds were still, the sea was calm, the heavens were serene; but the elements in their quiet beauty were ministers of vengeance. The law of

gravity fixed the "idle ship" to the salt sea, and thirst did the rest. All the crew died, save him who was the chief sinner; and on him, as we have seen, fell the heavier punishment.

We are now introduced to the other half of the great theme—the mystery and process of restoration and deliverance. The solitary man, in the agony and crisis of his penance, cut off from companionship and sympathy himself, could feel no sympathy or love for the living things around him—for the creatures of the calm sea which sported about the ship. They were slimy things to him, crawling on a slimy sea, and he turned from them with indifference or loathing. Beautiful nature had no beauty to him; it was coloured with the hues of his own spirit; and the sky and the sea lay like a load on his eye and heart. For seven days and seven nights it was thus with him—a symbolical time, like the "seven times" of the King of Babylon. But as in that sacred narrative, so in this one: "At the end of the days, I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes to heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me." So also the typical man of this poem. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and as he watched the moon and the stars moving majestically up to the sky, their calm beauty fell like dew upon his heart. Turning from heaven to earth, he watched the creatures of the deep as they sported in the clear moonlight—

O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty may declare :
 A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
 And I bless'd them unaware :
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I bless'd them unaware.
 That very moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sunk
 Like lead into the sea.

At this point the downward tendencies are counteracted, and the motion is now upwards. But, as there is a long and painful journey from those abyssmal depths, it is meet that there should be a little rest at the beginning of it. Accordingly, the Holy Mother (Protestant readers will not quarrel with this Catholic symbol in a purely typical poem) "sent the gentle sleep from heaven that slid into my soul." It rained while he slept; and while he slept he drank, and awoke refreshed—

I moved and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

But how is the ship to be navigated from the far off "silent sea" to the home of the mariner? By supernatural agency. The dead bodies are re-animated, not by their own souls, but by a troop of angelic spirits, and rise and work the ship. The

Ancient Mariner himself lent a hand ; the body of his brother's son and he pulled at one rope, as they were wont to do. There was a strange pause in the work at the dawning ; the spirits passed away in melody through the mouths of the dead men.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.
It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon ;
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
Which to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

The lonesome and aggrieved spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship in obedience to the angelic troop. His fellow-spirits are heard by the Ancient Mariner (who has fallen into a swoon) relating, one to the other, the long and heavy penance awarded by the Polar Spirit, who, now satisfied, returns southward. The angelic troop continued to work and steer the ship, and there is deep significance in representing the Ancient Mariner as asleep through the greater part of it. He awakes : the original sin, though it could not be forgotten, lay upon his spirit less heavily than before—it was a reminiscence hallowed by the deep sorrow which had sprung from it ; still, it was indissolubly associated with later evil and suffering, and for *that* further atonement was demanded. The bodies of the dead men were around him—

The dead men stood together.
All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.
The pang, the curse, with which they died
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.
And now this spell was snapt : once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—
Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
 Like a meadow gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

It was the wind of "mine own countree,"

On me alone it blew.

The wind, say, of his spirit-land, which "bloweth where it listeth." And now, "Oh! dream of joy!" the lighthouse-top, the hill, the kirk of his native land, are all in view.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O let me be awake, my God!
 Or let me sleep away.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies they have animated,

And the bay was white with silent light

from their radiant forms. As the Ancient Mariner turned his eyes upon the deck,

Oh, Christ! what saw I there?
 Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And by the holy rood!
 A man all light, a seraph man,
 On every corse there stood.
 This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light;
 This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice: but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

The disembarkation and landing are as highly supernatural as the rest of the voyage. As soon as the pilot-boat, provided by the Ancient Mariner's heavenly conductors to carry him ashore, reaches the ship,

The ship went down like lead.

On landing he is shrived by a holy hermit;—

"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou?"
 Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.
 Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns:
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.
 I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me;
 To him my tale I teach.

And to him that hath ears to hear and heart to understand, the

teaching of this tale will sink deep, and its farewell lesson be borne in his inmost heart:—

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest:
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.
 He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God that loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

So, chanting a prayer-song of love and sympathy for all living things,

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turns from the bridegroom's door.
 He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

If we do not share the increased sadness of the Wedding-Guest, may we participate in his increase of wisdom; and so, like him, profit by the strange companionship of the Ancient Mariner.

Mr. Gilfillan says:—

Read as an allegory, in the light of what we have called the central idea of it, all that were otherwise supernatural and extravagant in the construction and machinery of the *Ancient Mariner* becomes natural and true—true to nature and human life. For is not our life linked to the supernatural and based upon it? We walk in the seen and the known, but are swayed hither and thither by the unseen and the unknown. We talk logically of our human will and reason, our individuality and responsibility: but all our measuring lines are too short to circumscribe or to fathom the boundaries or depths of our little life. We are bound to earth, and controlled physically by physical influences from the most distant stars; and mentally we are weighed downwards by moral and spiritual influences which stretch from the beginning of time—upwards, by counteracting influences from the highest heavens. In such an infinite net-work of good and evil we live, and move, and have our being. We talk of our free-will and self-determination, and forget that true liberty is encircled by necessity, and lies in obedience to laws which stretch into the unbeginning eternity. The poem before us is a commentary on these laws—true *because* supernatural; true to the spirit's history *because* impossible as a narrative of outward life. Mark now briefly the infinite significance in the apparent disproportion between the shooting of the albatross and the retribution that followed. Here we have symbolized the first departure from rectitude—it may be a short step, only a hair's breadth; but it brings the offender within the sphere of influences which weigh from infinite abyssal depths and towards them, from which, by his own power, he can never recover himself. Then how sure and speedy is retribution, though its first approach and progress may hardly be perceived. It did not seem to fall upon the mariner immediately he had killed the hospitable bird. The ship moved on, wafted by favouring breezes; but the avenging spirit was beneath it, and had begun in those southern latitudes the desolation which he consummated in the burning zone. By this we are taught that the evil deed was stamped indelibly on the consciousness of the offender. The natural laws were made the medium of retribution; and, translating this outward incident into the higher symbols of our inner life, we have presented before us a truth which runs through the whole poem—that the moral and spiritual laws are the ordinary medium of moral reward or punishment.

SCEPTICISM MOST COMMONLY AN INCURABLE DISEASE.

WHAT is the reason, people frequently ask, that the present age is so determinedly set against the acceptance of spiritual phenomena, when attested by the most conclusive evidence, by facts that any one may witness? The answer is obvious. For two centuries the bent and course of philosophy has been to root out what is called superstition, and the learned and scientific having accomplished this object to their satisfaction, "Here," they say, "is a set of fools bringing it all back again. Miracles, wonders, popish hocus-pocus."

The feeling is very natural. The work of rescuing the world from superstition was a great and necessary work. The fictitious miracles of the Romish church in the middle ages, got up for the purposes of the basest priestcraft, had completely debauched the public mind, and confounded the landmarks betwixt the true and the false in the phenomena of nature. As education for the most part had not reached the lower, or very deeply the middle, classes, they were at the mercy of the priests, and were taught to receive their sham miracles at the cost of eternal damnation if they rejected them. Ghosts swarmed over the midnight landscape, and ranged in troops through every old building. The true apparitions were, in fact, lost in the concourse of the false; you could not, according to the common saying, see the wood for trees. Prodigies and monsters floated on the tide of ordinary rumour, as thick as locusts on a south wind of the eastern countries. There were warnings and omens in everything, even in the spilling of salt, and seeing a magpie. It was time to attack and root out this distempered condition of the human mind, and the Protestant Reformers set about it lustily. They thought, like John Knox, that the best way to get rid of rooks was to pull down their nests. They went further—they cut down the trees in which the nests were, and thus made it impossible for there to be any more nests there. But the devil is always at the back of the best and ablest reformers, and laughs at their deepest schemes. "Yes," said he, "cut down the belief in everything supernatural and spiritual, and you get rid of me. But as you can't do that, but live in fond fancy that you have done it, I can do much as I please with the world that you thus indoctrinate. Utterly casting out faith in the invisible, your own faith, such as it is, will be left lifeless. It will cease to have any but a conventional hold on mankind, and Protestantism will drift away into sheer infidelity, or will turn back, hungry for spiritual life, to the Romanism you have tried to quench."

The devil very speedily brought up the physical philosophers.

to the aid of the Protestant Reformers, and the result is just what we now see—the prevalence of materialism in the laity, and of rationalism or pinchbeck popery in the churches.

The grand attempt to abolish superstition by the Protestant Reformers, was, in fact, ruined by over-doing it. They did as Christ warned his disciples against doing, they tore up the wheat with the tares. To get rid of superstition, they rooted out the principle of a reasonable faith; thus doing, they perpetrated an outrage upon nature, and nature was sure to take her revenge. She is now shewing the Protestants and the philosophers their error. She is resuming her indestructible rights, and where they have cut down the trees to get rid of the roots of superstition, she is causing others to grow in which the beauty of truth is fully manifested. "Now is my turn," she says; "you have destroyed superstition—my duty is to maintain the laws of life spiritual as well as physical, and to shew the eternal unity of the outer and inner world, which your overturned trees have obscured with their rotting branches. You talk of two worlds—of this life and the next. There is but one world and one life. Earth and heaven, time and eternity are one and indivisible. To use the language of every-day life—IT IS ONE CONCERN.

"All life proceeds out of the inner regions of the universe, and once given can never again cease. This outer world, as we call it, is but the protrusion of life from the great central reservoir of life into the regions of matter. Matter clothes the spirits who live in the worlds of matter, but the spirit in that material envelope is still in the spiritual world, is nowhere else, and can be nowhere else. It lives behind a screen for providential purposes, for a time; but the screen withdrawn, it finds itself in the same spirit world that it has already inhabited without knowing it. Though it has been for a time shut out from the view of the spiritual world, it has not been shut out from its influences. The world of life is ONE CONCERN. You have endeavoured to make it two, and to set up impassable barriers between the visible, and to us in this condition, invisible;—the outer and the inner. By this you have stultified your philosophy, and neutralized the benefits at which you aimed; my business is to restore the balance of existence. To restore the truths, free from superstition. That object at which you aimed, but in which you failed by overdoing it. In your zeal to mount the horse of truth, you have pitched headlong over to the ground on the other side. I now restore the spiritual world to its due place, by the strictly Baconian method of fact and influence. So long as men follow that course, they are safe: so soon as they adopt theory instead of it, and neglect or resist facts, they are lost to truth and all the benefits of truth."

This is the present language of nature, but it is a language most unpalatable to philosophers, because it reverses their indiscriminate decisions, and seems to rob them of their great triumph over superstition. They are gone as far wrong on one side of the highway of truth as their ancestors had done on the other. The past ages were sunk in the superstition of the marvellous—they are sunk in the superstition of the material. They have to learn the true distinction betwixt superstition and natural fact; they have to return to the only source of truth—examination of fact, and they cannot do it. Education—its pride, its formulas, its adopted dogmas, and its horror of the bugbear superstition—will not permit them. Some there may be amongst the sceptics thus produced who may be curable, as there are people afflicted by cataract who may be operated upon successfully; but the multitude of the confirmed sceptics of this age must die out as old men die out, and give place to fresh and more open life. Nature will continue her ever active and irresistible operations, and will lay by the materialistic doctrines of this age, as a stratum in her spiritual geology, and raise over it a layer of new life, new grass, new flowers, new forests of truth, for the sustenance and delectation of her more developed children.

Instead of feeling any resentment, therefore, at the stolid dogmatism, at the sullen hostility of the anti-spiritual press and the sceptical philosophers, let us recollect that they are but a fossilized generation, and that we can no more infuse life into them then we can into the Saurian tribes, or the conchiferous remains of our mountains. Who can feel resentment against an ancient oyster or cockle set in a limestone rock? Let us study them as curiosities, for they are such in a metaphysical point of view; and are capable of not only interesting us in our observation of them, but of teaching us the infinite force of an educational stereotype.

The sceptic with a character of scepticism to maintain, soon argues himself out of the most palpable fact, which is opposed to his theory. Sir David Brewster, as I know from a near relative of mine who sat next to him at Lord Shaftesbury's at dinner, after he had seen the *séances* at Coxe's hotel and at Mr. Rymer's with Mr. Home, and before the press began to gibé at them, expressed his utmost astonishment and conviction of the truth of the phenomena: though he was so nimble afterwards in eating up his words. Neither individual experience of the most positive kind, nor the united testimony of any number of most clear-headed and honourable people, can weigh a straw against a pet theory, especially when the Mumbo-Jumbo of the public laugh is behind it. Kant, compelled by irresistible

evidence, admitted in his works the full authenticity of Swedenborg's seeing the fire in Stockholm when he was at dinner in Gottenburg; his receiving the message from Frederick, so-called the Great, in the spirit world, and giving it to his sister the Queen of Sweden, and other things; and it took him forty years to reason himself out of these convictions, but he did manage it in that time.

I saw, on one occasion, at a Davenport *séance* in Hanover Square Rooms, a gentleman who was elected as one of the two committeemen and binders. Before his election he was very loud in his assertions that it was all humbug. When he got upon the platform he shewed himself the most incapable of committeemen that I ever saw on such occasions. As for tying one of the brothers, he scarcely knew an end of a rope from its middle, and handled it with as much *savoir faire* as a bear would a piece of Brussels lace. His duties were obliged to be done by his colleague; yet this fine fellow, on seeing a hand protruded from the hole in the upper part of the cabinet front, at once declared it a hand of the Davenports, "and no mistake;" he was with all his imbecility clever enough for that! Though the doors were instantly thrown open and the two brothers were found tied as fast as ever; he declared "it was a very clever trick—but certainly a trick; he could not tell how it was done," and here the whole room burst into a roar of laughter, at the idea of such a man wondering that *he* could not find it out. Every time he saw hands appear, though several together—five once, the Davenports only having four—and these hands nearly all of different sizes, and amongst them a woman's arm up to the shoulder—this fine fellow in great delight and with the most laughable pantomime, declared them all to a certainty the hands of the Davenports, he could swear to them! The roars of merriment at the exhibitions made by this poor creature were continuous and extatic. He was invited to enter the cabinet; but though he still pretended it was only a trick, and there was nothing there but the Davenports, not all the calls from the audience for him to go in, could induce him to enter. He kept at a safe distance from the cabinet, evidently believing that, though he said there was nothing but a clever trick there, the devil at least was in it.

Most ludicrous as was the conduct of this poor fellow, it was not worse than that of the English press from the highest to the lowest organs of it. They are every day, and have been so these two years, declaring that Spiritualism is all humbug, and yet none of them dare go near it to see for themselves. A silly story, such as that Mr. Fay, who had been all the time in Europe with the Davenports, had been for some time in America ex-

posing the impositions of the Davenports, was gladly credited by them. The Davenports, they said again, had confessed themselves conjurors. This the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Star* and its "Flaneur"—this the *Athenæum* gravely asserted. Well, there were the Davenports, and there was Mr. Fay in London, to be found almost every evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, and the editors of these journals could go and learn the truth at once at the fountain head. They could say, "Are you the Mr. Fay who is said to be in America at this moment, exposing the tricks of the Davenports? You may think it a silly question, as we see you are here, but as very unwelcome facts have sprung up of late, we don't believe in our own senses, and so are obliged to come and ask you if you believe in yours."

They could have said to the Davenports, "Do you then confess yourselves conjurors? for we are so bent on stating the truth only in our communications to the public, that we spare no pains to ascertain it." They could have done this. Why did they not? They could have asked such questions—why did they not? The answer is to be found in the fact that it is almost impossible to lay down the fallacies of education, especially when their interest lies the other way, and a whole generation, proud of its classical and philosophical accomplishments, to confess itself in error, and to have to begin and learn anew of those whom they have treated as fools and fanatics. This has been the case in every advancing age. The new step has been found too difficult for the limbs grown already old. Jesus Christ could not persuade the Scribes and Pharisees to become as little children, and learn of a carpenter's son, and a dozen of fishermen and tax gatherers, the grand intellectual truths on which the world now prides itself. Galileo and Copernicus, Franklin and Jenner, were in the same position. It is our turn now, and it will be true of the first movers in every future age, who are willing to adopt a new truth just rising above the horizon of the epoch. There are still transatlantic lands in the regions of knowledge which will require all the fortitude of new Columbuses to reach through the scorn and repugnances of the time. There are antipodes yet in the spiritual world that only a Dampier or a Cooke can lead the way to. The world at large could never dream of them, or find them when their existence was demonstrated. There is nothing peculiar in the conditions of Spiritualism, they are the inevitable conditions of a truth's infancy. It will outgrow them, and in the universal honour and acceptance of its manhood will see truth raking some new jewels from the sink of the age's foul ignorance, amid the hootings of the learned stereotypes.

SPIRITUALISM BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, at Nottingham, in Section E. (Geography and Ethnology), Sir Walter Eliot, K.C.B., read a paper, "On a proposed Ethnological Congress at Calcutta." It gives some curious and highly interesting facts concerning a low kind of Pagan Spiritualism which has existed for ages and still prevails among the people of South-Eastern Asia. Such facts throw considerable light on the origin of idolatry, and of heathen superstitions generally. It has been our aim in this Magazine to shew that Spiritualism is interwoven with the whole range of religious belief and practice, from its lowest types to the very highest of which man is capable. It is in the highest degree important and instructive to understand it in all its forms. The corrupt phase of it laid by Sir Walter Eliot, K.C.B., before the British Association, is evidence of how degraded may be a kind of Spiritualism when not penetrated and pervaded by that divine element and force inseparable from its higher manifestations, and which is the life and soul of religion in its purity and truth.

Sir Walter Eliot, in the course of his observations on the population of India, and of the means of instituting comparison between the different sections of it, remarked :—

"The earliest people of whom there is any record are known only by name. *Piaschi*, the received name for a demon or evil spirit, is alluded to by the early southern grammarians as the dialect of an ancient people, which has long disappeared A test for identifying the numerous sections or tribes of aboriginal descent is found in the system of religious belief common to all. They worship the spirits of deceased persons; of their parents or ancestors as beneficent beings;—of men who had been conspicuous in life for crime or misfortune as malevolent influences. This has been called 'Devil Worship' by the missionaries of Southern India and Ceylon, but might more correctly be termed demonolatry, or rather daimonolatry. The spirits of ancestors are the household gods. The evil spirits are worshipped in public in the temples, and obtain the greatest amount of devotion from the fears of their votaries. When the priest consults the *Pey*, or spirit, he makes a blood offering, then works himself into a state of excitement by singing, dancing, and whirling round, till he becomes possessed of the spirit and falls down foaming in a trance. On his recovery he communicates the information he has received. Possession by the *daimon* is not confined to the priests. Persons who have injured others are often possessed by

the spirit of a dead enemy, whom they personate, denying their own identity, and denouncing their own crime.

"The *Pey* of the South is the same as the *Bhuta* and *Dankin* of the North, and there is a treatise by a native of Guzerat, which is a curious collection of stories of demons in that part of India. The superstition is evidently derived from Shamanissar of their Tartar ancestors.

"Connected in some degree with this belief, but possessing features referring to a still earlier superstition, is the worship of the village goddess, the tutelary deity of the township, universal throughout the south of India, and which will probably be found to prevail in the north. An annual or occasional festival is held in her honour to procure fertility to the soil, to secure immunity from small-pox, cholera, or other epidemics, or generally to promote the prosperity of the community. It continues for several days under the direction of the Pariahs and servile classes, who are the officiating priests, during which all caste restrictions cease, and they mix freely with the higher classes, who at other times would be polluted by their approach. The principal feature of the ceremony is the sacrifice of a pampered buffalo bull on the third or fourth day, which had been devoted as a calf, and had been allowed to pasture at will over the whole village lands without molestation. One of the chief officiators is called the *Petraj*, an hereditary office. One part of the ceremony in which he takes a leading part is very remarkable. About the middle of the feast, he selects a young kid, which he mesmerises by repeated passes, and when it becomes motionless and rigid he carries it on the palm of his hand round the crowd, who believe it to be possessed, and then lays it on the ground, still insensible. Next, he himself, or one of his family (for the office is hereditary) is prostrated before the image of the goddess, his hands tied firmly behind his back, and he is worked into a state of violent excitement with songs, dancing, and rapid gyrations. Soon the goddess enters into him, and with eyes rolling, his long hair loose over his shoulders, he falls on the kid like a wild beast, and tears at it with his teeth until he eats into its throat. Covered with blood, a horrid spectacle, he is again presented to the goddess, together with the mangled victim, and his arms are set free.

"The buffalo is sacrificed towards the close of the festival, his head being struck off with one blow by the national weapon, or *korgathe*,—a feat, the successful performance of which enhances the merit of the offering. The carcase is then cut into pieces, and each ryot or cultivator receives a portion to bury in his field.

"The *Petraj* next lifts the head of the buffalo on to his own head, and leads a procession of the whole community, preceded

by drums, tom-toms, and horns, round the boundaries of the village lands, his assistants scattering prepared food called *bhubballi*, on either hand, as they walk along, to propitiate the evil spirits. The whole proceeding is carefully guarded by armed men with drawn swords, to exclude intruders. For if a stranger could succeed in abstracting a bit of the flesh and should carry it off to his own village, the whole merit of the sacrifice would be transferred to it. Instances of this having happened are not unknown, ending in violent contest and bloodshed.

"Great numbers of sheep, goats, and buffaloes are immolated by individuals as voluntary offerings during the ceremony, and their heads piled up in heaps before the temple. The last day is a scene of general license and disorder. The Pariahs and lower castes pelt each other with the half-putrid heads of the victims, which are flung indiscriminately at Brahmins or outcasts, masters, or servants, and the ceremony closes by burying the buffalo's head in front of the temple.

"This rite seems to carry us back to a time when the now oppressed servile classes were the predominant race, and when their conquerors found it politic or advisable, or even necessary to adopt some of the most cherished practices of the vanquished. But it likewise points to a belief more ancient still—to that worship of the powers of nature, which seems to have been the oldest of all superstitions, and which still exists in the Meriah sacrifice to the earth-goddess, practised by the Khonds of Orissa. The striking resemblance between the use made of the buffalo flesh offered to the village goddess and that of the Meriah, or human victim sacrificed to the earth goddess, affords room for inferring that the servile classes adopted that rite, from a still earlier people of the same races as the Khonds. Certain it is that these Meriah sacrificing tribes have not hitherto been identified with any existing race. Their language contains Tamil roots sufficient to stamp it as of Turanian origin, but in all other respects differs greatly from the Tamil type, while their manners and customs, as described by General Campbell, shew little resemblance to those of the servile classes. We know from Ctrseas, whose *Indiana* was written about 400 B. C., that the practice of human sacrifices was then believed to be general throughout India. Now it is a remarkable fact, that when such offerings were interdicted within the British districts of Goomsoor, a few years ago, the Khonds besought General Campbell to permit the sacrifice of a buffalo, with the Meriah rites, lest the earth goddess should strike their fields with sterility."

JOHN PIERPONT.

THIS eminent and venerable man, known—by name, at least—on both sides of the Atlantic, as preacher, orator, poet, scholar, patriot, reformer, and philanthropist, peaceably passed from the scene of his earthly labours to the better life, on Monday, August 27th, at the ripe age of eighty-one. The editor of the *Banner of Light*, in an obituary notice, remarks:—"His career embraced almost every department of action that could give a man confidence, and develope the courage and the strength of manhood that is in him. He was a reformer, a man of ideas, a lover of truth wherever found, impervious to the bugbear of social fear, brave and tender, strong and feminine, tenacious of his opinions, overflowing with charity, and full of a knightly resolution to challenge all comers for the cause of Truth, in whose defence he stood, a genuine poet, and a sincere, healthy, wholeman."

At the commemoration service held at the church where he had been pastor, a large concourse, including George Thompson, Lloyd Garrison, and some of the most eminent citizens of Boston and its vicinity were present. The Rev. Mr. Stetson, who delivered the funeral address, said—"He had known the deceased nearly fifty years; he was a great worker; the leading philanthropist of his age for a whole generation. Neither threats nor persuasion could turn him from his line of duty. When asked by the members of his congregation not to speak upon certain 'exciting topics,' his reply was:—'I will stand in a free pulpit, or none: I will speak the whole truth, or not speak at all!' He was imbued with great kindness of heart, warm and tender sympathies, exalted hopes for the race, and possessed of such an indomitable will that he would willingly be reduced to beggary—be thrown aside, sacrificing everything for reform, or such unpopular truths as met with the approbation of his own conscience. As a strenuous advocate of human rights, and freedom for all races, he had left his mark upon the century."

Becoming a Spiritualist late in life, he proclaimed his faith far and wide, in the same brave spirit in which he did everything else. He *lived* to the last hour of his life. His last public act was to preside over the National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Providence, U. S. A., only a few days before his death. A member of that Convention writes:—"We shall never forget his last words to us at the National Convention. Extending his hand, he said, 'Brother, go on; Christ, our Elder Brother is with you; God, the Father, and His angels are with you! Proclaim the ministry of spirits to earth! It is the chief

blessing of my life ! Do the work of an Evangelist, and, as far as possible, make our faith practical among men.' ”

His first thought in the spirit-world, as his last in this, seems to have been given to the advancement of that knowledge of its verity and power of blissful communion with the beloved of earth which he has now realized. At a gathering of friends in Boston a few days after his mortal decease, his spirit was distinctly seen, taking hold of the arm of an old friend who was present, and who felt the touch, though he did not perceive the presence of the spirit. The lady who had seen the spirit, becoming entranced, the spirit through her, spoke as follows :—

Blessed—thrice blessed—are they who die with a knowledge of the truth.

After a slight pause, the spirit resumed :—

Brothers and Sisters—The problem now is solved with me. And because I live, you shall live also ; for the same Divine Father and Mother that confers immortality upon one soul, bestows the gift upon all. Oh, I am so joyous to-night, that my soul can scarcely give expression to its thoughts through this weak mortal ; and I never realized before how good God is ! I regret I cannot portray to you the transcendent beauty of the vision I saw just before I passed to the spirit-world, as my dear ones stretched out their hands to receive me, saying, “ Your time has arrived—come home with us.” The glories of this new life are beyond description. Language would fail me should I attempt to describe them. Tell those who were in sympathy with me, but not with my belief, that what was then to me a belief, is now a blessed reality. I know that I live, and can return.

Then, addressing the friend, whose arm he had just taken, he said :—

My good brother, go on in the work in which you are engaged, regardless of the derision and scorn of those who do not understand you. Be fearless in the way of right, for Christ our Elder Brother, and God our Father, will ever be with you to bless and sustain you in the noble cause in which you are engaged. Take courage, brother ; persevere resolutely, and it will be well with you.

Wm. E. Channing then assumed control, and said :—

It was thought best that our friend and brother, who so recently passed from the mortal to the immortal life, should take this early opportunity to return, and, as far as possible, give expression to the joy which fills his soul ; but, as he has himself remarked, no language can make you fully understand the joy that fills his soul. After he had realized that he had changed worlds, he said to us :— “ Dear brothers, I am now conscious of the change which has taken place with me. Now take me back to earth, and find me some subject through whom I can communicate with my friends, and thus *prove* true what I have so firmly believed and maintained, namely, that our spirit friends can and do return, identifying themselves to mortals.” Pierpont is now the happiest of souls ; and his cup of joy seems full to running over. He knows now that he has not been misled, nor mistaken in his faith. The same Power that has sustained him for eighty-one years, was sufficient to bear him safely over the River of Death, leading him to a realization of his faith on earth. His soul is filled with love to God and love to all mankind. He pities and forgives those who ridiculed him on account of his belief, and to those who sympathized with him in religious faith, he says, “ Go on in the good work which so interested me, that all may obtain a knowledge of the unseen world ; so that when they come to die, they can pass on as peacefully and calmly as I did.” Oh, my friends, were I to crave any blessing in your behalf, it would be that your entrance to the spirit-world might be like his.

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SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS IN GREAT POEMS.

THE VISION OF SIN. IN MEMORIAM.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

ALFRED TENNYSON is not one of those poets who wake one morning and find themselves famous. His fame has ripened slowly, and, perhaps, has not even yet reached its full maturity. Like Wordsworth,—like all great original poets, he has had to educate his public by presenting them with unfamiliar forms of excellence. Not as a critic, but as a grateful scholar, would I speak of Tennyson, in the hope that possibly a few readers may be induced to study, or to study more carefully, one from whom it has been my privilege to learn so much, and some of whose teachings I shall here endeavour briefly to set forth.

I cannot dwell upon the merits of Tennyson as an artist—upon the richness of tone and colour, the consummate skill, the perfect finish, the tenderness, pathos, simplicity, humour, the lyric sweetness, the variety both of matter and metre, the insight into life, the shrewd observation of manners, and the careful study of nature which his poems exhibit. His portraitures of men and women and his landscape paintings would of themselves form a delightful volume. Nor can I more than allude, in passing, to what would worthily form the subject of a separate paper—his treatment of the social questions of the age. How fine and fierce does his indignation burn against the social lies, the sickly forms, that warp us from the living truth, that err from honest nature's rule. How hopefully and cheerily too in his *Locksley Hall*, does his voice ring out the assurance that whatever of noble and good men have done in the past is but the *earnest* of what they yet shall do:—

I doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

* * * * *

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
 Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
 Through the shadows of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

To give only one illustration of his treatment of a radical social question,—where shall we find “woman’s rights” and the “relation of the sexes” treated with so fine a discrimination, ending in such wise conclusion—one that lays the just basis of a noble life for both men and women, as in the last few pages of *The Princess*?—where the poet brings the question back, as a poet should, to nature : develops the ideal out of the actual woman, and reads out of what she is, on the one hand, what her Creator intended her to be—and, on the other, what she never can nor ought to be.

Not in graceful fancies lacking a substantial human interest, as in *The Kraken*, the *Sea-Fairies*, *The Merman*, *The Mermaid*, and the like “fairy tales of science” with which the poet nourished his youthful muse, could a poet like Tennyson be content to rest ; for, perhaps, no poet ever employed his powers under a deeper sense of the responsibility they entailed. Eminently a meditative poet, he has pondered deeply not only the questions of the age, but also those profounder questions concerning the human soul, which are of permanent and universal interest ; and he has given us the results ; not cast into syllogistic moulds and formal treatises, but shaped in accordance with the laws of imagination and of true art, which, faithfully adhered to, are not less, but more trustworthy than logical formulæ ; for while the first is concerned with the substance of things, the last deals only with the forms of thought and their verbal statement. Whether its medium of expression be colour, form, sound, or human language, all true Art works by law, though it may be in ways too subtle for formal definition. Hence the monstrous fallacy of regarding true poetry as nothing more than light amusing reading. If we would understand a great poem, and truly enjoy the full satisfaction it is capable of imparting, it must be not only read, but carefully studied. The insight which comes through the imaginative faculty—especially co-operating with a mind of quick observation, stored with varied knowledges, and disciplined by reflection and the experiences of life, enables the poet to render worthy service to true philosophy and pure religion ; and by acting on the higher nature of man, to give an ever fresh impulse to the work of human progress. He approaches the consideration of these great themes from other sides, and with different lights, to those of the mere reasoner or ecclesiastic. “It may be the office of the priest to teach upon authority—of the philosopher according to induction—but the

province of the poet is neither to teach by induction nor by authority, but to appeal to those primal intuitions of our being which are eternally and necessarily true."

In considering the appeal to these primal intuitions in the poems of Tennyson, and his spiritual teachings generally, I cannot linger by the way, and must pass by much on which it were well to pause. I cannot, for instance, dwell on the punishment that the selfish isolation and scornful pride of intellect outworks for itself—the lesson that permanent happiness is not to be found in the mere enjoyment of outward things, however varied and beautiful, while we ignore the relations and duties which we owe to God and our fellow-creatures, and the need of that human sympathy which binds us to our kind; as this lesson is set before us in *The Palace of Art*. Nor can I do more than barely allude to what is, perhaps, the most perfect of Tennyson's minor poems of this class—*The Two Voices*. One, the tempting voice of earth and sense, the other, the pleading voice of "The Divinity that stirs within," setting forth the true nature, duty, and destiny of man.

In this paper, I must confine myself to the two poems named at the head of this article—poems so widely differing in subject and treatment, that each may, in a certain sense, be regarded as the complement of the other.

The Vision of Sin is an allegory, of which I think the interpretation is not difficult: I will endeavour to set it forth. The poet

Had a vision when the night was late :
A youth came riding toward a palace gate.
He rode a horse with wings that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.

This winged horse, as in the *Phædrus* of Plato, is the human soul, and his heavy rider the body and its appetites. If we ride toward the gate of sin the tempter is pretty sure to meet us there, and it needs little persuasion to induce us to go within it. So with the typical youth of this poem.

And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise :
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes—
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

The pleasures of appetite have palled upon the sense; and this party of pleasure wait in expectation of the fountain of fresh desire that shall arise when the sense of satiety has passed away.

Then methought I heard a hollow sound,
Gathering up from all the lower ground;

Narrowing in to where they sat assembled
 Low voluptuous music winding trembled,
 Wov'n in circles: They that heard it, sigh'd—
 Panted hand in hand with faces pale;
 Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;
 Till the fountain spouted, showering wide
 Sleet of diamond drift and pearly hail.

Passionate desire has sprung up anew within them under the stimulus applied. And as the music rose and fell, stormed in orbs of song, and

The strong tempestuous treble thrill'd and palpitated,
 the Bacchanals move and wheel in fierce embraces in wild delirium of enjoyment. In this Palace of Sin, the youth of the poem spends his nights and days, not without warnings, which pass by all unheeded:

I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
 Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
 God made unto himself an awful rose of dawn—
 Unheeded.

The ruddy light of morn breaks in on the youth's sinful pleasures, and the days pass over him, bearing their silent testimony and solemn warning in vain. In vain too this other warning:—

Detaching fold by fold,
 From these still heights, and, slowly drawing near,
 A vapour, heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
 Comes floating on for many a month and year—
 Unheeded.

This vapour is the gradual coming on of old age, unnoticed amid the pleasures of youth. It touches the palace gates, and the lines and shapes of youthful beauty are blotted out in its embrace, like a mirage, or a phantom ship. The enchanted palace with its delights fades and disappears. The poet's dream is broken and re-linked. The vision changes; and oh, the change! The gay youth is now seen

A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death.

Slowly he rode across a withered heath (what but a withered and blasted prospect could lay before the old age of a youth so spent?) and alighted at a ruined inn. In the young man the soul was as a horse winged, and would have flown, but of what use were the wings to its heavy rider? He had no high thoughts aspiring heavenward, and so his winged steed must be made a beast of burden—a pack-horse heavily laden with sin. And now the youthful libertine has become not only a lean, gray, gap-toothed man, but a bitter misanthrope, mocking at virtue; a leering, lascivious, wretched, rotting, ruined old reprobate, hating and cursing his fellow-creatures; with no hope—no blessed future. All the enjoyment that remains to him is "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Fill the cup, and fill the can :
 Have a rouse before the morn :
 Every minute dies a man,
 Every minute one is born.

* * * * *
 Chant me now some wicked stave,
 'Till thy drooping courage rise,
 And the glowworm of the grave
 Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

At length the voice with its wicked wit and ribaldry grows faint and dies away. There is a further change in the poet's vision : below the mystic mountain range life and death ply their unceasing work. The aged sinner has passed through death from the life of time to the life of eternity, and stands for judgment.

Then some one spake : " Behold ! it was a crime
 Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time."
 Another said : " The crime of sense became
 The crime of malice, and is equal blame."
 And one : " He had not wholly quenched his power ;
 A little grain of conscience made him sour."
 At last I heard a voice upon the slope
 Cry to the summit, " Is there any hope ?"
 To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
 But in a tongue no man could understand ;
 And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
 God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

O, most miserable man ! O, wretched soul ! thy heavy rider hath kept thee down indeed ! And now Pity can ask only in pleading, doubtful tone—" Is there any hope ?" The answer from the summit of the high land of the Invisible peals forth an answer, but in a tongue that no man can understand, let presumptuous priests babble as they may. Yet, is there not a meaning in the circumstance that the last intelligible word from the slope of that high land is—HOPE ! Oh ! let us cherish that word, and trust, though it may be with trembling, that in God's infinite mercies there will be even for such as he, and for all, means and processes, however long and painful, of final restoration, and all be brought by the loving Shepherd into the divine fold.

Such then is the *Vision of Sin*. It is the story of a crime of sense avenged by sense ;—a dramatic, vivid presentation of the terrible consequences of the misuse of faculties—of a wasted and perverted life. The poet's singing robe is not exactly a surplice ; but this *Vision of Sin* may be regarded as a poet's sermon on the text, " Rejoice, O young man ! in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes ; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*

* There is another *Vision of Sin*, by a very ancient writer, the reader may be interested in comparing it with this of Tennyson's, I give the principal

I gladly pass from the foul life of sin presented in the foregoing Vision—impressive, and alas! needful as its lesson is in this nineteenth Christian century, to the serene and lofty meditations of *In Memoriam*. It is a work unique in literature. Where, indeed, shall we find a poem so deep and catholic in sympathy, of such lofty thought and strong affection,—so purifying, strengthening, and consolatory,—so fitted to touch with healing power the stricken heart of love, and raise the soul from despondency and doubt to fortitude and noble faith, as *In Memoriam*? If we turn to the only poems in our language which can for a moment be named in comparison with it—to the *Lycidas* of Milton, or the *Adonais* of Shelley,—beautiful and musical, affluent in classical allusion, and adorned with choicest flowers of fancy as are these master-pieces of our great poets, how cold and poor and unsatisfactory they seem beside it.

The general character of this poem is so well described by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, in his *Lectures on the Influence of Poetry*, that I cannot convey an idea of it so well as by transcribing the sketch of it he has given:—

“The poem entitled *In Memoriam* is a monument erected by friendship to the memory of a gifted son of the historian Hallam. It is divided into a number of cabinet-like compartments, which, with fine and delicate shades of difference, exhibit the various phases through which the bereaved spirit passes from the first shock of despair,—dull, hopeless misery and rebellion, up to the dawn of hope, acquiescent trust, and even calm happiness again. In the meanwhile, many a question has been solved, which can only suggest itself when suffering forces the soul to front the realities of our mysterious existence; such as: Is there indeed a life to come? And if there is, will it be a conscious life? Shall I know that I am myself? Will there

passages:—“At the window of my house, I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones. I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house, in the twilight in the evening, in the black and dark night: And behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtil of heart. So she caught him and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him—“I have peace-offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning: let us solace ourselves with loves.” . . . With much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. . . . Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.”

be mutual recognition? continuance of attachments? Shall friend meet friend, and brother brother, as friends and brothers? Or, again: How comes it that one so gifted was taken away so early, in the maturity of his powers, just at the moment when they seemed about to become available to mankind? What means all this, and is there not something wrong? Is the law of creation Love indeed?

"By slow degrees, all these doubts, and worse, are answered; not as a philosopher would answer them, nor as a theologian or a metaphysician, but as it is the duty of a poet to reply, by intuitive faculty, in strains in which Imagination predominates over Thought and Memory. And one of the manifold beauties of this exquisite poem, and which is another characteristic of true Poetry, is that, piercing through all the sophistries and over-refinements of speculation, and the lifeless scepticism of science, it falls back upon the grand, primary, simple truths of our humanity; those first principles which underlie all creeds, which belong to our earliest childhood, and on which the wisest and best have rested through all ages: that all is right: that darkness shall be clear: that God and Time are the only interpreters: that Love is king: that the Immortal is in us: that—which is the key note of the whole—

'—all is well, though Faith and Form
Be sundered in the night of fear.'

* * * * *

"To a coarser class of minds, *In Memoriam* appears too melancholy: one long monotone of grief. It is simply one of the most victorious songs that ever poet chanted: with the mysterious undertone, no doubt, of sadness which belongs to all human joy, in front of the mysteries of death and sorrow; but that belongs to *Paradise Regained* as well as to *Paradise Lost*: to every true note, indeed, of human triumph except a Bacchanalian drinking song. And that it should predominate in a monumental record is not particularly unnatural. But readers who never dream of mastering the plan of a work before they pretend to criticize details can scarcely be expected to perceive that the wail passes into a hymn of solemn and peaceful beauty before it closes."

To trace the poet's thought consecutively through all these divisions of the poem would require a more elaborate treatment than can be essayed in a paper like the present. Even under the most careful and accurate analysis, much of the more subtle element, the fine *aroma* of the poet's genius, must unavoidably be lost. All, I think, that can here be usefully attempted is to present a few illustrations of his dealing with those great problems of the soul which specially press in upon it in presence of some

great affliction—the sudden bereavement of one dearest to our hearts—cut down by the grim reaper Death ; not in the harvest time of mortal life, but as spring was ripening into summer, giving glorious promise of golden grain ; as in the instance of him of whom *In Memoriam* is so noble a monument. Not that the poet offers these lays as a final answer to questions which perplex philosophy. He deprecates any such construction of his purpose :—

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.

But there are primary questions which, at some time or other arrest every reflecting mind ; the Whence and How ? the What and the Where of Being ? Life, Death, and the continuity of life beyond, and the sympathy and possible communion between that life and this. Who, capable of reflection, has not thought and felt about these questions ? The mathematical mind may object that the poet cannot solve such problems, that he *proves* nothing ; but at least these questions receive from *In Memoriam* answers clear, intelligible, expressed with inimitable force and beauty, and which many feel meet more fully than any other those demands of our nature in which these inquiries have arisen. In a metaphysical treatise these questions might receive other answers, or the same answers be reached by other methods ; the writer would lay bare the mental processes by which his results were obtained, and challenge scrutiny into their sufficiency. The poet, on the contrary, gives us the product and expression of his spiritual life and intuitive insight, and appeals to the consciousness and the sympathies of our humanity for its verification. He is the Interpreter, revealing man unto himself, and using the shadows of the world without to reveal the substance of the world within :—

He saw through life and death, through good and ill—
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll
Before him lay.

Measurably, at least, has Tennyson approximated to this, which in part describes his ideal conception of the poet ; and hence it is that, in speaking of these things to his fellow-men the viewless arrows of his thoughts are headed and winged with flame. And with this deep spiritual insight, sharpened by sorrow, comes that central peace which no fire can burn, nor flood quench, nor accident destroy, for it is rooted in the deep conviction of Eternal Justice and Immortal Love. How true, and tender, and strong is that trust we see in the stanzas introduc-

tory to this great poem. To the soul that has cast anchor on God how re-assuring is the thought that behind the darkest cloud shines forth the sun of Everlasting Love;—that the divine verity and goodness never deceive;—that God never fails to provide the means of satisfaction for the instincts He has implanted even in His lowest creatures. How, then, can He disappoint the deepest, noblest expectations He has implanted in the soul of him whom He has created “the roof and crown of things?”

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

This is the ground of the poet's anticipation of the life beyond mortality; and next to the direct demonstration of the fact itself, which in our day men are privileged to witness, I know of none better.

In Memoriam is a spiritual biography: it mirrors the successive phases of the poet's feeling on the loss of his friend:—The first mood of sorrow—its gloom robing the universe in its own darkness; a sickening sense of the hollowness of common-place condolences—

Vacant chaff well-meant for grain;
the will struggling with the helplessness and aimlessness of grief.

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;
Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.
Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Like the child in Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, he cannot think of the departed otherwise than as living still. He dwells with fond remembrance on their early communings when life's burden was halved by love. The idea of death is to him less

dreadful than the conception of the possibility of forgetting;
he feels the inestimable worth of human love :—

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Does true, deep love like this end with mortal breath? The
universe were a dark enigma and meaningless, and love itself a
satyr's feeling separate from the belief of immortality.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore;
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

His heart is vexed with subtle, vague suspicions of eternal
severance by immeasurable inferiority :—

A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more.

But yet, there may be, he feels, reunion through loving
discipleship :—

And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will:
And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows.

If Death be unconscious trance, Love, as after sleep, will begin
again :—

And love would last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

And he asks, "How fares it with the happy dead?" When
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept,

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;
And led him through the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.
But I remain'd.

The days have vanished, yet perhaps, the hoarding sense gives
out at times "a little flash, a mystic hint;" and "some dim
touch of earthly things" may surprise the happy spirit ranging
with his peers. He bids his friend—

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O, turn thee round, resolve the doubt,
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

Love shrinks from Pantheism, and demands mutual recognition and separate identity. The doctrine that each is fused and re-merged into the general whole

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

He has no feud with Death for changes wrought on form and face, and the lower life that earth's embrace may breed; these are but the shattered stalks, or ruined chrysalis, of the spirit: transplanted human worth

Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

His quarrel with Death is this—

He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

Were this so in its fullest sense—were all communion with “the dear one dead” cut off during the years that may here remain to us, our lot were indeed hard to bear, for though that communion be resumed when we have passed behind the veil—beyond

The Shadow, cloak'd from head to foot,
That keeps the keys of all the creeds.

Yet it is *now*, when the wound is yet raw, that the balm of his presence and companionship would be most a solace. And is no companionship—no blessed communion with him now possible? Why, then, does the secret heart so intently desire it? Why, even while characterising it as folly, does the sorrowing poet wish:—

Yet that this could be—
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once my friend to thee.

Can this love and sympathy, and strong desire be wasted on the desert air, and meet no response from the soul with whom there is this intimate union? Or is love, “my Lord and King,” so powerless and prostrate in that fairer world that he can make no sign? His intellect may be for a moment clouded, but the poet's heart pierces to the truth, and says to the spirit-friend, “Come, O come!” For a time, and in certain moods, the world's sceptical “No” may overpower the soul's still pleading and earnest invocation, and the sophistries of false philosophy explain away every evidence and manifestation that the spirit may present:—

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain;
Yea, though it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast
 Together in the days behind,
 I might but say, I hear a wind
 Of memory murmuring the past.
 Yea, though it spake and bared to view
 A fact within the coming year;
 And though the months, revolving near,
 Should prove the phantom-warning true,
 They might not seem thy prophecies,
 But spiritual presentiments,
 And such refraction of events
 As often rises ere they rise.

But the truth cannot thus be suppressed or evaded, nor the heart be cheated of its dues. The downward course of scepticism is checked midway :—

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land,
 Where first he walk'd when clasp'd in clay?
 No visual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the Spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
 Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.
 O, therefore from thy sightless range
 With gods in un conjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
 Of tenfold-complicated change.
 Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
 The wish too strong for words to name;
 That in this blindness of the frame
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

Again, and again, does the poet invoke the presence of his spirit-friend :—

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
 And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
 Or underneath the barren bush
 Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;
 Come, wear the form by which I know
 Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
 The hope of unaccomplish'd years
 Be large and lucid round thy brow.
 When summer's hourly-mellowing change
 May breathe with many roses sweet
 Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
 That ripple round the lonely grange;
 Come: not in watches of the night,
 But where the sunbeam broodeth warm
 Come, beauteous in thine after form,
 And like a finer light in light.

And again :—

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
 While I rose up against my doom,
 And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
 To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
 The strong imagination roll
 A sphere of stars about my soul,
 In all her motion one with law ;
 If thou wert with me, and the grave
 Divide us not, be with me now,
 And enter in at breast and brow,
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,
 Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
 And like an inconsiderate boy,
 As in the former flash of joy,
 I slip the thoughts of life and death.

And yet, again :—

Be near me when my light is low,
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
 And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of Being slow.
 Be near me when the sensuous frame
 Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust,
 And Time, a maniac, scattering dust,
 And Life, a Fury, slinging flame.
 Be near me when my faith is dry,
 And men the flies of latter spring,
 That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
 And weave their petty cells and die.
 Be near me when I fade away,
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low dark verge of life
 The twilight of eternal day.

And he records dreams, visions, voices of the beloved one expressing the continued love that watches him from the quiet shore, urging him to action, and encouraging him with the assurance that his spirit can reach up to the friend whose loss he mourns. He re-peruses "the noble letters of the dead."

And all at once it seem'd at last
 His living soul was flashed on mine,
 And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which is, and caught
 The deep pulsations of the world.

So holds he "commerce with the dead," not unmindful of the responsibilities of that dear privilege, and with the misgivings natural to a noble and loving nature that some baseness—some hidden shame may be laid open to the spirit's clearer and sorrowing vision, and so his love be lessened. But this fear is cast out by love,—his love to his friend impels him to trust the higher wisdom and the larger charity of the noble dead.

Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side ?
 Is there no baseness we would hide ?
 No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
 I had such reverence for his blame,
 See with clear eye some hidden shame
 And I be lessen'd in his love.

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
 Shall Love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death:
 The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all.

Whatever may be the physical conditions spirits require for sensible intercourse with men by physical agencies and human media, for all high communion with the wise and good there must be a preparedness in our inner selves; if we invoke the spirits of peace ere we can receive fitting response, we must be at peace with all and with ourselves. The moral conditions—what we may call the law of such communion—cannot be more finely and forcibly expressed than in these well-known lines—

How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits
 They can but listen at the gates
 And hear the household jar within.

With the great truths of the immortal and progressive life—the

Trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day,
 For ever nobler ends;

and of a present communion with them; are presented other related truths of largest import, but which can receive their due consideration only as there is a deep and abiding conviction of those first fundamental truths. The poet, too, shews a clear, strong perception of our spiritual needs, especially of that need of the union of larger and growing knowledge with a spirit of reverence, charity, and enlightened earnest faith, which I feel it no exaggeration to call the great want of our age. He pleads—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster.

So would he have the great word grow:—

Not alone in power,
 And knowledge, but from hour to hour,
 In reverence and in charity.

And while to the full prizing the need and the blessedness of faith, how boldly and well does he rebuke the bigotry and Pharisaism which lifts up holy hands of horror at all and any questioning of its creed, regarding the doubter as a moral leper, and every doubt as of the Devil. He holds a noble sincerity to be the primal virtue—in itself a kind of faith—the one condition indispensable to the attainment of aught worthy of that name. He instances the experience (no uncommon one) of a soul in earnest quest of truth, and its progress through doubt to a stronger faith. To one who tells him doubt is Devil-born, he answers:—

I know not: one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:
 Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.
 He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at length
 To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.
 But in the darkness and the cloud
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

But they greatly err who regard faith in God and things divine as a mere logical deduction, to which you can drive direct through the *Novum Organon* and a course of Paley. It is not the prying intellect that finds out God, but the loving heart that feels Him. It is not along the beaten pathways of controversy, but through the avenue of the affections that the soul approaches God. He comes not within the sweep of our telescopes; but to the simple soul, guileless as a little child, that does the will of God according to its highest light, and seeks to know more only that it may do more and better—Ah, truly! to such God is very nigh; for spiritual nearness is not in local propinquity, but in

approximation to a oneness of feeling and volition, and a community of nature. This is the poet's experience :—

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.

From this faith in God—the Infinite Perfection, the loving Father of all—and from the law of progress which we trace in human affairs and in the constitution of our nature and of the world around us, we acquire and rest our firm trust that the same law manifested through all the immeasurable past will be operant in all the eternal future; and joyfully anticipate the final eduction of good from evil, the

One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

Evil is transitory; good alone is eternal. Intellect confirms the expectation of the heart, and points to the progress that has been as an earnest of that greater progress that is to be. Science and faith with blending voice cry, "Onward!" Through all her processes and promises, which are also prophecies, nature calls to man, "Onward!" yea, a divine voice within the soul itself calls to him through all its hopes and aspirations—"Onward!" The law of progress, like the capacities of the human soul, knows no limit save the Eternal will. Its language is, "On, on for ever!"

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

I have been led to quote from this grand poem more than I intended; but how could I so well set forth its spiritual and sublime teachings in other language? It is a poem that should be not only in the library of every Spiritualist, but in his heart also; and if any words of mine should lead any to read it who have not done so, or any who have, to read it more attentively, my object in this essay will be gained. Combining intellectual subtlety with strength of feeling, it interprets and tempers for us the sweet uses of adversity and sorrow; it illustrates the harmony and correspondence of the outer and the inner worlds; it presents a type of Spiritualism noble and true—a poet's utterance of the instincts and aspirations native to the soul, and of his intuitive perception that these in the Divine order have their proper and corresponding fulfilment. It is a solemn music, inspiring a feeling of holy peace

That gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

Probably others, like myself, have experienced that there are moods of mind and occasions in life when this poem has a special interest—when it enters into the heart, flooding it with sympathy, calming its agitation, and leading us with all our weight of care to fall, with uplifted hands and holy resignation,

Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God.

“Those who have undergone but slight alterations of their present state, remove but slightly, and along the same plane in space; those whose souls are more radically perverted to evil descend into subterraneous dwellings . . . and when a soul has made a marked advance, whether in good or evil, by a firm purpose and constant habit, if so united to virtue as to share in her divinity of nature, then passes that soul from its present dwelling to one altogether blessed, and serenely happy; if surrendered to vice, its abode is conformable to its condition. In life, and in every successive death through the long annals of the soul, like meets like, and the natural results of actions are fixed. No man can ever evade this order, inviolably established by Heaven.”—*Archer Butler's "Lectures on Plato,"* Vol. II., p. 168-169.

N.S.—I.

2 H

THE SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM.

THE following Circular has been received. Mr. Home, we believe, has now entered upon his duties as Secretary to the Society, and all communications regarding it should, accordingly, be addressed to him :—

“Many Spiritualists and friends of Spiritualism, considering that a place in London is greatly needed where they may frequently meet, have resolved to establish a Society under the name of THE SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM, at No. 22, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge. At present, many persons who have been largely gifted with ‘spiritual gifts’ are without the power to make them known for the general good; while it is certain that several distinguished foreigners, thus gifted, have visited and left London without making the acquaintance of a single Spiritualist.

“The Society proposes to meet the difficulties that impede the progress of Spiritualism, by the establishment to which they draw your attention—where subscribers will have the advantage of intercourse with mediums who may either be found, or who visit England from America, France, and other countries; where books and periodical works in various languages may be received and circulated; where occasional lectures shall be given (written papers being sometimes printed, perhaps quarterly, as ‘Transactions’); where a system of useful correspondence may be carried out; where ‘experiences’ may be communicated and recorded; where, in brief, there shall be a rallying point for Spiritualists and their friends for the interchange of information and for consultation; and where ‘sittings,’ under judicious arrangements, shall be regularly held with Mr. Home and other mediums.

“It is proposed to appoint Mr. D. D. Home as resident secretary at the institution. He will act under the guidance and direction of a council and an executive committee, one of whom will act as honorary treasurer.

“We believe that Mr. Home’s mediumship (free of all conflicting influences) may thus be made wider and more practical in its beneficial effects. We believe, also, that other mediums may be thus enabled essentially to elucidate and advance Spiritualism, and that, hence, investigations into the subject may lead to convictions of its truth.

“It will be a leading duty of the executive committee, acting with the council, to make such arrangements as shall secure facilities for healthy, useful, and instructive communion

to those who seek, as well as those who are willing to give, information "concerning Spiritual gifts;" while promoting social intercourse, aiming at loftier and holier objects, checking the spread of materialism, upholding the truths and extending the influence of Christianity, and bringing closer the bonds of peace and love among mankind, inculcating by another power—acting in accordance with Holy Writ, and co-operating with the Christian teacher—duty to God and to neighbour.

"We, therefore, ask you to give effect to our plan, by agreeing to subscribe £5 5s. annually, so long as it shall be satisfactory to you to do so, in order to establish THE SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM. No other responsibility of any kind will be incurred by subscribers. We wish to limit the number of subscribers to one hundred, but we believe that eighty will be sufficient to meet all requirements—such as the rent of rooms, the supply of a library, moderate refreshments at *conversazioni*—and the expenses of the secretary.

"The following gentlemen have consented to act as the council; those who are thus indicated (*) forming the executive committee. It will be observed that several of the members are practical men of business; and, therefore, that a wise superintendence will be exercised over the proceedings of the society. With the council, several ladies of position and influence will be associated:—

"PRESENT LIST OF COUNCIL

"(To which additions will be made).

- " G. BROCKLERANK, Esq., Lombard Street, and Greenwich.
- " Dr. ELLIOTSON, Davies Street, Berkeley Square.
- " Capt. DRAYSON, R.A., Woolwich.
- " Count P. DE GENDRE, 68, Westbourne Terrace.
- " H. G. GIBSON, Esq., 33, Mark Lane, and Mecklenburgh Square.
- " JOHN HAMPDEN GLEDSTANES, Esq., London and Paris.
- " J. M. GULLY, Esq., M.D., Malvern.
- " * S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law, 8, Essex Villas, Kensington.
- " HENRY T. HUMPHREYS, Esq., 1, Clifford's Inn.
- " * H. G. JENCKEN, Esq. (*Honorary Treasurer*) Barrister-at-Law, Kilmorey House, Norwood.
- " ION PERDIGARIS, Esq., Gloucester Terrace, Campden Hill.
- " * H. RUDALL, Esq., 9, Great Tower Street, and the Grove, Camberwell.
- " * H. W. SPRATT, Esq., Walbrook Buildings, and South Villas, Greenwich.
- " * E. C. STERLING, Esq., 104, Sloane Street.
- " The Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Belvedere, Kent.

"22, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge."

PRESENTIMENTS.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* for October contains an article on this subject, which shews a good deal of what, in sporting phrase, is called "hedging." No sooner does a writer for the Press begin to touch any question which has a relation to the spiritual, than his organ of cautiousness seems to be at once stimulated into an almost preternatural activity. He is so circumspect—so careful not to commit himself—not to be confounded with "the quack, who has his nostrum" of spiritual manifestations always at hand, and who wavers between occult science and open knavery" (a phrase of such fine courtesy to those with whom he differs in opinion ought, surely, to earn for the writer a conspicuous place in the next edition of Mr. Disraeli's *Amenities of Literature*;) that the reader is often considerably puzzled to know what he is driving at, and has to follow the advice of Polonius to "by indirection find direction out." But, with many reserves and qualifications, it seems pretty evident that the writer in the *Cornhill* does believe some cases of presentiment to be of supernatural origin; so, at least, pronounces our critical and sceptical contemporary, the *Spectator*. Some two or three instances of this "true presentiment" given by him (one especially, said to be original), are worth reciting. The article, however, suggests the remark, (which applies to the Press generally) that, while our contemporaries are altogether incredulous of anything of this kind that we, or any Spiritualist, may publish, and are especially clamorous if our instances are not fortified with the name of the writer, as well as with the name, date, place, full particulars, and all corroborative testimony; they in their own proper persons when they commit themselves to print on such matters, are remarkably oblivious to all these little considerations. Not that we wish to impugn their accuracy,—there are no doubt reasons which they consider sufficient for withholding these particulars; only it is rather awkward to have *two* canons of criticism, one to apply to your neighbour, the other—quite a contrary one—to be applied to yourself.

To return, however, to our stray sheep—the writer in the *Cornhill*—and his article, an abstract of which we propose to lay before our readers. After a few preliminary observations, he proceeds:—

"We may safely lay it down as a rule that the essence of a true presentiment is that it shall be spontaneous. It must come at a time when you have no reason to look for it, when you are not under the influence of any fear or anxiety from

known causes, when perhaps you have some difficulty in its interpretation. You must not be ill, and think you have a presentiment that you will not recover. You must not be away from home and have a presentiment that some calamity has happened there. You must not know that a friend is in danger, and have a presentiment of his death. You must not have reason to suspect a man, and have a presentiment that he will cheat you. And why? Because in all these instances there is a simple natural cause for fear or uneasiness. In all matters where there is a natural cause we give more weight to it than to another, which may be the real cause, but is beyond the bounds of probability. If a man who suffers from heart disease is found dead on a roadside or in his bed, we at once attribute his death to his complaint, though it may afterwards appear that he was murdered. But if the man was perfectly healthy, and was known to have an implacable enemy, we should be more apt to think of murder. And so it is with presentiments. If they can be accounted for in any natural way, we must hesitate to receive them. Even where a natural solution covers some of the facts, it does not always cover them all, and very often when we have argued away the main points of the story, there is just so much left that we are forced to say, 'whether the presentiment be genuine or not, this is something that no science can explain.' Call them by what name you will—presentiments, coincidences, or anything else, there are many cases which you can settle to a certain point, but no further. Many of these are admitted into the class of presentiments because they are too strange to be explained by natural laws, though they are not really presentiments."

By straining natural possibilities to the utmost, we may, in many cases of presentiment, just barely escape the necessity of attributing them to a spiritual origin. Omitting, however, the instances which the writer in the *Cornhill* considers of ambiguous, perhaps wholly natural, origin; there are, confessedly, a few others which he does not see how to account for in that way, which "seem to answer all our requirements." One of these is the case of Henry IV. of France. "He felt the ghost of the dagger in his breast, long before the murderer Ravillac armed himself with it. Rest fled from him; the thought seized on him in his house, drove him into the open air; the coronation feast of his consort sounded to him like a funeral; he heard, with boding ear, the footsteps that sought him through the streets of Paris." Another instance is—"what seems the most genuine case of a presentiment, an event occurring to Czar Paul four or five days before his assassination. He was riding, and he turned suddenly to his Grand Master of the Horse, saying, 'I felt quite

suffocated—I could not breathe—I felt as if I was going to die. Won't they strangle me?" The incident was related to the Russian general officer, in whose papers it is recorded, the very same evening by the Grand Master himself. It was no doubt natural that a Czar should expect to be strangled, but why should he have had this feeling of suffocation, and why should it have come to him so few days before he was actually strangled?"

A very remarkable instance is related, with the prefatory remark—"What we want to establish a presentiment is something preternatural, an involuntary and unaccountable feeling.

"A good instance of this was communicated to me by a near relation. A young lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, had a nodding acquaintance with an old gentleman living on the same staircase. The old man was a wealthy old bachelor, and had a place in the country, to which he went for a week every Easter. His servants had charge of the place while he was away—an old married couple, who had lived with him for twenty-seven years, and were types of the fine old English domestic. One Easter Tuesday the young lawyer was astonished to find the old gentleman on his Temple staircase, and made some remark about it. The old man asked him into his room, and said he had received a fearful shock. He had gone down, as usual, to his country place, had been received with intense cordiality, had found his dinner cooked to perfection, and everything as it had been from the beginning. When the cloth was removed, his faithful butler put his bottle of port on the table, and made the customary inquiries about master's health, hoped master was not fatigued by the journey, had enjoyed his cutlet, and so on. The old gentleman was left alone, his hand was on the neck of the bottle of port, when it suddenly flashed across his mind—"Here I am, a lonely old man; no one cares for me; there is no one near to help me if anything should happen to me. What if my old servant and his wife have been cheating and robbing me all the time? What if they want to get rid of me, and have poisoned this bottle of wine?" The idea took hold of him so strongly that he could not touch his port. When the man came in again, he said he did not feel well, would have a cup of tea; no, he would have a glass of water and go to bed. In the morning he rang his bell, and no one answered. He got up, found his way downstairs; the house was empty, his two faithful old servants had vanished. And, when he came to look further, he found that his cellar, which ought to have contained two or three thousand pounds worth of wine, was empty, and the bottle they had brought him last night *was* poisoned.

"I have told the story at length because it has not appeared in print before, and because it seems to answer all our requirements. The only place in which you can find a flaw is one which after all does not affect the whole. It is this:—Did the butler, in putting the wine on the table, betray the slightest discomposure? If he did there might be good cause for the suspicions of master being aroused. But if master suspected a servant of twenty-seven years' standing, is it not likely that he would have remarked it openly? A look, a tone, a sign of trepidation or uneasiness, would hardly have suggested such a train of reflections. There is also a remarkable accuracy about the train of reflections which leads one to a preternatural cause. Granting that suspicion was aroused, the solution arrived at was neither the easiest nor the most likely. The singular thing is that the master should have yielded so readily to the impression, and that it should afterwards have proved accurate in the most minute details. Another point in this story is remarkable. It so seldom happens that presentiments of any kind are acted upon that Wallenstein may well deny them the name of warnings. Yet when, as in this case, they have been acted upon, it is shewn that they do not merely predict the inevitable."

Passing by some remaining instances of a less striking kind, we quote the conclusion of the article, as confirming what has been recently said in the *Spiritual Magazine* as to Shakespeare's recognition of the supernatural element in human affairs:—

"If a presentiment warns you of anything, you do not escape it by refusing to listen to the presentiment; on the contrary, you make it inevitable. This, I think, is the moral of the presentiments given us by Shakespeare. In all that he gives us, the warning is neglected and the fate comes. The simplest of them all is Hamlet's, and it is the strongest proof of Shakespeare's belief in them.

Hamlet. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Horatio. Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

"At first we might think Hamlet's feeling was natural. He had detected the king's villany, and he knew his own counter-plot would not long be secret. But it is plain that he suspected nothing in the challenge to fence with Laertes. He never once examined the foils, or measured them, but picked up the first that came to hand, and took the length on trust. Just before,

when Horatio warned him, he had said, "The interim is mine," and he clearly looked forward to having things his own way till the next news from England. Desdemona's presentiment does not bear the same tests. She had no reason to apprehend a violent death, but she had enough to apprehend from Othello's anger. He had struck her, and called her the vilest names. To her assurances of innocence he had answered by taunts when they were alone, and by coldness in public. Coming from a man she loved, these unkindnesses would have the utmost effect on a woman, and would throw her into a deep state of depression. 'A sort of gain-giving' would naturally trouble her, and exclude every chance of real presentiment.

"Undoubtedly the most curious cases in Shakespeare are those of Romeo and Hastings. And what makes them so curious is that any man desirous of overthrowing Shakespeare's belief in presentiments would naturally appeal to them. Hastings has just been dwelling on the smoothness and cheerfulness of Gloster, and inferring from Gloster's openness and sincerity that he is offended with no man there, when Gloster sends him to execution. Romeo has just said—

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

The next moment his servant returns with news of Juliet's death. From these two cases an opponent of presentiments would argue that Shakspeare was on his side. He evidently believed that an unusually joyful mood was the forerunner of disaster. The Scotch consider that a man in very high spirits is on the brink of a calamity, as the servants in *Guy Mannering* said the guager was *fey*. Wordsworth says that when our minds have mounted as far as they can in delight, it sometimes chanceth that, without any apparent cause, they sink equally low in dejection. Shakspeare supports both these theories. Now, if we look a little closer into the matter, we shall find that the presentiments which seem to deceive are even more genuine in reality than those which are most simple and straightforward. Hastings' presentiment was not the favourable view he took of Gloster's mood; though he persuaded himself into thinking that it was. His real presentiments, as we learn afterwards, were unfavourable, but he would not listen to them. He had made up his mind that all must go well, and, in consequence, he neglected every sign that bore against his view, and dwelt too strongly on whatever seemed to support it. Presentiments being involuntary and unaccountable moods of the mind, it is utterly impossible for what you

observe in another man's bearing to inspire you with such a feeling. You may distrust him involuntarily, or not be able to account for your distrust; but, at the best, your feeling is instinctive. And this was not the feeling of Hastings, for he was able to explain his confidence in Gloster. Instead of yielding to impressions, whose source he could not divine, but which were too strong for him, he reasoned himself into other impressions, and found his mistake too late. Romeo's presentiment is of another character, but is even stronger. If he had known the truth he had the best reason to be cheerful. By feigning death, Juliet had freed herself from restraint, and had sent a message to him that he might bear away. How was the presentiment to know that her message would miscarry, that Romeo would hear another account, and act without waiting? Had he but trusted to the presentiment, instead of his own rash judgment, his tragedy would not have had a tragic ending. As it was, the presentiment did all in its power. It warned him of something good, and he refused to believe it. But it was because he refused to believe the good that evil came on him; because he thought himself deceived that he insisted on deceiving himself. You cannot blame your guide for misleading you if you will not follow his guidance.

"Notably enough none of the characters in Shakespeare do follow that guidance. They did not believe in presentiments as their creator did. After all, the question of obedience to such warnings would seem to be decided by considerations quite apart from their genuineness. In the story I have told, the only trial of the old gentleman's faith was a bottle of port, and he made the sacrifice of it. But when a man runs the risk of being ridiculous in the eyes of the world, of seeming a prey to idle fears, of breaking up the senate till another time when Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams, he flinches from the ordeal. And thus, as preachers are always telling us, the world is too much for us. We listen to the supernatural voice so long only as the natural voice is silent. To a great extent this is true; but I hope I have shewn in this paper that we have some justification. We cannot safely be guided by presentiments till we have the means of knowing when they are genuine. And this we cannot know. But we can do something towards knowing it, and by means of that we may steer our course between the dangers of blind subservience and blind mistrust. We can examine our reasons for any feeling, and when we can find no cause, or shadow of a cause, for joy or sorrow, we may conclude that something unseen moves us. Whether we obey it or not is another question."

A FEW STONES FROM THE QUARRY OF TRUTH TOWARDS BUILDING HER TEMPLE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

AMID all the contradictions, difficulties, trivialities, spiritual falsities, and doubts resulting therefrom, attending spiritual enquiries, on casting our eyes over the broad field of Spiritualism, and noting the facts which stand up here and there like islands in an ocean, we perceive, with profound satisfaction, that these facts as developed in various times and places, and occurring to different persons, even in continents and parts of the two hemispheres, widely separated, and in individuals unknown to each other, present a singular identity of character; family features unmistakable, and such as demonstrate their origin in certain fixed and eternal laws. These are the permanent results of a vast and world-wide experience; the rudiments of a science, yet to be perfected, which shall sweep away utterly the old dream-land of metaphysics, and give birth to a living science of psychology, constructed not of abstractions, but of realities accessible to the enquiries of all men. Herein lies the true and indestructible value of Spiritualism. All that is false in it will die off like the fogs from a morning landscape, and leave the landscape clear and beautiful under the full resplendence of the unclouded sun of truth. Whatever is false will perish, because it is false; whatever is true will remain for ever, because it is true.

From this already ascertained knowledge we derive too a guide through the often bewildering labyrinths of spiritual experiment, of eminent consolation. We learn not to trust every communication, but to wait when there is anything dubious, certain that its genuineness or spuriousness will be made manifest by what will come after, sooner or later. Time will try every assertion as with fire; and though it may burn up a number of things and messages which we would fondly have held fast, it will leave us in the residuum, truths of such value as will far outweigh all that has been proved mere (though glittering) dross.

I propose, in this paper, to point out three doctrines of Spiritualism, which, I believe, will end in establishing as many spiritual laws, every one of which will, so soon as it becomes generally acknowledged as such, have a profound influence on human motive and life. The moral responsibilities which these doctrines bring to light are of the most momentous kind; their illustration of the wisdom, and justice, and indestructible continuity of operation in God's law, is most awfully luminous, and throws on the teachings of our Divine Redeemer, "the Way,

the Truth, and the Life," a flood of light which will leave every mortal creature, once instructed in this great code of the universe, without a shadow of an excuse, when the great book of judgment which he carries in his own soul shall lie open, on his entrance into the kingdom of the spirit.

WHAT ARE BOOKS?

Books, according to our notions, are certain thoughts, facts and observations written down and then printed, bound up, and sent forth into the world by an order of middle-men, called Publishers, who, for the most part, flourish exceeding on the vendition of these books, whilst the writers of them, except in very rare instances, do not flourish on their sale: in many cases suffer, and have suffered incredible hardships, poverty and disappointment, from these their productions. For my part, I never see a vast library without feeling a most melancholy sense of all the labour, the sufferings, the persecutions, and the wrongs which have attended the production of those numerous volumes. I seem to see crowds of happy enthusiasts, seated over manuscripts which are irradiated by the loveliest light of hope and joy, gradually changing into a crowd of astonished, depressed, pauperized or broken-hearted men, out of whose decaying forms rise plump apparitions of affluence, fatness, and jollity, which assume the shapes of bibliopoles living in goodly houses and driving about in gay equipages, which have no other foundations than the volumes of these melancholy and disinherited men and women.

Whence comes this continuous condition of things? Spiritualism alone can explain. It is because authors originate the souls of books, and publishers originate their bodies. Those who originate soul will, of necessity, reap their harvest in soul, whether good or evil: those who originate the material portion of books will, of necessity, reap the material harvest. Such are the laws of matter and mind; such only can be the results. In proportion only as authors step out of the mere region of authorship, and assume the cares and mix themselves in the functions of the material concerns of books, will they participate in the material benefits of them. Each world, spiritual and material, will assert its own specific rights, and yield its own specific fruits. That which is spiritual will be spiritual still; that which is earthy will be earthy still. To the end of time, there will be the poor author and fat bookseller.

But what are books? Books are not merely certain blocks or masses of paper, print and binding,—books have a soul as well as a body: but Spiritualism alone has made this clearly manifest, and has made demonstrative not only the calamities but

the responsibilities of authors. Since I have been a Spiritualist, I have found spirits continually reading what I wrote, as I wrote it. They have come, again and again, at our evening *séance*, and, through the indicator, declared for or against what I had done that day. On one occasion, a well-known and beloved spirit came and said that I had described the climate of a certain country too gloomily. I replied, "Every word I have used is based on the best authorities." He answered, "Quite true, but you have given too much of the dark in proportion to the light; therefore, though every word is true in itself, it is false in its proportion; and the general picture is too sombre." I promised to reduce the shadow—and did so. I hoped that that evening my beloved critic would be satisfied. On the contrary, he asserted that I had not yet hit the true balance. I tried a third time, but with no better success. I then said, "As I cannot satisfy you, tell me exactly what I shall say." The words were given, and I printed them, and I am quite sure that the true end was thus obtained.

Lately, when I wrote an article on Bettina von Arnim, the spirit of Bettina, accompanied by that of her friend *Günderode*, presented itself. Bettina said she wished to say something to me. I replied, "Say on." "Let me speak to you in German," she said; "it is more easy to me. I wish you to correct the date of my age as you have given it in your article on me." "But this article," I said, "is still in my desk, unseen by any one." "No matter," she replied; "I have read it, and the date of my age is wrong." "But how can it be wrong?" I said; "for I have followed the best authorities." "No," she said, "you have followed the *Lexicons*, and they are all wrong; my own date only is right." "Then," I said, "you are the most wonderful child that ever lived. For a woman of three-and-thirty to have written those letters to Goethe would have been admirable; but for a girl of thirteen—those dissertations on music and other things—you must have been a wonderful child indeed!"

Günderode—"It is just as you say—she was so."

I corrected the date.

Spirits have continually come and spoken of books lately published here, as having been read by them. "What!" I have said, "have you our books in the spirit-world?" "Certainly—all of them." I expressed my astonishment. They have always replied—"You do not understand yet, amongst you on the earth, the real laws of matter and of spirit. You have your books enveloped or rather deposited in matter. As beings enveloped in matter you could not otherwise read them. But the spirit of the book is spirit. It issues from your spirit, and, therefore, is

and exists in this our spiritual world. It exists to us as a spiritual thing; its matter, so necessary to you, does not exist for us."

"How, then, do books circulate with you?"

"They are all, as they issue into existence, submitted to the judgment of the spirits of just and enlightened men."

"What! you have critics in your world too!"

"Yes, but the antipodes of your critics. Ours, you hear, are the spirits of just men. Noble, true, impartial; having no personal spite, no prejudices, but observing in love, and determining in justice."

"And can all books circulate all over the spiritual world?"

"By no means. Such as receive the approbation of the spiritual judges are promulgated through the higher spheres by the demonstration of God. The rest go, as men go, all to their own places. Their moral qualities decide their location and field of circulation. The great law of spiritual magnetism draws everything to its own."

"What, then," I said, "everything written goes on for ever asserting the good or evil that is in it."

"Exactly so. Thoughts are spiritual realities. Nothing can annihilate, nothing can stop them from their legitimate operation upwards and downwards. They go on in their own specified life power."

"But what an inexpressibly awful idea of moral responsibility you thus give us. If a man writes that which 'dying he would wish to blot,' he cannot do it."

"Certainly not! Spite of himself it will go on operating for evil, and with a rapidity, a fecundity, and a zest which you have no conception of, because you cannot comprehend the nature of spirit and spirit-life. The evil once let loose by a writer can never be recalled; it will go on intensifying the hells, and accelerating in the spirits of the intermediate spheres the tendency thitherward. But let it be understood that the action of good spiritual labour in books is equally operative upwards: for, born as we are all on the earths, we love to drink still of their spiritual fountains—to combine our sentiment with the sentiment of those whom we love there. The ocean of life spreads through all worlds, and there is flux and reflux between them. Therefore, the noble writings of men gladden the bosoms of angels, and hence it is said, 'They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'"—Daniel xii. 3.

Let us now reflect on the ideas here communicated, and we shall see how truly philosophical they are. How exactly this must be the case according to the laws of spirit and matter. Thought and the material vehicles of thought are as essentially

separate things, as are our souls and bodies. Each substance must confine itself to its own world. Matter will serve us in its vehicular quality, whilst we are in matter; but what is born of the spirit is spirit, and exists and goes on operating in the world of spirit according to its essence, good working good, evil working evil. Let this grand truth once be here established as a truth, and the revolution in moral action must be enormous, or the guilt of guilt be enormously augmented. What writer or what individual in conversation or life, once thoroughly understanding this great principle of the universe, this great law of God, would willingly incur the tremendous responsibilities attached to its abuse?

THE LAW OF SUICIDE.

Swedenborg tells us that suicides are still, by a link which nature has not yet broken, but which they themselves have broken as far as in them lies, chained to their bodies, and drag them about with them in the spiritual world. This is not to be understood of the gross and complete body, which is decomposing in the grave, but of some material, though to us invisible, portion of it, which the unthwarted operation of nature, would in due time have left behind.

All the spirits which have come to us have asserted much the same thing in other words. They have stated that suicides in the spirit-world are treated there as deserters from this world and intruders into that. That, having taken the management of their lives out of the hands of God, into their own—having substituted their own arbitrary will for His will expressed in the conditions and limitations of what we call nature—God leaves them to their own assumed action, and withdraws the action of His providence over them till the natural period of their earthly existence has expired. They are not where He placed them, and where the operations of His providence regarding them lie. They are where they have no business to be, according to the laws and designs of the owner of and ruler of the universe; and must suffer the inconveniences of the situation which they themselves have created. They are in the condition of persons who have quitted the spot where they may be wanted; and have put themselves in a position where they may be very much in the way of the persons and the machinery which are legitimately at work there. They have violated the order of God's regimen of the world, and, so far as they have been able, have thrown it into confusion. They must, therefore, submit to the knocks and jostles, and pushings here and there, which their out-of-place place may inflict upon them.

They complain that they do not enjoy a full and perfect life.

No, certainly, they have not waited to come to the perfect birth into the spiritual world. They are untimely children there—abortions, unperfected, unripened. They have anticipated the genuine offices of sacred and all-beneficent nature, only to fall behind into the limbo of crudities and monstrosities. Such is the law of suicides; but like all God's laws, it has its modifications, according to the circumstances under which the breach of the law has been perpetrated. The lower and narrower organization of the individual, of course, reduces to a certain degree the moral responsibility: the amount of distressing circumstances which have depressed, rendered desperate and even insane, the sufferer, are all weighed in the account of the Great Judge, who will assuredly do right. The prayers of friends are also represented as availing much for the amelioration of the doom and condition of the suicide. Love is the law of God and of the higher spirit-world, and, therefore, the prayers of love are operative on behalf of the unhappy suicide.

Yet, under the most ameliorated condition of the self-murderer, the spirits represent his fate as most melancholy. "Oh! sad, sad! and terrible," they have often said, "is the condition of those who break the wholesome limits of nature, and rush unbidden into the presence of God!"

Soon after I had written the article on G nderode at Heidelberg, last autumn, G nderode herself came. Some of our dear invisible friends said, "Here is G nderode."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, "tell me how she looks. She was a lovely young creature on earth, and must, I imagine, have advanced into pre-eminent beauty and knowledge." "On the contrary," said our spirit friends, "there is not a trace of beauty about her. She appears poor, destitute and miserable." She herself confirmed this. Instead of having progressed, as I supposed, into the higher regions of knowledge, intellect and felicity, she said the fate of the suicide had been hers. She had remained, as it were, an outcast from the homes and sympathies of those who had been duly called to the inner life. Instead of the growth of intellectual wealth, she was suffering atrophy and penury of soul. She had been in a semi-state of existence—a sort of death in life, conscious of suffering, but unable to rise or escape out of it. "But when I heard," she said, "that you had written a kind paper on my mortal life and fate, I felt it was the first stirring of the love of God towards me. I thank you fervently for your sympathy. Pray for me, for I now awake to hope; loving spirits are around me; now a new life begins."

As G nderode destroyed herself in 1806, at the age of twenty-six, she would in 1865 have been eighty-three, which we may suppose was the natural term of her earthly life.

"But how happens it," I said, "that you have not been amongst your own friends and relatives." "Ah!" she replied, "that is another of the calamities of suicide. It takes you out of the sphere of the friends gone before; and as for those left behind, new ties weave themselves gradually over the vacant space that your lawless departure has left. You become, as it were, superseded by new loves and connections; you become an alien, thrown out of your own proper standing in the works of life, and forgotten. It is not so with those who are called early away by the great King of Life and Love. Love streams up after them; and they are not, like the suicide, lost in a dreary and icy dormancy of wretchedness, but are allowed ever to hover around their beloved ones still in the flesh, and keep alive between them all that affection which is the sweetest element of the life of heaven.

Here again, let this law of suicides become a recognized fact in the spiritual knowledge of mankind, and what an influence must it exert in deterring unhappy people from the grand mistake of suicide. Let them but understand that in endeavouring to escape from temporary, though often no doubt overwhelming, evils here, they rush to others that they can no longer be said "to know not of," but to a certainty of still greater ones. That they do not escape from "the appointed time upon earth," except by plunging into a worse state for that appointed time. That "God is not mocked;" he will still maintain his supremacy, and compel them to serve for their allotted time. That they only perpetrate a cruel mockery on themselves, only enter on a defective, dilapidated, abortional existence, conscious of suffering but incapable of flying any further from it; and if the conscious certainty of retribution can have any weight it must have it here. By having placed in a clear point of view the fearful hereafter of the suicide, Spiritualism will have rendered a great benefit to mankind.

THE STATE OF DARKNESS AND ISOLATION AFTER DEATH.

Those who have been accustomed to spiritual *séances* are only too familiar with the numbers of spirits who come to them, complaining of their living in a state of constant darkness and isolation from other beings. Perhaps the condition of an old man whom I well knew, may explain that of many of these. His spirit, presenting itself at a *séance*, said that he had been for a considerable time after his arrival in the spirit world, blind. This was startling news, as he had in this life the perfect use of his eyes; but he explained it in this manner. Although on earth he led a regular and even nominally religious life, it was one only of religious formalism and real deadness. He had

never really exercised his spiritual senses, and on entering the spiritual world he was blinded by the light of it, and it was long before he recovered his sight. He was, too, at first, very deaf, though not deaf here, from similar causes.

Numbers of spirits complain of being in the dark, and where all is desert and lonely. We have known one spirit which carried its insanity with it into the inner world and was only cured there by spiritual remedies. These circumstances tend to shew that our diseases and impurities are all really in the spirit, and only manifest themselves in the body as a consequence, the body being the organ of the soul. A new light, if this be true, is thrown by Spiritualism on the nature of disease.

But the greater portion of those living in darkness and isolation in the other world, confess that it is the natural consequence of their being destitute of spiritual light in this life. "The light of the body is the eye," said our Saviour, "but if that light be darkness, how great is that darkness." Here, then, we come upon a grand truth which makes these words of Christ most significant. If we do not cultivate spiritual light in this life, on arriving in a world purely and only spirit, we have no light at all. And as regards the dreary isolation of which such spirits complain, how perfectly philosophical is the sequence, that if we have lived here only for ourselves, in the state of retribution we shall find ourselves alone. If self has been our total love and object, it must of necessity be everything where only what is real exists. This is again the identical philosophy of Christ: "The measure that you mete to others shall be meted to you again." These are grand truths of a religion which has hitherto been treated as a religion of sentiment and poetry, rather than of strict and essential fact. This is the philosophy of a religion which still remains "a light shining in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." It is a philosophy which says, such as we make ourselves here such we shall find ourselves there. If we do not love God with all our hearts and souls, and strengths, but as an empty form and phrase, we shall find Him there but an empty phantom to us. We shall not "see God," nor feel Him. If we do not love our neighbour as ourselves we shall have no neighbours, or only such as the priest and the Pharisee were in the parable of the Good Samaritan. God is good and bountiful, and will give us what we love, if it be only ourselves! If we love nothing else, he will give us nothing else. Such is the law of life, of spiritual reality and of recompense. What we sow we shall reap, and nothing else.

In the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 247, in the experiences of Hornung, will be found an article on the condition of Voltaire,

as communicated to Mrs. Sweet, the wife of Dr. Sweet of New York. "In this most eloquent paper, Voltaire depicts the darkness and silence in which he found himself on awaking in the spiritual world; a darkness more than Egyptian; a silence unbroken by the presence of a single living soul. Here he remained till he was completely emptied of himself, and inspired with a most vehement desire for human sympathy. This desire grew to a frenzy that in the earthly condition must have become madness, and he found himself calling humbly and impetuously on God to give him light, and the inexpressible solace of the communion of other souls."

In the second article on Hornung, p. 246, we find the spirit of an old lady, who had been well known as a very clever but wicked woman in Vienna. This spirit spoke in the most eloquent and wise manner. "Be assured," she said, "that there is another and a spiritual world, where there is recompence. Punishment and forgiveness, despair and felicity, eternal joy and terrible torment,—who shall now doubt of these things, when the dead themselves come back to proclaim them? Comfort inexpressible; balsamic assuagement of your anguish, joyous hope springing up in the depth of your misfortunes. These are the rewards of the faithful and the good, and yet you do not believe." Yet this wise spirit had not escaped out of her darkness. In it she said she was disciplining for the light, and thanked God for it. That she said was her "life, her hope, her inspiration."

In a vision by Emma Hardinge given in the *Spiritual Times*, of April 14th, of this year, we have a most eloquent and impressive description of her visit in spirit trance to the region inhabited by the soul of an English nobleman whom she had known in her youth. He was a man who had lived exclusively for self and self-indulgence; and she found his abode in a city of great towers, and magnificent abodes furnished with every environment of luxury and splendour; but all was dark and utterly solitary. She asked if she were alone, and was answered, "No, myriads are around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others or you. It is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self-love, that the eye shall behold naught but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth-life to obtain this state; here they reap the harvest they have sown."

Pause here, and compare this system of strict results from actual causes, this system of self-punishment, and God's overruling work of retribution and restoration in it, with that of the eternal fire system, which has so signally failed to deter mankind from selfishness and crime. We cannot believe in a God of love who puts helpless, shrinking creatures, though fallen and faulty, into eternal fire. It is a contradiction so utterly opposed

to reason, that reason sets it aside as the lumber of the dark ages. It is a system founded on gross misunderstanding of the words of our Saviour. If we abhor Moloch who only passed children *through* the fire to him, how can we love a God who keeps countless millions in fire for ever? The result of such revolting dogmas are before the world in universal profligacy, universal selfishness, and denial of the gospel, thus mischievously misinterpreted. But here we have a system taught by the spirits not to supersede, but to explain Christianity, which makes that which we sow, spring up and grow, whether corn, or weed, whether fruit or poison-berry, whether palm-tree or bramble; and through all the hand of God laying down the guiding clue which leads to retribution and restoration.

But what a system of awful retribution, notwithstanding! What tremendous responsibilities! Some of them, perhaps, not to be escaped from for ages! The writer, or the speaker, or the doer, setting afloat spiritual agencies for good or evil, that will go on for ever raising or ruining all that they can enter into and possess in their onward career of vibration. And no stopping, no turning aside, no recalling them! The suicide, leaping from the rugged path of earth into the regions of desolate abandonment, of helpless remorse, and the shivering, half-awake chill of a mangled existence. The selfish and the sensual, living in dolorous darkness and absence of social communion and sympathy. No glance of a bright eye falling on them in the light of heaven's day; no sweet accent of love reaching the hungry ear! All blank, deathly, and heart-devouring emptiness and silence. And in all this the consciousness that nothing else can exist for us, because we have sown nothing else, have cultivated nothing else; but have let the very faculties which can reach and lay hold on whatever is good, and genuine, and noble, die out of us from disuse. So to live till it shall please God, in answer to our earnest, our long and agonizing prayers, to re-create the germs of these divine qualities in us. To touch them with the spirit of life; to warm them with the sun of love; to water them from the fountains of that divine sympathy which brought down God's compassion to our lost and rebel race.

Well, here we have principles of a theology which is at once in accordance with Christianity in its offers of life to all—in accordance with nature and with reason. We are shewn that as free agents we are the architects of our own fortunes in the other world as in this. God's help is proffered us, and all the benefits and heritages of prayer. If we ask this we shall have it; if we do not ask it, but go on in our own will, we shall find that the spirit of the will has shaped the future as well as the present for us. We shall exactly have what we have given our

affections to : and that out of this self-created condition, we can only come by a veritable new birth, and by a process counter to that by which we have entered into it. All is law and growth, made genial or ungenial, happy or unhappy, loveable or odious, by the sun of love, or the raw atmosphere of mere worldism, whose light, like that of the moon, has no heat in it. In this intelligible system of divinity, however, the aid of the all-loving Ruler of the Universe is ever invocable. There is no shutting out for ever ; no everlasting burnings ; no day of grace entirely over : for its Author and Founder is the same who came to seek and save that which was lost ; who bade us poor evil creatures forgive not seven times but seventy times seven, and who is infinitely more placable than we are ; the same who went and preached to the spirits in the prisons of eternity ; thus demonstrating to us that he is pursuing his work beyond the grave, and is resolved to restore all things.

CRYSTAL-SEEING IN LANCASHIRE.

VISITING lately friends in the county of G——, I met at their house Mr. P——, a man of high scientific attainments, and master of the Free School in the neighbouring village. In the course of conversation we discovered that this gentleman was an earnest enquirer into the phenomena of Spiritualism ; having first been led to feel an interest in the subject from his knowledge of “ crystal-seeing.”

Mr. P—— kindly furnished me with the following curious particulars connected with the occult powers possessed by the lower classes in busy Lancashire, where, as in the “ Castle of Indolence,”

“ One great amusement of *their* household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy.”

Mr. P—— was born in Manchester, of parents in humble circumstances, and in Manchester and its neighbourhood his childhood and youth were spent. The first thing which awoke his curiosity regarding crystal-seeing occurred when he was about seven or eight years old. One of their neighbours went to enquire after the well-being of her son, from a seeress in Copper Street : the young man enquired after, was a soldier, and stationed at a distant place. The seeress said, that she in her crystal beheld the young man standing in a line of soldiers. Upon this she handed the crystal to the enquiring mother, who, greatly astonished, also quite clearly perceived her son, and

observed that he came forth from the line and stood in front, apparently as if to observe her. The mother's surprise was naturally great, and upon subsequent enquiry from the young soldier, it appeared that he had at that particular moment acted precisely as witnessed in the crystal. This circumstance was much talked about amongst the neighbours, and was frequently referred to by Mr. P——'s mother.

A man named Clegg, who was well known as a Methodist preacher, travelled as a canvasser for a clockmaker; indeed, both he and Mr. P——'s father travelled for the same tradesmen. Thus the two wives, Mrs. Clegg and Mrs. P——, were acquainted, and often met. Next door to Clegg's wife lived a woman who possessed the gift of crystal-seeing; she and Mrs. Clegg were upon terms of intimacy. One day the seeress said, "Let us see what your husband is doing!" She then looked into her crystal, and described "a road and a gate near a bridge, and the whole landscape, also Clegg standing beside the gate." All of which trifling details proved upon subsequent enquiry from Clegg to have been entirely correct, and filled the minds of these simple people with great wonder. Clegg distinctly remembered having stood beside this gate, which was close to a canal bridge at Staleybridge. This circumstance was also much talked about.

In after years, when Mr. P——, grown into a young man, was master of a large national school at D——, near to Manchester, he discovered that the sexton there, and his son, were crystal-seers. Gradually Mr. P—— convinced the sexton of his interest in his occult gift, but not without considerable difficulty, since it was a hard matter to persuade him that any *schoolmaster* could possibly believe in the magical powers of a crystal! One day, however, in all secrecy and solemnity, Mr. P. was summoned by the sexton up into the ringing-room, where he was presented with a crystal, as a gift, and with a small book, as a loan. The book contained the names of the spirits presiding over the different days of the week and influencing the crystal—as, for instance, Mercury over Wednesday, Venus over Friday, &c. Upon this occasion, the sexton exhibited none of his seership, but Mr. P—— himself speedily developing the gift, the two subsequently were accustomed to make use of the crystal together; the sexton "working the crystal"—as it was technically called—that is to say, calling upon the presiding spirit of the day according to the prescribed formula, and directing the class of vision to be sought for in the crystal, whilst Mr. P—— would be passive, gaze into the crystal in as abstracted a condition of mind as possible, and relate what passed before him—one, in fact, being the mesmerizer and the other the mesmeree. This mode of "working" the crystal

appears to be general throughout Lancashire, and Mr. P—— observed that he could always see more clearly in the crystal when under the control of a powerful “worker” than if he exercised his seership alone. He, in his turn, possessed the power of “working” the crystal for other seers. Mr. P—— observed with regard to his own gift as a seer, that it had never been developed to its fullest extent; that his visions remained always more or less dim or uncertain, but that during the series of years in which he was accustomed to use his crystal frequently, the crystal appeared constantly full of visions, in fact was never free from them. The “crystals” used in Lancashire are made of glass, about the size of a hen’s egg, convenient in size and form for holding in the palm of the hand. The usual mode of using the “crystal” is to hold it between the thumb and finger very near to one eye, and look through it, with that eye, whilst the other one is shut. The objects present themselves almost immediately in the glass egg, if the person using it be a seer. Mr. P—— bought a second “crystal,” at a shop in Manchester, out of a large basket nearly filled with similar glass eggs. These “crystals” are frequently exhibited for sale in Manchester in quantities, a proof that there must be a large demand for this magical commodity.

Mr. P—— remarked, that frequent as were his *stances* with his friend the sexton, their manifestations never rose above the plane of earthly clairvoyance. It is a very common pastime during the long winter nights for those who possess the gift of “seeing” to select certain of their absent friends, whom for the amusement of themselves and others present, they will watch—frequently for hours together—and many is the joke, and hearty the laughter on the morrow, when the seers and their unsuspecting acquaintance meet, and they are told what they were doing and where they were the night before. As a rule, however, the gift of seership is kept a secret from the uninitiated, or at all events amongst the people themselves, on account of the great fear in which they stand of the “police.” When a person joins the fraternity of seers then he first discovers how wide-spread is the gift, and how great the multitude of those who “peep and mutter.” There are numerous professional seers and seeresses, and these modern “Lancashire witches” and wizards are most frequently consulted by the wealthy classes. Mr. P—— believes that the crystal-seers in Lancashire may be counted by many hundreds. Years ago, in Stockport alone, he knew of three hundred. Nor does Mr. P—— incline to believe that this gift is peculiar to Lancashire alone; he imagines on the contrary that it will be found spread more or less throughout England.

The sexton took Mr. P—— to see a seeress named Martha,

who resided in the neighbourhood, the object being that Mr. P—— should make the acquaintance of this woman. She was an extraordinarily good seeress, and had a son of eleven or twelve, who worked in a brick-field, and was as good a seer as his mother. Mr. P—— used occasionally to visit this woman; she was a good-natured woman, ordinarily good looking, and very ignorant. Occasionally she would not be able to see anything reliable through her crystal; the crystal, to use her expression, being “full of evil.” Evil conduct, drunkenness, or debauchery of any kind always brought about this condition of the crystal, and not unfrequently Mr. P—— has been asked through prayer to bring the crystal into an “orderly” condition. The signs of the evil influence hanging over the crystal were numerous and easily recognized. This woman, as well as others gifted like herself, would foretell the future events in a person’s life if required, and could read characters with remarkable accuracy, frequently saying that such and such a person was evil or good; and also could distinguish disease. It occasionally happened that when requested to “look into the future,” she and others would decline to tell what they saw, probably having beheld some pain or evil foreshadowed, which they could not bring themselves, or possibly were not permitted to reveal. Time connected with the fulfilment of the visions seems to have been indicated by the appearance of a moon or moons in the crystal. Various other signs of a similar character are understood by the seers. As a rule the visions beheld by this seeress, Martha, as well as by the whole Lancashire guild of seers, appear to possess but little symbolism, and simply to treat of

Familiar matter of to-day;
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again.

Mr. P—— mentioned that Martha described to him his present place of residence in G——shire, years before he had ever seen it, together with various other details, all of which, in course of years, gradually developed themselves into external actual occurrences.

Once Mr. P—— took a local preacher amongst the Wesleyans, who had greatly scoffed at his belief in crystal-seeing, to witness the power of this woman. The preacher had always declared that if once he came and talked with his friend, that he should “set him all right, and upset all such foolish fancies.” They together visited Martha. Upon this occasion, it happened that it was Martha’s son, the lad who worked in a neighbouring brick field, who acted as seer. Being only just returned from his work, and tired, he was at first disinclined to exercise his gift; after some persuasion, however, he consented to do so. The local

preacher (whom we will call Mr. L——) asked for a description of the place where he himself worked at his trade. This place was a curious one, with a good deal of unusual and intricate detail about it; and in it lately had occurred a robbery, regarding which he was at that time considerably troubled. To his surprise, the most accurate description of the place was given, even to its steps up and steps down, and of the wooden shed outside; also, the way was described by which the robbery had been effected. L——'s astonishment was great. He next proceeded to enquire whether the boy could see a little son of his, who was at a grammar school far removed from that neighbourhood, giving no clue as to his son's appearance or whereabouts, any more than he had done in the matter of the workshop. The bricklayer's lad had scarcely looked into the crystal before he exclaimed, as if highly amused, "Ay, by gum! what a queer cap he has got on!" This referred to the square collegiate caps worn by the boys at this grammar school. L—— was greatly impressed by this recognition of the cap, and returned home with Mr. P——, fully convinced that "there was something in crystal-seeing." He talked everywhere about his experience; indeed, he made the acquaintance of a seeress in his own neighbourhood, who, exhibiting further wonders, fully completed his conversion.

Years afterwards, when the "boy in the square cap" was grown into a youth and went to college, he also, interested in "crystals" like his father, borrowed one from Mr. P—— and took it with him to Cambridge. There one day he put it into the hand of the daughter of his bed-maker, who when she looked into it, instantly proved to be a seeress, and to her own surprise and that of the young man himself, described with great accuracy the place from whence the crystal had been brought.

Mr. P—— also lent one of his two crystals to two school-master brothers, who taking it home with them directly discovered that the wife of one of them was possessed of the gift of seeing.

At D——, the scripture-reader heard of Mr. P——'s new-found knowledge, and stood out against such "superstitious folly;" nevertheless he was willing to go with Mr. P—— to witness the powers of the seeress Martha. He made numerous enquiries concerning the incumbent, who had been away from his charge for a considerable time. The scripture-reader was in constant communication with the absent clergyman, but his intention in making these enquiries was to test the seeress's power. She described the internal complaint from which the incumbent was suffering, the place where he was residing, the house, and various curious details connected with it and the neighbourhood—all entirely unknown to her. There was no mistake, no blunder, nothing that the scripture-reader could

controvert, but no deep impression was made upon him. A sceptic he went, and a sceptic he returned.

By-and-bye the infant-school mistress became infected with Mr. P——'s belief in crystal-seeing, and wrote concerning it to a sister who lived in the north of Yorkshire, some seventy or eighty miles away. The sister was a most positive sceptic, and disbelieved the whole matter, was in fact disgusted by it. The sister out of Yorkshire having come to D——, it was arranged that a party including both sisters should visit Martha without giving her any previous notice. Having arrived at the house of the seeress, the party arranged themselves around the table and it was agreed that the sceptical sister should take the initiative and ask all questions. Forthwith she proceeded to make enquiries from Martha concerning her home in Yorkshire, as to how it was situated, how many windows there were in the house, what was the shape of the garden, &c., &c. All the answers being remarkably correct, the seeress next described with careful minuteness a somewhat singular pony-carriage, but one particular she declared that she could *not* describe; this was the exact colour of the horse. It proved that neither could the Yorkshire lady herself describe the colour of this animal; she said that it was a curious "mottle" for which she knew no name. Nevertheless no impression whatever was made by Martha's seership upon the sceptical sister. As in the former case of the scripture-reader, a sceptic she had gone thither and a sceptic she returned.

Such are the chief facts related to us by Mr. P——, who interspersed amidst his crystal-seeing reminiscences, certain curious experiences of hauntings and knockings in Lancashire, to which we may possibly refer on a future occasion. Our friend, Mrs. O——, confirmed Mr. P——'s statement by her own recollections of Manchester life. At the time Mrs. O—— resided with one of her brothers in Manchester, she, like most well-educated persons of the nineteenth century, entertained the profoundest contempt for the so-called supernatural, and paid, therefore, but little heed to various curious stories which floated around her. Since her residence in Manchester having become somewhat less respectably sceptical, she has regretted her inattention to these tales, and especially being only able to recall the outlines of the following little history.

Alice G——, a young woman who was occasionally employed as assistant in washing in the house of Mrs. O——'s brother, told a servant there that she had been to consult "a woman who looked into crystal," and that, amongst other things, she had seen, and described to her the young man whom in course of time she was destined to marry. That subsequently she went

with a friend to Liverpool by an excursion train, and that whilst walking with her upon the sands, they encountered, with another young man, the identical predestined lover beheld in the crystal; that, as in the crystal, his back was at first turned towards her, but that instantly, and before he turned round, she had recognized him, and that he was a sailor as had been described to her. It appears that the two young men entered into conversation with the two girls, and invited them to take a sail with them in a boat, which invitation they accepted. An acquaintance thus sprang up, which ended in Alice G—— engaging herself to marry the young sailor. Mrs. O—— knew Alice well, had heard of this vision in the first instance, and of her subsequent engagement, but leaving Manchester, had not heard whether the marriage had been accomplished. The last incident of which she recollected hearing in this humble romance, was, that Alice had again been to consult the seeress. She had heard nothing for a considerable time from her lover, and was beginning to fear that he was either dead or had deserted her. The seeress after consulting her crystal, assured her that she had seen him; that he was both alive and true to her; that he was across the seas in a curious country, which Alice thought must be China; that he had written repeatedly to her, but that his letters had been kept back by his sister, who lived in Liverpool, and desired to break off the engagement, as she considered Alice much "beneath" her brother.

This half-remembered fragmentary story is at least so far worth recording here, as it confirms Mr. P——'s account of the prevalence of modern "Lancashire Witches."

A PEASANT WOMAN AMONGST THE CEVENNES.—M. de Caladon, of Aulas, a man of cultivated mind, speaks thus of one of the Cevennois preachers, a female servant, named Jeanne. "She was a poor, silly peasant, aged about forty years, assuredly the most simple and ignorant creature known in our mountains. When I heard that she was preaching, and preaching wonderfully, I could not believe a word of it; it never entered my head that she could have the boldness to speak in a company. Yet I have several times witnessed her acquit herself miraculously. When the heavenly intelligence made her speak, she—this ass of Balaam had truly a golden mouth. Never did orator make himself heard as she did; and never audience more attentive, or more affected than those who listened to her. It was a torrent of eloquence; it was a prodigy; and what I say is no exaggeration—she became all at once a totally new creature, and was transformed into a great preacher."

A CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

THE *Cork Constitution* of August 28th, has a communication to the editor signed "JS. Colthurst," enclosing a letter, which he says "on Saturday last I received from a lady of fortune and position in England. This contains a curious narrative," &c. This narrative is published in full by the editor. We give it slightly abridged, but in the narrator's own language:—

My narrative of well authenticated facts begins in the midst of that very cold winter of 1854—when quadrille parties were skating in the London Parks, and the Serpentine had the honour of Royal presence, and when the combined armies in the Crimea were suffering from the severities of freezing, that I visited the home of a family I had been acquainted with nearly 30 years. This family (consisting of Mr. and Mrs.—, their son, daughter and niece,) had been eminent for spiritual gifts from their earliest infancy—vision—interpretation of vision—prophetic warning—spiritual sight and spiritual teachings in various ways upon national events as well as upon common occurrences for daily advice.

The lady soon learned that the family were visited with some of the phenomena now of such frequent occurrence. She was told, "Oh, we have the table-tipping and rapping all about the place—on the floors, on the walls, on the window glass. Oh, we have so much to tell you." Continuing her narrative, the lady says:—

I stepped quickly in, on my left hand was a back parlour, where stood a round table, covered with tea-things, and all the essentials of bread and butter, plates, &c., &c. The chairs were around, as they were left when all had risen to greet me. The cups, filled to the brim, steaming away, milk-pot full of milk. As I went in, up sprang this table, bowing itself about most gracefully, the cups steaming and rocking, while amidst a roar of laughter, I sprang forward involuntarily to catch hold of the milk-pot, being sure the milk and all the rest would be flowing about the floor. I seized the milk-pot, while Mrs.— cried out as well as she could for laughing, "Never mind, nothing will be spilt or hurt, let the spirits do as they will;" and certainly it was a splendid performance—for there stood the table off the floor, rocking about just as the joy of my coming was causing it to do, and this joyous mode of expression was cheerful in the extreme.

In a few days I went again in company with Mr.—, who has since left us for the spirit-world, and who has lately given us a valuable communication of his experience there. We met a party of literary men, among them was the late Mr. Smith of the *Family Herald*, and some very interesting powers were shown. . . . The evening passed away and all was cheerful and we parted with a promise that I would go again soon. I did so—but I saw before I knocked at the door that death had been there. The house was closed, I felt sad, and said as the door opened "Oh, I see how it is." "No, you don't." "But — is gone." "Yes, but he soon came back again; come in and you'll see." On going upstairs I was greeted by an old square table, which was covered with flower pots, some with plants and many empty, and some broken and all lying about in a pell-mell state. This low old table took a leap, threw itself about and rattling all the rubbish together, making buoyant attitudes, shaking the pots and rattling them all enough to smash them to atoms, and yet none of them broke or fell off though these boisterous tossings continued some time. It was impossible to help astonishment and laughter although we were all sad.

"Who is doing this? I asked; Mrs.— said "Oh, it is —, he is so happy, and he is come back to tell us so—he is so glad to see you are come—he came back a few hours after his body died, and we were all sorrowing for him, but we are now so glad we don't seem to know what to do for gladness.

Conversation was then carried on by questions; and the answers, purporting to be given by —, were by rappings and jumps, or knocks on the table. . . . But now the day for the interment had come, Mr. — kindly went with me, and it was twelve o'clock before we reached the house. The family were waiting for us. They said they could not do anything until we came, but that they had been spiritually told all would be right. There certainly was much to do, yet all went well. At last the time for the undertakers came. I then asked the spirit of Mr. — if we could do any more for the body than we had done. We were made to understand that he did not care a jot what we did, that he had left his body and he cared nothing at all about it. We remonstrated, and told him that he had been talking with us, and that he saw our wishes to do all we could out of respect to his memory; but he became quite violent, and declared he cared nothing about what we were doing for his body; he told us it was most delightful to leave the body, and if that was what was called death he should like to die many times, and he knew he should die many times, for he had many changes to pass through, and each was a death to the last. I then asked him if he would go with us to the funeral. "No," and again, violently, "No." He would not go.

So here it ended, and the funeral party went, and we returned, and all went well until—while we were taking tea—a woman came rushing in and sat down in a very excited state. This was —'s eldest daughter of his first marriage. The table, with the flowerpots, began dancing about, and there was a general clatter, while she said that her father had been to her house, and had walked all through the streets with her. (This woman had, for years, habitually seen spirits), and so it was made clear that —'s intention was to visit his daughter, and to bring her to us while we went to the graveyard.

MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS IN AMERICA.

THE Spiritualists of America are greatly given to the assembling of themselves together. They have their periodical lectures, meetings, conferences, and State and National Conventions. Their Third Annual Convention has been just held. A report of it has appeared in several successive numbers of the *Banner of Light*. This Convention seems to have been specially and honourably distinguished by attention to the subject of Education. Not only has it taken steps for the promotion of Children's Progressive Lyceums throughout the country, but its Committee on Education recommend, "That the National Convention of Spiritualists of these United States found and endow a National Spiritual College, where a true education in the arts and sciences, and the most complete and symmetrical development of body and mind be the objects sought." That is a grand idea. We hope it may be carried out to the full with all the success that it deserves.

P. B. Randolph, who was over in this country two or three years ago, and whose trance-discourses rank with the best, is now the recognized leader of the movement for the establishment of schools for the children of the freedmen of his adopted State of Louisiana, and especially for the establishment among them of a normal school for teachers. He has had a long interview with President Johnson, who has given his countenance

and subscribed liberally for the promotion of this object; as have also General Grant, General Howard of the Freedmen's Bureau, and several of the most distinguished American statesmen. This plan, too, met with the hearty support of the Convention.

The same journal contains a report of the "First Great Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Pierpont Grove, Mass." An interesting feature of this meeting is thus reported:—

M. Joslyn of Boston, a totally blind boy, still in his teens, with a fine spiritual look in his countenance, was next introduced. He said in substance, "I cannot see you, but I feel you; and I see angels all around me. When no other hand guides me, then they guide and protect me, and I know I can trust them always. They have never failed me in the hour of need. When all seems lone and dark around, then their light dawns on my spiritual vision, and their dear companionship is near me. I feel their warm love flowing into my soul, and I cannot help loving you all. I *know* Spiritualism is true. I often see beloved ones shining around in the light of heaven; because they live, I know we shall live for ever. Once I only *believed*, now I *know*, and this knowledge is the richest boon of my life. Spiritualism is my meat and drink; it is my theme wherever I go. I love to dwell on that beautiful spirit-land, where all shall see eye to eye, and where there shall be no blindness—no night nor darkness, no clouds nor storms, and where loved ones wait to greet us home, amid songs of everlasting joy and never withering flowers. We have everything to encourage us, with this spiritual gospel as our faith, our hope, our knowledge. No matter how hard our lot; no matter what our work may be; we know all things work together for our good. Our hearts overflow with love, and if we are true to our faith, we shall have no condemnation for anybody; we shall be careful what we feel, think and say; we shall not speak unkindly of the church. Let us live down all that is said against us, and not return evil for evil. Forgive, though it be seventy times seven, as Jesus did. Let the right feeling go out from our hearts, not only now at this meeting, but at all times. We must do something more than talk and profess; we must live aright."

The Rev. U. Clark, referring to his mother who had been in the spirit-world thirty years, concluded a speech as follows:—

Through all the labours, sufferings, slanders, poverty and woe of long weary years of wandering as pioneer evangelist, I have been sustained, as I am still, by the love of that angel mother shining down through every night and storm. No matter what our lot or labour may be, only give us this celestial gospel, and in our inmost souls we can sing songs of hope and joy like the sea bird, which sings loudest and sweetest amid wildest storms and deepest thunders. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen go down at twilight, and sit and sing and listen, till at last they hear their songs echoed back by their husbands across the vast stretch of intervening waves. So amid life's intervals, we may sit and listen, till we hear sweet voices coming back from the dear departed, and bidding us to a banquet of peace and love which all this wide world can never know. Do you remember the familiar story of the fisherman father, whose little boy was placed upon a high rock by the side of the ocean, in order that he might call out to his father over the waves, in case the father became enveloped in fog or storm? "Steer straight to me, this way, father," was the cry of the boy, and the father, hearing, landed in safety. The little boy died—the father was disconsolate, till at last from out the spheres he heard the voice of his angel boy, still exclaiming, "This way, father." And from that hour the father was guided by the celestials. O, amid life's ordeals, its nights, its storms, its bounding billows, let us hear voices from beyond, and these frail barks of our being shall ride triumphantly over every tempestuous sea, and land us in safety, with an angel welcome,

On that silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar.

Correspondence.

INVOLUNTARY DRAWING AND WRITING.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine.

Weston-super-Mare, Sept. 24, 1866.

SIR,—The contents of this in the main, Mr. B—— may have told you of, and if so you will have a double narrative, if not, the account may have a special interest for you.

A medical man here was called in a few months back to two lady visitors of the place, distantly related to the Beaufort family, and who had imbibed the opinions of the Plymouth Brethren. A talk about the Davenport's arising, the subject veered to the more intimate spiritual manifestations of spirit writing and drawing. They were both, as might have been expected, entirely incredulous; but as they were willing to read Mr. W. M. Wilkinson's book on *Spirit Drawings*, the medical attendant lent it to them, and one or two conversations ensued in which the ladies both manifested the same disbelief. Shortly after, the one who was his patient being much better, they left; but a few weeks after, about a fortnight back, returned and called on the doctor, when the lady who had been his patient told him that she had a series of "involuntary drawings" which had been finished in the interim. She had no serious opinions on the matter, but thought she would let the thing have its chance; and when the first (which was executed with great rapidity, and much to her astonishment) was finished, the pencil dropped from her hand, and she was some time before she could recover her breath from fear and wonder. The pencil with her is held perpendicularly, and when a drawing is finished the pencil drops from her hand as involuntarily as it works till then. In general the work is very rapid, and when it is slow she makes an effort and gets rid of the pencil; but on recommencing, say, the next day, the work is invariably taken up from the same point. The curious fact is, she had as she says no wish to be developed as a medium, does not now even believe it to be spiritual, but only "involuntary;" and attaches no meaning to the drawings, and, indeed, knows nothing about it but the bare fact. The first drawing, as described to me, was a sky or heaven of pendulous flowers of the loveliest forms, in the centre of which was a ship with a distinct cross on the stern; beneath was a rock, on the scarp of which stood a female angel looking upwards, and with something in its hands, but what, I

am told was indistinct; the figure and hands being further turned than the face.

In the series of 30 drawings the figures are very numerous, in fact, in some of them multitudinous; but all have the Persian veil dropping from the upper lip over the mouth and chin. One drawing represents the Pope with his tiara falling into three distinct parts and off his head, and a crowned figure in the left above pointing to the right. The lady said to her sister, "There must be something to which that figure is pointing," and instantly her hand was carried to the right of the paper, and a comet was drawn.

In the same way she has written, but backwards, so that the paper had to be held to the light to read it reversely, or from the top to the bottom of the page, and then so very minutely that she could not read it without strong glasses. Now, the curious part of the affair is that neither the lady herself nor her sister have any opinions about the matter, or any idea what these drawings mean, and consequently they have no wishes or predilections on the subject; they are merely indifferent, and present no animus of repugnance to these manifestations. This is briefly the tale as I heard it from their medical friend.

Yours very truly,

W. E.

THE DAVENPORTS ON THE CONTINENT.

As many of our readers may like to know what the Davenports are now doing, and the reception they are meeting on the Continent, we subjoin a short note received from Baron Dirckinck Holmfeld on the subject:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—The Antwerp paper, *Koophandel*, September 5th, tells us, the hall in the Harmony yesterday again was crowded. The first representation had already spread the renown of the brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay in our town, and everywhere the marvellous facts exhibited through their mediumship are discussed.

In the last *séance* they held here the committee invited a gentleman from the audience to assist them on the platform. This gentleman caught hold of one of the hands which had appeared in the opening, and was seen by all to grasp it firmly. When the brothers were released he declared loudly to the audience that he had greased his hand with a blackening stuff of a very adhesive nature, so that he and all felt confident that the hand he grasped would shew the marks. He examined closely the hands of the mediums, but not the slightest trace of the greasy matter, to his great wonder, could be discovered. Similar experiments with these mediums have often been tried, and with the same result.

Yours truly,

Antwerp, Sept. 12, 1866.

C. D. HOLMFELD.

Mr. Robert Cooper also has kindly forwarded us the following letter from Ira E. Davenport:—

La Haye, Oct. 7, 1866.

FRIEND COOPER,—In my last letter I promised to write you again shortly. We returned here yesterday from Rotterdam, where we gave three public *séances* to very large and highly respectable audiences. The people who came to see us were the first people of the city. The admission was four and a half francs. Previous to going to Rotterdam we gave two *séances* in this place, which is the Brighton of Holland. Here, too, the people who came were all of the first society, and were highly pleased with the manifestations—so much so, that we have been invited through the newspapers of the town to return and give more *séances*, as many persons wish to see us who could not avail themselves of the previous opportunity. So, on the whole, we have concluded to repeat our *séances* here for two nights more.

About a week since we had a paper sent to us, containing an announcement of some sleight-of-hand man; that he was in possession of our "secret," and intended to give public explanations and illustrations. I immediately wrote a reply, warning the public to be careful in paying their money to this man until he had proved himself worthy of their patronage, by accepting a challenge to meet us for five thousand florins a side, and making good his pretensions. We have heard nothing from the gentleman since.

On the whole, we are very well satisfied with our experience in Holland so far. The probability is, that we shall stay in this country two months yet.

Yours truly,

I. E. DAVENPORT.

FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

OUR readers, and her many friends in this country, will be glad to learn that (after a very rough passage) Emma Hardinge safely reached New York, where she was cordially received, and is now lecturing to large audiences. From a private letter sent by her we make the following extract relating to the late Rev. John Pierpont, of whom we gave a slight obituary notice in our last number:—

Last week died brave old John Pierpont, at the age of 83. He was one of America's sweetest poets. An Unitarian minister, he was expelled from his Church for advocating fearlessly the cause of temperance and abolition. As a lecturer in both these causes, he was indefatigable and most eloquent. When the war broke out, the brave old patriot, at 77, tendered his services as chaplain to the army, marched with the youngest, and bore the heat and burden of the day. He became in the last years of his life a warm Spiritualist, and advocated with his usual energy and fearless truth this most unpopular cause. Last week he presided over a Spiritualists' convention of ten thousand people. At its close he went home, fell asleep calmly at night, and awoke in eternity: his arms meekly crossed, and a smile on the brave old soldier's face—good old sentinel dying at his post of duty! Shall we live such lives, or at 83 years hope thus to pass away? I fear not. Next Friday we hold a public commemoration in his honoured memory; the speakers are to be his friends and cotemporaries, Ralph Woddo Emerson, Bryant the poet, Horace Greeley, and his last but not least admiring friend and fellow-labourer, Emma Hardinge. Truly, I believe his spirit will be in the midst of us.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1866.

THE DISCERNING OF SPIRITS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE.

I PROPOSE to speak of the power existing in the human organism for the discerning of spirits, and that not alone of the disembodied spirits who have passed from the vale of mortality—who, already in the pure and radiant atmosphere of the brighter and the better—the spiritual world, surrounding us as they do, are yet invisible to our eyes; but the power of discerning the spiritual part of all things, the attribute of the human soul, the great fore-glimmering of those vast and boundless powers to which we shall attain when we are no longer peering behind the prison bars of mortality, but behold cause and effect in creation face to face, and realise that the cause is spiritual—the effect alone material. I ask you, therefore, to consider how many of the glimmering lines of phenomenal power that exist amongst us evince—not alone the outward and visible sign of God's workmanship in mere sensuous forms—but assure us of the spiritual part incarnate in matter, that which I call the Soul of Things.

That we may better comprehend the nature of the attribute which I propose to discuss, I shall attempt to classify the powers that exist in man in this direction, by first referring to the very smallest, the most familiar, but still the commonest evidences of the gift as known amongst us, in the form of clairvoyance,—the power of beholding objects at a distance without the ordinary aids of the visual organs,—the power of perceiving character and recognising histories attached to substances by the touch, known amongst us as psychometry—the power of prophecy the future, the capacity of recalling what men call the “dead past.” All these are attributes belonging to the human soul, and they

exist independently of the agency or influence of an invisible disembodied spirit.

All these give us the assurance that our souls have powers which, though masked by the form of matter, when in the bright and glorious transfiguration of a spiritual life, shall make us indeed the image of the Creator, and grant to us some approach to those attributes—if I may so say—of omniscience and omnipotence which must belong to us by our relation to the great Creator. I shall next speak of the powers which enable us to commune by spiritual sight with the world beyond the grave. We are accustomed vaguely to suppose that the powers claimed by the gipsy, the fortune-teller of to-day, the astrologer and the magician of olden times all come under the category of impostures, or else of some peculiar and abnormal faculty, neither intellectual nor spiritual, which is not worth the investigation. In olden times, when Saul the son of Kish sought unto Samuel the seer to discover his father's asses, this power was deemed quite sufficient to stamp upon him who possessed it the title of the "Man of God." It was the having such powers as these that distinguished men in olden times by the sublime name of prophets. To-day the power exists—we know it, we behold it exhibited around us amongst the humblest in society; we employ it either for the purpose of idle curiosity, or, it may be, from the love of the marvellous, or from a desire to penetrate into the hidden things our souls give witness of, but which too often our tongues are ashamed to acknowledge. I repeat, the power exists now. Be pleased to consider the philosophy it involves. What is sight? What is this philosophy of optics which requires the camera obscura of the eye, which demands from the architect of the structure of man the beautiful and curious arrangement of lenses and reflecting apparatus, which after all, when removed from the organism, forms a very curious but very beautiful, model for some of our optical instruments, and has just as little power, when removed from the organism, as the senseless glass by which we detect microscopic or telescopic objects—no more? We know that, in order to use the human eye, and to obtain whatever knowledge it is capable of imparting to us, we require the sensuous object for perception—a radius of vision in which to perceive, an atmosphere to transmit the rays of light; and after all, this radius of vision is just as limited as the conditions of matter require it to be. But in the perception which enabled the seers of old, and the fortune-teller of modern times to discover lost property, to find hidden things, to detect the absent, and to trace the wandering form of the distant, to recall the past, and to penetrate the future, what radius of vision is demanded there? The eye then perceives

through all material obstacles—time is annihilated, the past is recalled, the future is grappled with, the present is dealt with, and becomes as an open page where the spirit traverses creation, and is enabled to penetrate any space, any distance, without any of the ordinary arrangements for perception. You will perceive from this, that there is no analogy between spiritual and material sight. You will recognize, even in this simplest, this humblest form of discerning things, first, that there must be a spiritual power to see. For the clairvoyant does not perceive the outward and material form, except by the outward and material eye. It is obvious, therefore, it is not the external form that is seen, and here is one revelation which the discerning of spirits brings us—all things have a spiritual form. These blossoms (*referring to the flowers in her hand*) shall never die out from the grand and universal totality of the universe. Not alone in the chemistry of their particles, but as they were created in the mind of the Infinite, ages and ages before matter was so arranged as to produce them in their present form, as they were prophesied of when the foundations of this planet were laid, as they were predetermined ere the laws of mineral life were so elaborated as to necessitate the production of vegetable life;—and all this may have been millions of years ago. These blossoms have existed in the divine mind in the eternity from whence they have come. So when the particles of matter have passed away, clairvoyants of distant ages shall behold them wheresoever the links of association can recall the train of causation which enables them to penetrate back to this place and time. Experiments in clairvoyance have proved that whatsoever has existed can always be reproduced to the mind of the clairvoyant. You may say that this requires the action of the mind of the magnetiser, the operator; but in half the cases of lucidity or good clairvoyance there is no operator present. In many of the cases of clairvoyance, the person who enquires has not the previous knowledge of where to find, or even how fully to describe the person or the thing sought for; and when information is thus rendered, by what means is it given? Have we never considered that the clairvoyant must perceive something? We find a vague, though beautiful philosophy extant, that all things are daguerrotyped in the air, and that the vast laboratory of air around us receives the impress of all we say and all we do, and of all forms that exist; and that in this a clairvoyant can recall all that has been done. Do they mean to tell us that the clairvoyant can recall a nothing? Something must be there ere the clairvoyant perceives the object; therefore we believe that, investigated in its philosophical rather than its mere phenomenal character, even the humblest manifestation of clairvoyance—the power of discovering

hidden things, searching out lost property, recalling the past, and telling, as it is called, the history of the "Long Ago," all is evidence—aye! and evidence conclusive—that histories and things, and acts and deeds have all left an indelible record upon creation. Somewhere they exist, and the power of discerning this something is that which we call "clear-sight," or "clairvoyance."

We next point to the manifestation called psychometry. We ask you to remember if you have ever beheld any exhibitions of this phenomenal power, and do not now dismiss the subject with "It is very strange or curious;" but be pleased to recollect the philosophy here involved. We discover character by the touch, but not alone character. It is well understood now, that to the good psychometrist, the touch of any substance will recall, not alone the human character with which it has been connected, but will recall, if it be a fossil, the scene, the time, and the circumstances under which that fossil was deposited. Experiments of this kind have been practised in lands where modern Spiritualism is not deemed merely a gratification of the hour, not sought after merely for the amusement of the time or the personal information on some subject or point gratifying to the enquirer, but where it is sought and studied as a science of soul. It is recognized by numerous experiments, that by the touch, a susceptible psychometrist can discover the history of all things with which that touch comes in contact. Experiments of this kind have proved that of a hundred various substances, a good psychometrist with a very few failures, each one of which proves a part of the philosophy, can recall the mystery of the life of that object, the persons connected with it, and the history through which it has passed.*

Pause here, and consider what this power of discerning spirits involves. First, I repeat, it involves the necessity of a spiritual part of all things, of a spiritual life in all things—because it is not by the mere touch of matter that you can discern more of the substance than the quality of matter. Place this in the hands of such a psychometrist, and what hidden things shall not be revealed? The mask of humanity shall drop, the secret thought, the hidden purpose, the mystery of character, are all impressed on the substance and revealed by the touch. Oh! pause before it. Supposing this power to become universal—supposing that these experiments in psychometry should be as they have proved, susceptible of cultivation by practice, and humanity to deem it worthy of study—by practice to acquire

* In evidence of this see Denton's book—*The Soul of Things*, some account of which will be found in No. 9, Vol. v., of the *Spiritual Magazine*.—Editor.

this power, what will be the result? The very stones will prate of our whereabouts. We enter the house of guilt now, and we feel the impress of wrong and evil upon us. We enter the presence of the hypocrite, and all his smooth speech and wiles fail utterly to mask the dark heart that is prompting him. We enter the presence of the humble and good—those who pass through life unnoticed and unknown—and we feel the aroma of an angel entertained unawares. We enter into the dwelling where some saint presides in human form and, we know not why, repose and a holy tranquillity steal over us. In all our dealings with one another these monitions are perpetually present, and they pass by us unheeded as the familiar routine of daily life. Investigate them, and you discover a portion of the power of the soul for the discerning of spirits, the extreme action of which is what I have spoken of as psychometry, or the power of discerning spirits by the touch. I again remind you that this power is growing, that it is susceptible of cultivation in practice, and that if it should become as He in whom some of you believe, has promised, the power by which all that is hidden shall be made manifest, and all that is secret shall come abroad; oh, what a revelation will be amongst us! Farewell to the mask of seeming. Mankind will be transformed when we all possess the power of discerning spirits. We are growing to this; and I believe that this power, whilst it is an inevitable attribute of the human soul, is beginning in this day of the science of mind, to become triumphant over matter. I call it now to your attention to show that it is an attribute of the human soul, and that it proves that which some of you men of science have yet failed to discover—the soul of things.

You say that this substance is held together by what you call attraction—that when the atoms become old they decay, crumble apart, and the thing is dead. It is not so. The spiritual part once born into matter lives for ever; it is the spiritual part of all things in the past that forms the houses, the dwellings, the scenery, the landscape of the spirit-world, the spheres that interpenetrate this earth, and it is this that the clairvoyant perceives. It is by this that nothing is really hidden, and that those who have the power of discovering spirits can track your whereabouts. You ask wherefore this power is not more manifest, and if it be possessed, as I have said, amongst Spiritualists and mediums, why the great good God has not bestowed it universally upon all mankind, as a protection against crime, as a revelator of guilt, as the transfigurator of the hypocrite? I answer you, we have been groping through the sciences of matter, we have been struggling upwards through the rudimental ages, merely with the knowledge of the external

and the proven. We are to-day standing in the dawn of the science of mind, and the first way by which we shall grasp at the knowledge of spiritual things is through the study of the science of magnetism, which is the connecting link between body and spirit, the clothing of the spirit, the innermost part of the body, the spiritual part of St. Paul, the mystic substance that passes from out of everything, that leaves its impress on every substance that man touches, and that preserves the form of everything intact in a spiritual existence when the material has passed away.

I pass on to other attributes of the human soul. I propose now to speak of the gift of second sight—so the term is used; we had better call it by the generic title of clear sight. What is the phenomenon which distinguishes what is called the power of second sight? It is usually that of perceiving by a pictorial representation in the atmosphere some scene transpiring at a distance, or some scene prophetic of that which is to come. It is a mere phenomenon, it is something very strange, says the man of science, always provided that it is proved as a fact. We cannot go over the ground and the facts of history to prove them: we prove them when they occur; they are facts in the experience of those who are credible witnesses; if they are not, they are never handed down from one generation to another as facts. I give credit to the Architect of Creation for disposing of falsehood, dissipating error, and paying the wages of sin or imperfection by death in all forms. I believe that the same wise Providence has ordained that the beautiful shall never die, that the true is immortal, that the good is eternal, and never perishes. When I find a succession of facts permeating the ages and reproduced in every part of the known world, without possible chance of collusion amongst nations, and times, and peoples, I give more credit to the universal attribute of truth in their nature than to require to substantiate the facts of the ages again and again for the satisfaction of those who are not philosophers enough to understand that truth forms the silver thread upon which history is strung.

The power of beholding visions, allegorical, representative, and prophetic visions, has existed in all times, and is one of the gifts or attributes of the power of discerning spirits. It involves, indeed, another set of causes, and carries us up from the attributes of the soul unaided—from the powers of the mind peering through the veil of matter, but standing alone, to the agency of the disembodied spirit. When we behold a prophetic or allegorical picture full of intelligence, where is the painter? The air does not group itself into the form; the mind of the seer does not originate it. Whatsoever object is

presented, if it be an allegorical picture of a fact or prophetic of a truth, is then recorded, not else; and these records prove the facts, and prove also that a painter has been at work somewhere. This picture involves the inevitable agency of a disembodied spirit. Were there but one testimony in the history of mankind, and that well accredited, of second sight,—were there but one manifestation of the power of the human eye to behold, painted in the invisible air, or on the canvas of ether, any allegorical scene that should represent a fact, or any prophetic picture that was realised,—that alone would be sufficient to prove that an intelligent mind had produced the vision, and that some power exists in the human mind to perceive spiritually rather than materially; we therefore, now rise from the earth, wherein our souls possess certain attributes of clear sight, to the dawning of another world. We make a footstep on the boundary of another world, and we stand in the presence of an intelligent, controlling, though invisible artist, who, whether by psychological power impressing our minds, or actually daguerreotyping on the air the picture or vision presented, is at work, and is the agent for the production of that vision. Here is another revelation which the power of discerning spirits produces. I need not remind the Bible student that this was one of the most marked attributes of the prophets and seers of old.

We now come to modern days, and when we find the same attribute existing, and existing generally under special conditions, such as the clear air of high mountains, the rarefied atmosphere of cold wintry regions—when we realize that the persons who behold these visions or appearances are generally peculiarly sensitive, even somnambulist, and often giving manifestations of those peculiarities which we now call spirit mediumship; we perceive a line of philosophy in the whole of these manifestations extending from the earth onward to the world beyond, and proving the links between our souls and the mysterious beings who are agents in presenting us these pictures. They tell us that by the aid of the solar spectrum we can discover minerals in the atmosphere of the sun by experiments precisely similar to those which test the quality of minerals of our own earth. Oh, what a grand leap science has here made! how many thousands and millions of miles have we climbed into the vast infinity of space until we stand in the presence of the solar chemists, and can tell them as much of the composition of their vast and wonderful luminary almost as we can of our own earth. By the same set of analogies here, with all our wonderful faculties climbing hither and thither through the crust of matter, and manifesting powers of which they scarcely dream as

attributes of the human soul, connecting with these the powers brought from the spirit-world, we first perceive how strictly human are the ministering spirits who are about us and who control us; and next, how strictly spiritual are the powers within us, the motive powers which we so vaguely call life and soul. This is another revelation of the power of discerning spirits.

I now pass on to those still higher revelations by which we are enabled to discern the forms of the angels, the blessed departed, the power of beholding what we call the spectre or apparition of the deceased. Amongst those powers is one which I must not omit to name, that enables us to behold the spectre or apparition of the living. We know that by the same array of facts we have grouped round spiritual phenomena in every age, the spirit of the living is beheld on earth. Various attempts have been made to account for the mystery of the double-goer. It has even been hinted that a duplicate of ourselves exists somewhere in the surrounding air—that in the regions of space some mysterious familiar, something analogous perhaps to the *daimon* of Socrates—some re-duplication of ourselves, partly intelligent and partly dependent upon mind from without, appears from time to time and manifests itself now in the form of the wraith, and more lately in that of the living spirit. I offer you that which I believe to be the truth on this point—you must compare it with your own experience ere you accept it as a judgment worthy of being accredited. I have already pointed to the fact that by psychometry you discover character. You must therefore infer that there is passing from out yourselves every moment an aroma imponderable; but still an aroma charged with your character, that this, which is vaguely called the sphere, by which you mysteriously recognize and understand each other, by which attractions, repulsions, affections, antipathies, group society together in kindreds—that all this mysterious emanation passing from out of yourselves, and proved in psychometry to be charged with your character is something of a substance, is in fact material, although you do not behold it, and though it is not sensitive to the touch or to any of the outward sensations, but only appeals to the spiritual nature of the psychometrist. Here is one step again: it is proved that a portion of yourself, and of your character, does pass from out of you. We have spoken before of the philosophy of the haunted house, and we conceive that this is a place where we may remind you again of that which we claim to be the explanation of the singular phenomena of hauntings. We mention it because it is applicable to this point of our subject. We find that in nearly every well-attested case of a spiritual mani-

festation attaching to a place, some violent death has either taken place there, or some evil mind has poured out the strong magnetism of its affection upon some objects or scene in that place. For instance, the miser, although life may be extended for him to extreme old age, has day by day, and night by night, given off of his love, his dearest affections to the heap of shining metal which he treasures up in some secret corner. If our character—our affections, wishes and proclivities attach involuntarily to every substance we touch, when we project them with all the strong and passionate mind which any great vice or strong purpose of the soul induces;—when we concentrate them, as in the case I have quoted, in one particular direction, does not a larger charge of the magnetism, and a stronger force of the will propel magnetism in that direction? I would pause here and remind the man of crime, or the man of worldly loves or material affections—the sensualist or the gambler, the drunkard or the miser,—any soul that binds itself in the chains of its own vices in strong attraction to the earth;—that he is forging and hammering chains to bind his spirit to the place and thing he loves. He becomes as a spirit enclosed in the prison-house of his own crime; he is compelled by the spiritual and magnetic attraction back to the place as surely as the needle is drawn to the loadstone. He has poured out the oil of magnetism either on the objects of his vice, or the place of his love, or the things of his affection, and that forms an attractive point that drags back the fettered spirit until the magnetism is worn out, and the spirit soars away by the attraction of newer and higher objects from the scene of its earthly tendencies. In the case of violent death—a still more marked evidence of magnetic attraction presents itself. In those who are violently deprived of life, the magnetic principle is poured out with the life-blood. The broken casket is still full of the precious fountain of life, and this distributed around, as inevitably attaches to the place where it is wasted, as our magnetism in part attaches to substances;—it is still a part of the psychometry which I have spoken of. The large charge of the life-principle thus poured out becomes an attractive bond to the spirit. Here it not only returns, but even if distant, its thought is there, and its thought and its magnetism help to make the manifestations that are produced in that place, and always repeat the dark tragedy—the tale of crime. As that was the last thought of the dying, as it was the one strong psychological point which closed up the gates of life, so it is the one strong psychological point through which the returning spirit enters again. Therefore it is that the dire tragedy, the loss of life, which is generally enacted, or the repetition of the miser's love,

or of the sensualist's voice, or tone, or habits—or whatsoever man has loved and thought of most strongly, the last great and mighty act of life imprinted, as in the case of murder or violent death, on the departing soul, becomes inevitably re-enacted in the place which is charged with the magnetism of the departed. This philosophy we might bring to bear even upon the living spirit, and its manifestation or apparition of which I have spoken. Wherever such manifestations are made, the subject of them invariably gives off that magnetic force which constitutes him a medium. I do not realise that there is any separate existence perceived; it is but the magnetism which is represented in the form of a person—that form is not intelligent, it is not a separate existence from the person, it is merely a portion of his magnetism, which departs in moments of abstraction, of sleep, of dream, of some condition of mind when the whole spirit does not fully possess and use the magnetism; then, and then only, is the living spirit seen. The manifestation is not a strange one when we remember the philosophy of psychometry, and that wheresoever we pass, our magnetism is attaching to all substances and things around us. It would not be difficult for the eye of the seer to behold in this chamber the forms of those who have been present, and the receptions, through their magnetism, still attaching to the place, even of their life and character. The whole of these manifestations require for their elucidation the study of that magnetism which I have so often commended to the philosophers who have grouped together here, as the true foundation of psychological science.

I now pass to the consideration of the apparition of the disembodied. The spectre which appeared at the moment when the soul departed from the body, was, in former times, deemed one of the most common manifestations of this kind. Innumerable instances of these manifestations have occurred, and still occur, to those who have not been favoured with a vision of spiritual life. At such a moment to the soul that is not informed of spiritual life the transition into the world of spirits is often strange and startling. We do not enter the golden heaven of theology at the onset; we are not at once launched into the presence of rejoicing saints and triumphant archangels, according to the pictorial fancies of the theologian, but we are in a living, real, and practical sphere of existence—where life is continued from the point at which we drop it here. Now, this being the case, the first thought of many and many an awakened spirit is astonishment to find their life so real, so earnest, so tangible, so thoroughly in accordance with the life from which they have departed; and in this manifestation the memory of earth being strong and themselves not yet risen

to the Father, by which I mean not fully entered into the spiritual sphere, their apparition, strongly charged with that magnetic life that is departed, may readily be seen. It is not always seen by those to whom they would willingly present themselves. It is frequently questioned why strangers have beheld the forms of the departed rather than those who best loved them. Men have asked, "Should not the love of my heart present itself to me, rather than to those unsympathetic strangers?" We need but remind you, that the spirit or apparition of the departed can only manifest itself where the power of seership exists, and that with those who love best, with all the tenderness of affection and all the longing yearning once more to behold the form of the beloved,—if the physical magnetic and spiritual gift of discerning spirit is not there, God's laws are never transcended; it is the seer alone that beholds the spirit under any circumstances.

We next consider by what means your eyes—spirit mediums, behold the forms of the departed. And in this respect we remind you again that your material eye can only behold sensuous objects; that the entire capacity of the beautiful and curious structure of the human eye can never take cognizance of aught that is not in material form. What you behold is not matter, and, therefore, you see not with the outer eye. Your outer eye, the window of the soul, may be opened, but the soul looks not through it. The spiritual eye alone can behold the spiritual form, howsoever it be presented. That is the first proposition I make concerning the power of observing the forms of the departed; the next is as to the process by which the spirit actually presents itself to the eye of the seer. There are many processes, but in almost all cases such manifestations are made by the act of psychology. The spirit wills the manifestation; the psychologist knows that his subject perceives through his sense, beholds through his will; the psychologist wills his subject to behold whatsoever form his mind conceives, and the subject perceives it. Even so, the form perceived by the spiritual subject or medium is nothing but a psychological presentation. Aye, and this explains, says the man of science, all the hallucinations which men call apparitions. Not quite. Where is the psychologist? There must be some one, some mind, some intelligence to present the psychological picture—some intelligence that knows that the psychological picture will be recognized—some intelligence to fashion it, some one to represent the garments of earth, the living gait, the dull ear, the blind eye, the crippled form, the specialties of those who have long since passed away; the representation of which forms such conclusive evidence of identity, and has brought so many joyful recognitions of the

immortality of the soul to thousands who have heard of the spectre and apparition with scoff and ridicule, until the form of the long-ago said to be hidden in the grave, crumbling in the dust, or sleeping until the judgment-day, has been represented before the eye of the seer, and all the psychological memories of it re-produced. This is the means by which garments that clothe the spirit are re-produced—by which the old forms that have perished out of all material existence are shewn again. We have heard the question asked with sneer and scoff within this very chamber, from whence do the spirits procure these garments? Were we inhabitants of another planet we might question where the inhabitants of this procured their garments. We should find that they are adaptations from the world around us; that they are material; of the same component parts that clothe our viewless spirit, formed of the atoms of the planet on which we live, the chemistry of which is as much found in this substance (of dress) as in this hand. Both originate, perhaps, from the combination of hydrogen and oxygen gas; both these combinations are sufficient to produce a world, and the chemist knows it; and all the varieties we behold around us are but modifications of the atoms of matter. Do we suppose that this, our planet, is the only existence in creation—the only world, the only form of substance, or the only subject of the great chemistry of the universe? Be assured, that wheresoever we live, whatsoever atmosphere surrounds us, the world in which we live, the elements that are about us, are as much under God's providential care there as here, and that we shall as surely realize all the attributes that are necessary for our existence there as here. Do we fall out of the hands of God by passing from this sphere, or must we leave it to fall into them? If His majesty and His power, and His laws and His prescience, and His wisdom are sufficient for us here; by analogy, they are sufficient for us though we traverse worlds, suns, systems—the roads and bye-ways of eternity. He is everywhere, and so He clothes His spirits with the substances of the world around them. But the powers of spiritual existences are so much larger, so much wider, and grander than those of this world, that we dwell fondly upon the power of mind to re-habilitate itself, even in the garments of thought. This psychological power, which we merely regard as an experiment to amuse the hour—this biological power by which the mind of the operator can compel the mind of the subject to behold any actual, tangible form, accompanies the spirit, and by this same biological power the spirit wills to be represented in that form and habit, that custom and appearance that will best recall the identities of earth. That is one mode by which the spirit presents itself again to man.

There are yet others ; and the next that we shall notice, is the more tangible form that appeals to the touch. We all know that there are manifestations amongst us, far too well and credibly witnessed to be questioned now, by which substances are produced—by which for some temporary purpose substances, seemingly of the human form, of garments and other material objects, are produced and become manifest to the touch. We ask by what possible power can an invisible spirit thus re-produce the atoms of matter ? Permit me to ask if you have ever beheld in some of the laboratories of chemistry vast arrangements made for containing what the vulgar would call nothing ? The chemist will tell you that *this* vessel contains some substance and *that* another. You behold nothing but the clear ether ; yet these jars, or receptacles, are full of gaseous substances, invisible to your eyes. Let sparks of electricity be passed through these, and you behold them at once in the shape of substances, in the shape of drops of water, and yet further, of crystallized atoms. From the viewless air, the chemist can produce the solid, hard mass known as crystal. Not the lack of knowledge, but the lack of power—of man's capacity to grasp the elemental keys that open all space to him ; merely from such a lack of power as this do we fail to be able to recompose a world by chemistry. We can produce in the laboratory of the chemist all the various phenomena which carry matter from the most sublimated gas up to the hardest form of the solid. Perhaps the chemistry of the cold marble sarcophagus crushes out this knowledge ! Perhaps man is less wise in the world beyond the grave than he is here ! Perhaps the great Architect of creation can only reveal Himself and His laws upon this world, and not in spirit-land ! If we reverse this picture, and assume that God's laws are eternal here and everywhere, that the knowledge we obtain here is but a preparation for the broader vistas of perception hereafter ;—if we understand that the soul and spirit is the man and not the dead form—that the spirit sleeps not in the ground—that the spirit goes not down into the grave—that the spirit still lives, though the form perishes, we shall understand that all the attributes of the spirit pass with it to the life beyond the grave, and that spiritual chemists and spiritual philosophers, sages, seers, master minds of every age in the grand broad liberty of the land of light, and the land of causes, are better chemists and better philosophers than they were here, and that it is by the aid of such knowledge, by the power to accomplish results in immeasurably short periods of time ; by the power to realize, as it were by magic (because invisible to you) the same chemical processes which they perform on earth, that spirits can form round the hand, or about the spirit-form such substances as will, for a short space of time, appear

to be solid and substantial. That they cannot continue these substances, or their life, that they are not permanent, is merely a deficiency of their chemistry. Perhaps it will never be given to the will of man, so to organize the atoms of matter round a spiritual form as to produce a living envelope. There is a mystery in it which the spirit has not yet entered—a seal which he has not yet broken, and that is the mystery of life. Unlike Prometheus, we cannot steal the fire of life from heaven and animate it. We are but poor fragmentary finite imitators of the Creator; and, therefore, spirits can do no more than reproduce fragmentary evidence of chemical power to aggregate substance. They cannot put the life into it: that is the mystery of God. Nevertheless, doing thus much you will realize that another of the powers of the gift of discerning spirits enables us to go further than the power of vision; by that of touch we realise that there are attributes possible to the disembodied spirit, and, therefore, possible to us, of which we know not. What the soul disembodied can do, our souls can achieve when we do but possess the knowledge.

The last of the powers that belong to this gift, which I may now notice, is that of beholding the soul in its home of light and bliss. Happily for the true balance and equilibrium necessary for the spirit while it yet lives in matter, this power is yet limited to vision. We may not with mortal eye, we may not even with our pure spiritual eye, separate from the body, behold the forms of life and the glorious blossoms of life which spring out of the ashes of this material form—for, could we behold these, all our senses would so follow that of sight that we should fail to realise the beauty, the use and glory of this poor dull earth again. It is only ecstasy that can realise the glory of the life beyond, but fore-gleams of immortality, flashes of light from Paradise, and wafts from the fragrance of the blossoms of eternity do come in soft breathings, and low whispers, and gleams of light, falling across our darkened way, and now and then a vision of the bright and glorious home of beauty which God has destined for his struggling pilgrims, gladdens the eye of the seer. And, oh! what a glorious presentation it is. What a sunlight, to which this shadowy earth of ours is but the eventide—or, at best, night illuminated by the stars of God's providence and blessing. We have never seen daylight yet—we are still in the darkness, and ere the liberty-angel, Death, shall open the gates of life for us it is not well we should comprehend, (except by the revelations of your mediums, the footprints of the boundaries of both worlds) that there is such a glorious reality in store for us; and, when the forms of the beautiful, the bright, the glorious, and the risen are thus perceived, there

are transfigurations also realised which it is not well for us to inquire into. We perceive there so many strange changeful operations of spiritual life that we could not comprehend them; we cannot leap beyond our shadows; we can take no step in advance of our knowledge; the instruments, the modes, the occupations, the growth of instruction, the means of progress, are all so vastly in advance of our experiences that we can but hope and trust, and faithfully work up to them. But every revelation brings us the same assurance of eternal wisdom and eternal goodness—the fitness of all things, the adaptation of all means to ends. The deeper we search into the volume of spiritual life, the more we consider the power of discerning spirits, and the gifts and the revelation which this power has brought to us, the more surely do we realise that it is well with us, and that we are safe—very safe—in the hands of the Infinite One. How supreme is that goodness that cares for the darkest criminal! For, oh! the discerning of spirits in the land of darkness, as well as of light, brings hope with it. There is movement even there—there is life there—there is struggle there—there is effort there. The fire of passion is burning out, the darkness of crime is expending itself on itself. The creator of his own ill is realising the work he has done, and the thing he has made of himself. In the transfiguration of death one of the grandest and most glorious attributes of the soul is self-knowledge—the perception of the true causes; and, therefore, in the case of the dark and evil spirits the undeveloped and the criminal, the passions which he has indulged, and the habits with which he has bound himself, and the chains with which he has manacled his soul down to the earth—all this brings so much teaching with it, brings such bitter remorse, such an agonising realisation of Milton's piteous cry of the fallen angel, "Me miserable!" Yet, with all this, there is such a perpetual strife for happiness—happiness is such a goal for the soul, the longing to be blessed, the effort to live and ascend is so inevitable, even to the darkest mind, even to the most miserable prisoner of crime, that the turning point must come at last, and the gift of the discerning of spirits has never been bestowed upon the seer in vain: for, whilst he beholds the darkness visible, the cloud of thick night that clusters round the soul, outworked from its own miserable heart, he perceives how surely that misery and that very wretchedness is becoming the tutor to the soul to stretch out its hands in the appeal, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

I may not dwell further upon this point. The gift of discerning spirits is so full of instruction; it is so rife with teaching; first concerning the glorious faculties of the human soul—it brings to us such assurance that there are properties of

soul yet unwrought, that there is a grand mine of science yet to be worked, and yet to be systematised and developed, in this new day of mental dawn and illumination, that I pause upon it with delight, and point to it, not as a mere marvel, not as an evidence of phenomenal power, but as an evidence of what we shall be, what we may be, and what an era we have entered upon when we can recognize these powers no longer as miracle, or magic, or hallucination, or folly, but as actualities which we must deal with, which we must cultivate and which we must investigate. Thus much, therefore, for the knowledge which it brings to us of ourselves—for the revelation which it gives us of the presence of a spiritual world about us—of the ministry of angels, of the marvellous love of the Infinite, who has related us not only to the spirits of the departed, but by the aid of the inspiration that is brought to them of broader vistas, the inspiration by which they drink in the light of arch-angelic worlds, has connected us with grand and glorious spheres of which now we only dream: but they are all there. We cannot aspire too high, we cannot hope too much, we cannot dream too brightly of the glorious path of light on which we enter when first we realize the true nature and attribute of soul, when once we realize what a grand and glorious thing life is, through the discerning of spirits.

THE OLD KITCHEN IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT CINTRA.—Mrs. Sullivan, the daughter of Wordsworth, in her *Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal*, speaking of the strange old kitchen of the Royal Palace at Cintra, says:—"One of our party tried the effect of a flute in this kitchen. It was strange and delightful. The softness, the power, the growing swell of notes meant to be soft and subdued, and the reverberation, louder and yet sweeter than the notes themselves, was almost awful, for it gave the delicate flute the character of an organ played by a wizard. The player, however, was soon obliged to leave off; it shook his nerves so that he could hardly stand. When he was afterwards rallied on his faintness, he declared that the reverberation thrilled him intolerably, and that the flute itself had got a sudden life in it, so that after a few minutes he seemed himself to be rather the thing played upon than the player." (Vol. II., p. 55.)

SPIRITUALISM IN BENGAL.

The Bengalee, (a Native Journal published every Saturday in Calcutta) in its issue of September 22nd of the present year, has a leading article under the above title, which we give without comment as its story is one which needs no explanation from us, and is only a further corroboration of a world-wide truth.

"The very interesting and lucid articles on this subject which, for some time past, have been in course of publication in the *Shomeprokash* have exerted a tremendous influence over the youthful native mind. The *Bengalee* above a certain limit of age is sardonic and sarcastic generally. He reserves his faith in novelties with a persistence which would be laudable if only he could assign an intelligible reason for his incredulity. 'The thing is impossible' is however the lingual bulwark behind which half the intelligent and working minds of the country post themselves when a new dogma in ethics, religion, or other speculative science presents itself at the door clamouring for admission and a hearty welcome. Spiritualism is not exactly a novelty in India. The belief in ghosts and in the influence of ghosts on the transactions of this world is a fundamental part of our religion. That the spirit haunts its worldly abode is an axiomatic article of our faith and the offering of libations in Gya is popularly esteemed to be the sure means of relieving it from the chain which binds it to the earth even after death. The funeral ceremonies of the Hindoos are nothing else than acts performed avowedly for the pacification of the spirits of deceased progenitors. Yet so low had we been accustomed to estimate every part of our religious institutions owing to the exaggerations and forgeries which conspicuously overlies them, that it had become actually necessary to wait for the progress and success of American Spiritualism before any action could be undertaken by us for the revival of our ancient faith and learning on the subject. At the present moment, the seniors of the community with the exception of a few zealous enthusiasts in all kinds of holy work, have not deemed it worth their while to test the truth of the existence of spirit-worlds, such as those beautifully traced in the flowery and inspired language of mediums developed in the circles organised in America. It was reserved for our youth—boys still in their teens who are prosecuting their studies in English schools, and who have enthusiasm and curiosity and trust—to experimentalise on a subject brimful of gushing interest to living men.

"A spiritual circle in Putuldanga, in Calcutta, consisting of the elements we have described, and a spiritual circle in Jessore scarcely more eminently qualified, have been daily and dutifully

at work. The sublimest patience was their characteristic, the most devout and pious souls the offerings which they brought to the spirits they endeavoured to invoke. At last after tedious watching and smothering despair, after disappointments which would have driven grown-up men routingly from their ground, they have succeeded in obtaining manifestations which would be incredible were not the witnesses to the awful scenes well known for the purity of their character, their abhorrence of deceit as gathered from their every day school-boy life by intelligent tutors—their acuteness of mind and strength of observation. Two mediums were simultaneously affected, one by the spirit of Raja Ram Mohun Roy, another by that of Hurris Chunder Mookerjea. The manifestations were preceded by convulsive fits in the boys affected, who subsequently declared that suddenly a cold tremor seemed to attack them, their nerves shook with galvanic violence, their veins swelled, a strange fear seized them and they became insensible. Whilst in this state the unaffected members of the circle hastily put pencil and paper into their hands, and the two mediums respectively traced thereon the names of Ram Mohun Roy and Hurris Chunder Mookerjea. They subsequently got up, and approaching each other whilst still in a state of absolute insensibility, the person possessed by the spirit of Ram Mohun Roy warmly shook hands with the other, exclaiming ‘I am very glad to see you, Hurris.’ The latter spoke rather despondingly of his present condition. There is every hope of further success when the two mediums are more fully developed.

“In the Jessore Circle a little girl of 12 years, who had never studied English, wrote out sheets of paper in that language whilst under the influence of the spirit. These are well authenticated facts, which lead us irresistibly to the Poet’s puzzled solution ‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’”

A YOUNG ZOUAVE, A CURATIVE MEDIUM.—*La Presse Illustrée*, of the 6th of August, says, quoting the *Journal de l’Aisne*, “The only talk in this part of the country, is of the miracles performed at the camp of Châlons by a young Spiritualist Zouave. Numbers of invalids direct their course towards Châlons, and a thing incredible, a great number return cured. Within these few days a paralytic patient went in a carriage, and after having seen the young Spiritualist, found himself radically cured, and returned joyfully on foot. Explain these prodigies who can: all we can say is that they are decided, and thoroughly attested by a great number of intelligent persons, and worthy of credit.”

A NEW INVENTION WANTED.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

OUR age prides itself beyond all former ones, on the triumph of its scientific discoveries and manufacturing progress. As an able writer in the *La Verité* of Lyons says:—"In our epoch, progress marches with giant strides, both in industry and in physical science;—steam, railways, the electric telegraph, photography; aërostation, which now seems approaching a new development; spectral analysis, which discovers to us the physical constitutions of most distant stars; cosmical astronomy, which every day improves itself, and opens to our astonished gaze the material portion of the heavens; so many instruments, whether for manufacturing or agricultural operations,—these are the precious conquests, which we have no desire to depreciate: but have not these very things caused us to lose the view of the spiritual world and of our future destinies? Intoxicated by his genius, and by his anticipation of transforming prodigiously this terrestrial world in its physical conditions, is man to forget God and his soul? Is he to have no respect for anything but luxury, material good, and for gold, as the result of his labours and the means of his happiness here below, in the satisfaction of all his covetous and even least legitimate desires? Faith and the science of the invisible are menaced with annihilation, and as they contain the real evidences of the real life, it is necessary that our present sojourn should find itself shaken by some supernatural event or dispensation."

That is precisely the need of this age. We have invented all sorts of clever things. We can travel by vapour, and hope to travel on air. We can talk across the globe in a few seconds, and have engaged the sun as our portrait and landscape painter. All our shops display the marvellous results of our science and our tradings. We embellish our houses and our persons in splendours and tissues unknown to our proudest and wealthiest ancestors. What would have maintained a country squire a hundred years ago, will not now pay for the dresses of a citizen's wife. Jewels hang on our ladies thick as dew-drops on a May thorn. We roll in wealth and live in luxury, beyond not only any former age of our country, but in a manner to which the royalty of Solomon or the table of Lucullus were strangers. Babylon has fallen! And not only Babylon, but Athens, Rome, the great empires of ancient Asia, have all fallen from the effects of luxury and its corruptions; but we are ten times more wealthy, more luxurious, more prodigal in costume and splendour of abode, and we laugh at the idea of *our* ever falling.

And yet, what were the first symptoms of decay in those famous nations and cities? They were the growth of pride, the excess of sensual indulgences of all sorts, the decadence of moral principle; and they fell under the inevitable doom of "all the nations who forget God." Yet, we may safely say, if we know anything of history, that we enormously transcend all past ages and people in our wealth, our pride, our luxury and our utter ruin of moral principle.

Does any one start at this assertion in this so-called Christian country? Let that innocent wonderer, if such there be, read our newspapers. Let him glance at the parliamentary debates and compare those speeches with the solemn promises on the hustings. Let him see how Reformers hate reform; how professed advocates of the people hate the people's rights. Let him look in at the Divorce Court and estimate the domestic morals of our higher and middle classes. Let him trace our young men of wealth and rank into their daily and nightly haunts. Let him see the solicitings and bargainings for place, and the bargainings for wealthy marriages during the London season; and the feudal despotism of rural and game-law life in the rural season. Let him wonder at a public press whose eyes are too weak to bear the lustre of spiritual truth, and which closes them irresistibly at its smallest glimmer. Let him observe how ably our laws are framed to muzzle truth and enable rogues to look like innocents, and to brand the innocents before all the world as rogues. Let him remember ship-owners who send forth ships formed to carry their passengers to the bottom. Let him follow the populace into their gin-shops and see them spend £13,000,000 in excise annually on these waters of hell. Let him count, if he can, our voluminous catalogue of murders, robberies, suicides, infanticides and kindred crimes. Let him note the continual cases in our police courts of the embezzlement of employers' money, of forgeries of cheques, and of the most ingenious swindles. Let him hear what men in all professions admit of the fearful corruption of principle in their trades and arts, of the daily frauds of railway clerks on passengers. Of silks manufactured of cotton, and cotton weighted by a ponderous size. Let him go amongst preachers, and hear them scheming, not how many souls they can convert, but how many sovereigns they can net by preaching sermons in different places. Let him attend the auction mart in the City, and see a sight only to be seen in England—the sale of the next presentations to church livings. Let him be very sure that neither St. Paul nor St. Peter will be there to purchase a right to preach Christ's Gospel, but he *will* be sure to find clergymen there to buy such a right, and speculating, often in very revolting language, on the ages and infirmities of in-

cumbents. Let him reflect that this is an open, regular and admitted practice of the Church of England, held in utter abhorrence in every other church and nation, and then he will no longer wonder at such clergymen acting in their churches Popery without a Pope, and preaching a Christianity without a Christ.

Well, having made this little round of observations on our daily deeds and moral status, let him tell us whether the picture is more like that of a Christian community, or of "a sinful and adulterous generation." Is it possible that such a generation has any wish for any other world but this? Can we wonder that its philosophers concern themselves only with this world; and, if they have a glimmering notion of another world, do not think it worth looking after? There is a very disagreeable and disturbing book called the New Testament, that contains the very disagreeable declaration that "we brought nothing with us into this world, and it is very certain that we can carry nothing out of it." By some strange means, this disagreeable and really radical assertion has got into the Churches' Burial Service, and people hear it every day: but it is clear that they do not believe it; for they go on scraping up money, and adding house to house, to the very last moment of their existence. What for? Any one from another planet would say—"Certainly, they could either take it with them, or they could stay with it as long as they pleased, or that they were certainly insane.

Well, they neither can take it nor stay with it. We see these money-scrappers and earth-collectors every day shot out of their bodies by death, as recklessly as coals or potatoes are shot out of a sack. And these "children of this world" are said to be "wiser than the children of light." Then, what very fools must these children of light be! For more foolish creatures we cannot imagine than such as spend the first stage of a journey in gathering what they cannot take with them, and then having to set out without food, or clothes, or money, or any other means, on the longest journey that has ever been heard of,—namely, into the unmeasurable regions of eternity. What, indeed, must be the condition of a rich man of the earth suddenly bolted out of his riches,—whisked away from his houses, his lands, his bonds and debentures, and standing the poorest of the poor, the nakedest of the naked, the most hideous of the hideous, "a spectacle to angels and to men." Such a man who devoted every hour and energy of his life to root himself into the earth, and has made not the smallest provision for the spirit-world; who has not laid up a house or an acre of land there, or provided a single coin of such only as is there current,—namely, purification of heart and soul; love to God—

the gold coin of heaven ; love to the neighbour—its silver coin ; renunciation of self and all its selfish fibres and ramifications, truth and integrity “ in the inward parts.” What a desperate condition must he find himself in—what an idiot he must begin to think himself ! Blind, deaf, naked, cold, because he has neither exercised his spiritual senses nor laid up those “ treasures in heaven,” warmth and clothing, which are the life and raiment of the saints,—namely, love and worship of the Giver of life and all good ; love of another as of himself ; love of truth and the beauty of holiness. For such a man to have all his earthly passions and avarices grown into monstrous growth in him and through him, craving for their food and finding none but in the deeps of Hades,—why, he had much better have remained where he was—on earth. Yes, and there he would have been glad enough to remain for ever. There he was comfortable ; there he was honoured for his wealth, though he is now the poorest beggar in Hades. The case is urgent, and demands immediate remedy. What are all the millionaires and the great philosophers about ? Here are the noble and honourable of the world daily dropping and disappearing into this miserable Hades, and they do nothing to prevent it. The believers in the Bible, and the Spiritualists, have told them long enough what is going on, and they laugh both—especially the Spiritualists—to scorn. Come then, let them employ their wealth and their science to some purpose,—let them find another remedy ; and the only one is an invention to enable all those who do not believe in another, and another kind of world, and all those who do believe in it but do not want to go there, to remain here for ever with their acres, their halls, and their money bags.

I throw out this simple and most palpable idea for them. Let the rich men who want to stay here for ever club a few millions as a prize to stimulate the scientific to add to all their great discoveries in physics just this one other—how to keep soul and body together for ever ; how to act on this living *corpus* of matter, so as to give it the permanent mastery over the soul, or intellect, within. What a glorious discovery for those who have clearly set their hearts on this world and this world only ! Why, no contribution can be too great for such a boon—nothing can pay them so well. Investments in cotton or mines, in gas or railway companies,—they are not to be named with the grand privilege of keeping your banks and money-spinning offices, your estates and titles, your power and enjoyments, here for ever ! And for the men of science, what an opportunity ! Surely, with all their boasts of familiarity with matter, with their exaltation of it over spirit, and their own power and exaltation over it, it cannot require any stretch of ingenuity

which a few millions cannot call forth to add to their grand physical triumphs this single one of giving to matter a permanent form and hold on the life within.

That, indeed, would be a glorious means of prostrating the silly Spiritualists, with all their talk of spirit-worlds and spirit supremacy, of moral retribution, and of the final triumph of virtue over successful cash accounts. The new race of theologists would hail their discovery with acclamations. Preachers of the old school say—"Repent, return and live!" but they have been saying that any number of Sundays, through any number of centuries, and nobody in these enlightened times cares a straw for them. The new preachers, teachers and philosophers, tell us that that stupid book, in which all these useless, unregarded exhortations to think of another life are contained, is altogether, or almost altogether, a myth and a hoax, and no better than Zadkiel's Almanac, or Joanna Southcott's prophecies.

Let the scientific men, then, put the climax to their discoveries in matter, and give it permanence in the human form, and the day is their own! "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." To the bulk of mankind this has already come to pass. They believe neither in prophecies, nor tongues, nor knowledge, which speaks of spirit or directs to another world. In this world, and for this world only, they desire to live. It is for the autocrats of wealth and of science to accomplish the yearning and mighty desires of the materialistic millions. Why should they, spite of their own earth-bound faith, see themselves, having achieved fortune and honour, daily drop and disappear?

What! With all their breadth of lands, cannot they lay hold fast enough of it to keep them here? With all their money bags, cannot they purchase a right to stop where they are, and only desire to be? With all their greatness, cannot they command a halt in their beloved world? What, men of science! with all your knowledge and scientific discoveries, cannot you find out how to bind the soul within us by an indissoluble knot—how to live for ever in the only world you think worth cultivating, examining, analyzing, loving, and believing in? Oh, vanity of science! with all its lofty looks and words, not to be able to add that one discovery which can give a permanent value to all the rest! Oh, folly of human ingenuity! that amid the multitude of its nice inventions, lacks just the invention of remaining with its inventions! Oh, vanity of wealth! that cannot purchase this discovery from the masters of science,—this invention from the great inventors!

What! that science which scoffs at spirit, and spirit-worlds,

and spirit believers, not able to teach itself and its materialistic worshippers how to continue in the only world they have any faith in! What! cannot all the millionaires with all their mountains of gold, which can build palaces, bridges, giant factories, steam ships, and colonial bishoprics, not put together such a sum as shall pay for the discovery of "THIS ONE THING NEEDFUL!"

Let them think! What a glorious world they might make of this, and all for themselves! Possessed of this great secret—this power of earthly immortality, they might remain the really imperial few. The multitude of poor devils, the uninitiated, might still go "the way of all flesh" and not crowd too much on their sacred greatness. This done, and the poor fanatic Spiritualists might depart to their spirit-world and good riddance of them. Never more could they lift their visionary heads in a world where science had thus planted its immortal trophies. It is but reasonable to ask of them, as they scout all existence but matter, all worlds but the material ones, to give a desirable place on this actual earth to those whom they discourage from seeking any other. If they cannot do that, let them, at least, leave the Spiritualists alone, who do in all truth and honesty, not only promise to their fellow-men this attainment to a spirit-world hereafter, but the acquaintance, the aid, comfort and counsel of the spirit legions whilst here. If the men of science still continue their boasts, and their scornful language, without finding a remedy for the present wretched state of things—a world of wealth, pleasure, power, and knowledge, without a perpetuity and without a sequence—mere bubbles on a stream—we must regard them but as inmates of a large lunatic asylum—men playing out solemnly a fool's game, and "dying as the fool dieth!"

ANECDOTE OF THE MOTHER OF GEORGE CANNING.—The mother of George Canning, who was in narrow circumstances, accepted the offer of the proprietor of a house, which had the reputation of being haunted, to live rent free in a part of it. Under her apartments there was a joiner or cabinet maker's workshop, which was locked up every evening when the workmen left. But every night about twelve o'clock the work seemed to begin again. The planing, sawing, hammering growing louder and louder. When she stole down to the door of this workshop in her socks, the sounds suddenly ceased. When she had regained her room, they commenced as busily as before. The noises, however, only lasted for about half an hour each night. The owner of the house, who also lived in it, heard them too.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

REMARKABLE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECT OF
CERTAIN DREAMS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Nation* (a respectable New York weekly newspaper), gives the following account, in its issue of November 1st:—

“M. N—— C——, a well-known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself, the hero of a nine days’ fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians; from the fact that his hair, black and unusually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

“‘We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure,’ says the editor of the *Pays*, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, ‘were it not that M. C——, is personally well known to us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming *on oath* the absolute exactness of every detail therein given.’

“From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill-bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding: ‘Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do.’ ‘I will go down and begin the drawings at once,’ replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer. Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of the workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the

workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour. He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself, by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken. The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch. The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover, he felt that, even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up), no human aid could reach him. Looking upwards, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher and higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of the ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt once more the solid earth beneath his feet.

"The horrible adventure was only a dream; but M. C—— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable

of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly grey. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, and evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular. So much for the story vouched for by one of the five 'leading journals' of this capital; its explanation I leave to the ingenuity of your readers."

An instance of a similar kind happened to Henry IV. of France, and we have the best authority—his own word—for its truth. Matthieu, his historian, says that he was present when the king told the Marquis de la Force that, when he heard the unexpected and mortifying news that Henry III. had published the edict of July, 1585, by which every Huguenot was ordered either to go to mass or to leave the kingdom in six months, he was so greatly affected, that in an instant the moustachio on that side of his face which happened to rest upon his hand was converted into grey.

The physiological phenomenon is probably explicable by reference to the processes of vital chemistry. It is well known that sulphur is an important constituent in the hair. An American author remarks, "Any physical derangement or powerful mental excitement, producing a strong determination of vital forces to the brain, is liable to develop an electro-chemical action, in which the oil containing the colouring matter of the hair may be absorbed by the sulphur, which is then perceived through its transparent envelope. Thus hair of all colours and of every conceivable shade assumes the same appearance." But how, on the principle of the Materialist that all knowledge is and can only be obtained through the physical senses, are we to explain the phenomena of true clairvoyance, and especially, as in this case of the engineer, of true clairvoyance in sleep, when all the avenues and gates of sense are closed and locked? The facts of this class are numerous, but I cite only one further example. One, comprehending all the particulars of a tragic scene that was enacted in California, on the 6th of December, 1854, and which originally appeared in the editorial columns of the *Cincinnati Times*. The subject of this singular experience, we are told, "was a young married lady—

wife of a merchant doing business in Main-street." It should be observed that the dream and the actual occurrence were simultaneous:—

"She dreamed of seeing her brother, who in 1852 left home to brave the hardships of a life in California, that he might secure a competence for himself and his sister. She saw him rise from a bed, in a small, hut-like tenement, and running his hand under the pillow, draw from thence a revolver and a huge bowie-knife, both of which he placed in a belt that encircled his body. The time was not far from midnight, for the embers were yet smoking on the rude hearth; and, as they cast their lurid glare over his countenance, she thought that perhaps it was all a dream; but then she concluded that no dream could be so real, and became convinced that all was actual.

"While she gazed on his countenance, the expression suddenly changed—it betrayed an intense watchfulness; all motion seemed suspended, and every heart-throb muffled, while the eye was fixed on a particular spot near the head of the bed, where—through a small aperture not noticed before—a human hand was visible, grasping a short keen instrument, looking terribly like a dagger. It apparently sought the head of the bed, for as it touched the pillow it passed slowly down to about the supposed region of the heart, and poised for a second, as if to make sure its aim. That second was sufficient for the brother to rise noiselessly from his seat, draw his bowie-knife from his belt, and advance a single step toward the bed. Just as the dagger descended into the blankets, the knife of the brother came down like a meat-axe, close to the aperture, completely severing the hand of the would-be assassin above the wrist, and causing the dagger and limb to fall on the bed, trophies of his victory. A deep, prolonged yell sounded from without, and on rushing to the aperture and convincing himself that there was but one, the brother unbolted the door and stepped out. The moon was shining, and by its light was discovered a man writhing as if in the last agonies.

"The miner drew the body to the door, and turning his face to the fire, beheld the visage of a Mexican who, for some fancied injury, had sworn to never rest content until he had taken his (the brother's) life. On examining the man closely, he was discovered to have a wound near the heart, which a long, sharp, two-edged blade in his left hand abundantly accounted for. Failing in the attempt to assassinate his intended victim, he had with his only remaining hand driven another knife to his own heart. The lady awoke, and, vividly impressed with the dream, related its substance to her husband as it is here recorded. Judge, then, of their surprise when, not long after, they

received a letter from their brother in California (by the *North Star*), relating an adventure that occurred on the night of the 6th of December, corresponding in all its particulars with the scene witnessed by the lady in her dream."

T. S.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—SOME ADVANTAGES OF SPIRITUALISM.

CHRISTIANITY assumes as its own the whole domain of Spiritualism. That whole realm of fear and wonder, traversed in part by the ancient Gynosophists and the various followers of Budh, or Brahma, working through the parabolic myth and alluring in the elegancies of fable, the keen and polished intellect of the Greek, and which, while it furnished the main forms of all the various other religions of antiquity, was limited by the Law of Moses, and the growing instincts of Monotheism among the Jews, fell at once beneath *its* Messiah, and the Christian first of men, the genuine "first born of all creation." This is the wonderful victory intimated by the temptation in the wilderness. The first law and dignity in this new province, henceforth subject to humanity, and its laws of thought divine, was in the promise of the signs which should follow them that believe. *Follow* as attendants do their ruler, being simply signs of their new and heavenly life. Its last law on the subject does but clench this by affirming that the spirit which does not subserve the Lord in flesh is in disobedience, and that with it, therefore, the Christian has nothing to do but reject it. It must be quite clear then, that even he, whose faith in Christianity is limited to a belief in the superiority of Jesus to the world's prophet teachers, has a rightful claim of knowledge in Spiritualism, and it is, we hold, equally clear, that he who takes any communication to have authority as of the Holy Spirit of the creative and redeeming God, is a mere babe "*νήπιος*" in Christ.

But now, if this be so, we come to the question, What is the present use of Spiritualism to a Christian? We reply, in one word, it is the power still manifest among men of reading the Word and ways of God, not as of a mere author of nature, bound in its laws and limited by its finity, but as the "Father of Spirits," and, consequently, acting eternally in reproduction from the world of causes, and in the unstinted plenitude of His divine will. The ancient Church so literally understood this that in its best, simplest, and largest creed it places the assertion of the "Communion of Saints" in the same clause as that which

teaches his faith in the Holy Ghost, and between the naming of the Catholic Church and the forgiveness of sins. This is because it so learned the facts of Christianity; for every man found by entering into the rule of one or ten cities in the domain of Spiritualism that he was a member of a church which was divine, and in heaven as well as on earth—and that, therefore, his own sins were most assuredly forgiven.

In proportion as men studied theology they borrowed terms out of the ancient current philosophies, which were accommodations to the wants of the time from earlier schools, and, learning by intellect more than by example and fact, they dropped the mention of this Christian power in the two later and more dogmatic creeds. Now, we cannot return to the days of ignorance, any more than the plant can grow back to its root, but we can bring facts within the courts of investigation and marshal them in the array of science, which is apparently the duty of our era. By doing this in Spiritualism we can realise how very small the difficulty is in reconciling our understandings to the seemingly strange statements of Scripture, and the more easily receive its lessons. He that has heard one of those "airy tongues that syllable men's names," can account for many a story of his old Bible. The critical mind, puzzled by two Isaiahs, is immediately relieved by the spirit-phenomenon of writing by dictation, and ceases to ask himself whether the second Isaiah was a cheat, or the Daniel of Antiochus Epiphanes a wilful deceiver whom a Divine Providence has overruled to inspire the world with Messianic ideas. He rules, in short, in the modern domain of Spiritualism as the primitive Christian did in his, and even more so as becomes the later heir of so glorious an inheritance. In like manner, he will learn in the gifts of healing and in new ideas spiritually suggested much more than his Christian predecessor, for he will thereby get at a science of healing and a philosophy in thought; but he must, like a true man of science, take nothing at second-hand.

It will be noticed, that we have taken merely popular questions, and stated them without references to learned authorities, and we think this the most useful way of writing, as it is by no means our desire to lay down any views of our own, or to force our convictions on others; but our wish is merely to suggest what unbiassed intellects may work out. And this leads us to another view of our great general statement of the utility of Spiritualism.

We never yet met with an honest Spiritualist, who, however much his own conviction of the truth of Christianity as a Divine and revealed law of thought was deepened and extended, remained a hard theologian, and was not led to see how very

various may be the standing points of the mind of man around what he believes the world's great and central truth. In brief, the more entirely he believes, that Jesus is the Son of God, the more hearty becomes his sympathy with the honest lover of his Lord, as the great Prophet who rose up among men.

It is surely no small advantages in a community which is for ever tending to division on the great subject which ought to unite all men, that the Spiritualist by his education in facts, has been taught that there is a power beyond dogma, and a love beyond any of those names, in which the love of his fellow creatures causes him to name his heart's Lord, and the Sun of his intellect. To him the great proof that a truth is divine is, that it is more instinct with humanity than any other he can learn or hear of.

In this rapid sketch of the advantages of Christian Spiritualism, or of Spiritualism to the willing and hearty believer in Christianity, much has been omitted, as not yet brought within men's sphere of reception by generally acknowledged facts; but the writer allows himself to add, that everything he has yet learned or anticipated, is marked by the same liberal and generous characteristics as what he has now so cursorily stated.

W. E.

THE FREED SOUL.

A SPIRITUAL WRITING, BY A LADY, IN 1826.

THE soul, when divested of the body which detains it upon this earth, and binds it, as it were, with a chain, feels as doth the weary traveller when he arrives at a long journey's end, after having experienced the greatest troubles and adversities. A new gleam of light, joy, and hope now shines over him—he is comfortably settled with his little family all well and smiling upon him, at his own fireside, his troubles over, and nothing but a bright prospect of prosperity and delight before him. He bids adieu to all sorrow, and thinks of nothing but happiness and joy to come: or as doth the little harmless bird, after being confined in a cage, if, by chance, it gets liberty, how doth it not flutter its little wings; with rapturous joy and delight it ranges over the wide expanse of nature, nor once it deigns to think of the prison it has escaped from. Such will be the felicity and unspeakable delight of the righteous soul, when disencumbered from its prison of corruptible flesh, it will look at once with pity, surprise, and contempt upon the things of this world which have so long taken up its attention; it will wish for the time to arrive when

those it leaves behind shall join it in glory, which it feels itself already in possession of, and hastens with joy to meet the friends who have gone before. New scenes now open apace, everything bears a different appearance than it was wont to do; the senses are opened that were shut up in darkness; the sight which occupied but a short space now takes in a great part of the universe, which is replete with wonders; myriads of angels fill all space. Nothing but melody is heard, sweet, solemn, lively, and gay; all ideas are expressed in accents of delicious music; ideas that were once so imperfect are now expanded beyond all restraint. All power of perception is given to the senses to view and admire the works of God, all power of conveyance is given to the soul to transport itself wherever it inclines; thousands of angels, arrayed in all celestial glory, covered with the sparkling gems of heaven, meet and welcome with ecstatic delight every new soul to the regions of everlasting bliss and glory. Not unlikely the souls of those persons best beloved by them here, but who had gone a little time before, and now, experienced in the paths of glory, lead them forward rejoicing to the habitation of the most high God. The ethereal gates of heaven will fly open at their approach, a blaze of light and glory emanating from the throne of God, and the thousands of heavenly instruments, with continual variety, with myriads of angels in concert, will sing praises and glorify the Supreme Being, whose glory surrounds them. The new soul is welcomed with songs of joy most harmonious, and in language which all understand, it receives indubitable signs of approbation and mercy from the Most High, the interior of whose Throne is impenetrable, and the glory of which the angels dare scarcely look upon. The soul thus approved falls down filled with reverential awe, delight, love, joy, and wonder; 'tis instantly surrounded by heavenly angels, whose delight it is to instruct it and soften down the first raptures, and the ideas of self-insignificancy which take possession of the soul when first entering the glorious kingdom of heaven. It sees the innumerable worlds revolving around it. It is continually discovering new wonders; and observes minutely the different inhabitants of the spirit-world in their new spiritual state, after putting off the terrestrial body in this the intermediate preparatory abode. Lost in wonder and astonishment, all its praises appear inadequate to express its love and veneration for Him whose power rules supreme and whose glory fills all heaven. Its new world is of immeasurable and inconceivable magnitude, and by its influence governs and attracts all the spheres around it, all inhabited by beings in different states. The angels continually see the great power and glory of God;

He is their delight, joy, love and happiness; the voice of God rolls round them in thunder—the whole heavens ring with joy, and with one accord the angels answer, not with signs of fear, but with unbounded love, glory, reverence, delight, and rapture!

Heaven only is Paradise; Heaven only is the seat of love, joy, and unparalleled felicity; Heaven only is crowned with never-fading joys and endless variety—flowers, trees, and shrubs of everlasting growth and incomparable sweetness, and endless beauty; arbors, groves, avenues, grottoes, cascades, fountains and rivulets, landscapes covered with the finest verdure—all that the finest imagination can picture to the senses—are there, and ten thousand times more of endless variety, such as we can have no conception of, as we only discover the works of God imperfectly produce in this state of existence. No wish is there unfulfilled; all happiness is complete, all beauty and harmony. The angels, in shape as we, but more exquisitely formed—chaste, pure, and transparent, without dross and corruption, the features soft, full of heavenly thought; smiles of innocence play over the countenance of inexpressible beauty, benevolence, wisdom, and virtue. No thought of what shall I eat, what shall I drink, what shall I put on? The body is spiritual, and therefore requires no corruptible food; the flowing robes are of celestial origin, and therefore require no aid to keep them in order, but are always pure, unsullied, and brilliant as the stars of heaven, reflecting the glory of the Supreme Beneficence.

What shall I say, then, of this poor pitiful world, when all we can ever attain in it is of short and perishable duration? Ought we not to look upon everything we see in it as poor and trifling—unworthy of beings who were made for such celestial felicity? All we see is the property of another, we being only pilgrims; nothing we see or have can we call our own, for our state of existence is so soon at an end. One day follows another, one year follows another—until that year, that day, and that hour that shall bring us to the last we shall ever spend in this poor deceitful world, when all we have ever called our own shall be left to another. In the spring of our lives we are thoughtless and gay; no thought of death ever interferes with our pleasures and pastimes. In the summer of our lives we become thoughtful, and careful of the things of this world, which we are to call our own for so short a time. In the autumn and decline of life we begin to see the delusion we have been under so long—our eyes are opened then, and only then, to the real state of things on earth. In the winter of our lives all is over—we wither, perish, droop, and fall to the ground; our pleasures, pastimes, speculations, delusions, cares, sorrows, and pains are over. We die;

the agony of the last struggle and the labour of death is over; we close our eyes upon all we have ever held dear, and what is then the world to us? Perhaps some dear friend weeps over us wishing to recal us to life—for a few short days more to be ours. Alas! my kind friend, you too will soon be the same as that clay-cold corpse you now look upon with so much sorrow. A few short years and all will be over with you also; you will breathe your last breath, as I have done. Look at death, how still it is; touch it, how cold it is. The passions are stilled at that stern repose. Look at the eyes, now closed in death, that once sparkled with delight; they will now open no more upon the pleasures and sorrows of this life; all within is dark and still as the grave; those lips, now sealed up in everlasting silence—no pleasing sounds, no cheering words, no delightful praises, shall evermore come from thence. All within is silent and still as the cold sepulchral grave. That body, once so beloved, is now going the way of all nature, to be, alas! the food for worms. This, indeed, is a melancholy thought for those surviving, but not so for those whom you contemplate. No; all thought has left the pale corpse, all is alike indifferent to it, the grave or the palace. The spirit that once animated the form has made its escape; 'tis hovering about you, accompanied by other spirits, imperceptible to human eyes. They are acquainted with all your thoughts. Soon it takes its departure hence for other regions of greater perfection, or, perhaps for a little time to take a retrospective view of the things in this world and friends at a distance that are beloved by it still,—and whom, after a few short years or days it will again converse with in the regions of eternal glory, never more to separate.

When the spirit leaves this world, perhaps it does not immediately appear in the presence of the Lord, being as yet unprepared for so great a change. The sun, being the superior of this solar system, will probably take it a short period, as being a place pure from all earthly dross, therefore more allied to heaven, consequently suitable for a soul recently divested of all earthly corruption, to be translated to, that it may be prepared in a certain degree to meet its great and awful Judge at the celestial seat of everlasting glory. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from this globe, and more than a million of times larger; it is surrounded with an ethereal light, which appears to us like fire; things often appear different to what they really are; the moon appears not what she is—an inhabited world, 244,000 miles from this, dark and opaque, and only reflecting the light of the sun, but it appears a clear, light body of matter, composed of we know not what, and shining with

its own light. The sun is a dark body also, but composed of different material from this world, having much greater attraction and reflection, such as it may be gold, silver, precious stones of great refulgence, and such like, surrounded by a fine, clear, heavenly effluvia, and being of a totally different nature from anything earthly; we can scarcely bear to look upon it, having all the effects of distant fire upon this earth; it is ordained by Providence to be the support of the body, as well as the preparation for the soul. We could not live without it here, and hereafter without it we could not enter the spiritual kingdom. It brings all our corn and fruits to perfection—it also brings the soul to perfection, and makes it worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH MAN IS FITTED FOR THE ETERNAL FUTURE.

It is not often that we are able to quote from a daily journal on a topic like this. We, therefore, the more readily lay before our readers some remarks upon it from a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which appeared in its issue of Thursday, November 9th. Some editorial criticisms on a former letter of the writer's occasioned a reply, in which the following remarks appear:—

“I hold that it is absolutely impossible to explain the phenomena of human nature and the physical universe except on the belief that this present life leads directly up to some other life by an intimate organic connection; and further, that in all probability the whole human race will ultimately find in a perfected knowledge and love of God the complete satisfaction and employment of their moral and intellectual powers. Here, then, my critic will perhaps reiterate his charge that I reject hell merely because I do not like it. Let me say, then, why I disbelieve in an eternity of misery. In a word, it is because I believe that God is a just God. Justice requires that the penalty of an offence should be proportionate to the capacity of the offender for understanding both the nature of the offence itself and also the nature of the penalty to be incurred. Now man, being a creature of finite capacities, is incapable of committing an offence of infinite magnitude, and, consequently, is incapable of deserving a punishment of infinite magnitude. On the other hand, the justice of God does not forbid his conferring eternal happiness on those who are morally fitted for it, because justice

has nothing to do with the conferring of gifts. Eternal happiness cannot be deserved by man, but it can be bestowed by God out of his pure goodness.

"What, then, is the process by which humanity is fitted for the eternal future? It is not, what my friendly critic makes me say, a sort of rainy May melting into a glorious June. It is a moral discipline, by which the struggle of passion with reason is brought to an end in the final victory of reason. Being this, it is of necessity a painful work and a tedious work. It is, in truth, an agony; with all the alternations of hope and despair, and renewed efforts, and the terrible sufferings of a mortal conflict. But its issue, according as I read the facts of the life of man, is always the same in the end. At what period in man's existence that end is attained we cannot tell. It is probably attained by some few persons in the course of this life; but of those who begin it a vast number die while the discipline is not half completed, while with an enormous majority it is not, as far as we can see, even begun. As for the popular belief that the discipline of man and his moral responsibility cease at the period we call death, I believe that it is a groundless assumption. It is in contradiction with the whole system on which the moral and physical universe is conducted. Looking back myriads of ages, I see always one slow, unbroken process of growth and development, and I see the same in the history of man as a race, and of each man as an individual. There is no precedent in creation, that I can discover, for any such dislocation of the action of organic law as would be involved in that sudden cessation of the operation of moral and intellectual discipline which is popularly supposed to be the result of death. To suppose that every person who has 'faith' and some small 'good works' is instantly elevated, as the Protestant holds, to an eternal happiness just as he is, seems to me one of the most irrational of theories. And the Catholic doctrine of purgatory is as irrational, for it asserts that the good are subjected to a purifying process without any further moral responsibility; without, that is, any further real moral discipline whatsoever.

"You will say that we have no proof of these views. But in reality we have the same proof as that which establishes the certainty of any scientific truth. They satisfy the conditions of the problem to be solved. They violate no facts, and they supply a solution to the mystery which is in harmony with everything we do really know of ourselves and of the Divine nature. Certainly they are not contradicted by anything that I can find in the Gospels. But you may ask, How is this view to be applied to the millions in whom no moral discipline is ever commenced before death! This is my reply. I perceive that in

the case of those in whom the moral discipline is really begun, and is carried on to the utmost perfection, a material portion of their existence is necessarily passed before the commencement of the discipline. For years we all live a purely animal existence, and are apparently not a whit more like saints and sages in an embryonic stage than are the wretched multitudes who constitute the criminal classes in London, or than the most degraded savages of Africa. How it is that an infancy and childhood of animalism and passion are an organic preparation for an intellectual and moral probation we cannot tell; but there is the fact, not shocking, or distressing, or bewildering, because we are familiar with it, and we are cognizant of the subsequent development of the reasoning and moral character. Just such may be the whole terrestrial existence of the savages under the tropics or in our own fields and cities. All analogy leads us to the supposition that it may be simply the infancy of an existence commenced here and developed hereafter. They live and die in ignorance of their nature and their coming destiny, like a babe that dies after a year of sickness and misery. This ignorance is, too, in harmony with that general law of ignorance slowly passing into knowledge whose operation meets us wherever we turn our eyes. It is one of the great mysteries of our life. 'If there is a God,' we are tempted to ask, 'why does He thus hide himself? And why cannot we speak with Him as we speak with one another?' There is no answer. We do not know. But we do know that ignorance of things great and good and true is no proof that they do not exist. The ignorance of God in the savage and the pariah is no more a proof that He does not intend some day to make Himself known to them than their ignorance of the law of gravitation is a disproof of astronomical science.

"Such is the solution of the mystery of human existence with which I sustain myself when borne down with the contemplation of its miseries, its follies, its ignorance, and its sins. It enables me to trace the real progress of our race through all the errors and crimes and sorrows of the past; to recognize a certain place in the development of the Divine plan in many forms of religious belief otherwise repellent to my ideas; and to sympathize with innumerable men and women in their struggles after what is good and true, even though I reject the dogmas of their special creeds; and it permits me to study patiently the universal onward movement of all things around me, and in the midst of the clang and din of the conflict in which we live to detect and listen to the never-ceasing strain of a sweet melody which sings of the infinite wisdom and goodness that is leading all things to their final perfection."

THE RECONSTRUCTED CHURCH.

THE hope of the Gospel rests not in dissolving present denominations, nor in abstract individuality, nor in reviving the Churches as they are, nor in their amalgamation—where is it then? The answer is simple: *In a new class of workers.* In vain may arrogant Sadducees preach. In vain may we revolutionize the government, project reforms, build houses of worship, organize societies, support the ministry, and write immortality all over our shuffling world, unless “Holiness unto the Lord” be engraved with the pen of truth upon every love and thought. Development is attained by self-denial; exaltation by humility; honour by suffering. Under blind leaders of the blind, the Church has fallen into the ditch. The *angels of the Lord* demand *holy men and women*; enlightened and *inspired* leaders; *unbribed and unbribeable reformers*, who are devoted to *righteousness* as were Paul and John. They demand agitators, spiritual artists and abolitionists, who are unpopular in the synagogues; who construct rather than destroy; who pray rather than curse; who, alive with a divine afflatus, breathe the Holy Spirit in their very lungs, and utter a “Thus saith the Lord” in the revealments of the laws of life; who worship in “upper rooms” under *flaming tongues*; who have conquered the lusts of the flesh in the desert of temptation; who have ascended the Mount of Transfiguration and have communed with hoary prophets, until their faces shine with the sunlight of heavenly wisdom; who have endured “the strong crying and tears” in the Gethsemane of trial; who have been crucified by persecutors till the cross is vitalized with love—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;” who have died to the old dispensation, and risen again, masters of the hells of self. Have they had this experience? Is the good of humanity their creed? Are they oblivious to pride of clan, and lustre of denomination, and cant of popularity, willing to lay upon the altar of reform, reputation, interest, respectability, and life itself? If so, they are the anointed of God. Only such can reconstruct the Church; only such can form the HEAVENLY UNION that is to be. Ho! ye despised reformers; ye heretics of every ism; ye persecuted sovereigns of republican religion; ye who have come out of great tribulation and washed your robes in the waters of virtue, be strong for the cost of freedom! Ye Melancthons, and Wesleys, and Foxes, and Murrays, and Channings, and Joan of Arc, and Mary Magdalenes, rejoice for the harvest whose seed ye sowed in the cold, and nurtured in tears! When will you lead us, “the common people,” to victory? “Awake, awake! put on thy strength, oh Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, oh Jerusalem,

the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, oh Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, oh captive daughter of Zion!"

The Church is to be a new stratum of theological use, upheaved from *internal fires*, carrying with it all other strata—elevated higher in mind—of the ancient in principle, of the modern in form, of the past in reverence, of the present in love, essentially Christian, and practically scientific. If there are no continents of land to be discovered, there are vast continents of truth yet unknown. An unexplored ocean lies ahead; let no tradition, or dogma, prevent an expedition; be free to sail into the celestial havens. The Church must be built on the foundations of an Eternal Past. The petrified worms and reptiles, and mussel shells, slumbering in rocks, shine with beautiful use to-day in the solid blocks of business, and mansions of kings and queens; so must the smallest and grossest form of truth, exhumed from their mines, serve a noble purpose in man's religious economy. Is there any good in Buddhism, or Mahometanism, or Catholicism? Extract it as the bee would honey from the flower or sloe. God's heavenly treasures are scarce and scattered. They can be found, not alone in Jewish Bibles, but in monasteries, catacombs, and Druidical ruins. Brahma and Zoroaster, and Socrates, and Confucius, and Mahomet; yea, all the thinkers and discoverers, moralists, and lawgivers, of every age, are to be builders of the House of God. Ancient Egypt, and China, and Persia, and India, have riches to bestow. The gates to these sepulchres of golden wisdom are wide open to the reformers; and theirs is the right to gather the "precious stones." Invention is Gabriel's trumpet to resurrect the dead. Free thought is a terrible sun that makes fossils sprout and Aaron's rod bud. The Past rises up for reconstruction; animate it with the Soul of the Present! Bring into this new temple the warm zeal and human sovereignty of Armenianism, the elective potency and virtue of Calvinism, the saving faith of Adventism, the bodily purities of Baptism, the rationalistic and humanitarian rectitude of Unitarianism, the paternal providence and universal holiness of Universalism, the correspondencies and charities of Swedenborgianism, the noblest aspirations of Spiritualism, fresh leaping with joy from the ocean of immortality. Thus, whatever is enduring and vital in Catholicism and Protestantism will blend in unity—the conservative and radical, the ancient and modern, the old and the new, the systematic and progressive. Thus, the mysteries of the Classics, the spiritualities of the Hebrews, the superstitions of the Hindoos, shorn of their idolatries, are angelic oracles of the nineteenth century, their originators

speaking again of holier and ever holier governments and blessings to man. Thus, the memorable paintings and statues of the great and good, the song and chant, the relic and symbol, "the communion with the saints," and the sweet maternity of the Mother Church, brought forward with shoutings to the true Protestant, are rejuvenated in a youthful embodiment. Hopeful Union of Theology! Grand Eclecticism of the Soul! let it be consummated for the "healing of the nations!"

Courage, then, in the midst of difficulties. "They that be with us are worse than they that be with them." The hosts of angels guarding are armed in chariots of fire, waiting patiently to charge with us "on the enemy's works."

They who so think and love, coming forth as they do from customary imprisonment, and leading the van to higher religious life, are the builders and the building. Most weighty is the responsibility; when shall we discharge it faithfully, and fulfil the beautiful prophecy: "It shall come to pass *in the last days*, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established *in the top of the mountains*, and shall be exalted *above the hills*, and ALL NATIONS SHALL FLOW UNTO IT?"

ANECDOTE OF DR. H—N.

TRAVELLING in Iceland this August, I met Dr. H—n, one of the most remarkable men in the island, and he has furnished me with the following brief narrative of what once happened to himself:—

"When I was young," says he, "I was one day engaged in haymaking along with the people on my father's home-farm. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I felt sleepy, and I laid down in a ruined sheep-house, the inside of which was overgrown with grass.

"Scarcely was I asleep, when I dreamt that a dark-visaged young lad came to me, shook his head horribly in my face, and pronounced the following stave:—

"Darksome were my days all:
Deep the gushing wounds."*

"When I wakened, I told my father this dream, and he asked his parishioners (he was a clergyman) about the ruin, and what they knew of it; and presently one old man told him that he had heard tell in his youth of a vagabond who cut his throat in this very sheep-hut, where I dreamt the dream."

So far Dr. H—n.

J. J. G. W.

* The original is a fine specimen of the old Icelandic alliterative metre—

"Dimmur var eg um daga;
Dundi blóð úr undum."

HEAVEN, AND HOW TO PREPARE FOR IT.

IN the old theology the idea of reward for virtue or holiness is centred in the doctrine that heaven is the place of reward and hell of punishment. Every good action done is supposed to meet its reward—true enough when rightly understood, but vitiated by the common idea that heaven is a place of happiness and hell of misery. Hence the great end of human life is made to be the pursuit of happiness—a mere selfish desire for pleasure and delight, unalloyed and unending. Now, instead of Heaven being a *place of unalloyed happiness*, it is a *state of eternal life*, and by eternal life is not meant mere existence for ever, but a life so implanted in the Divine Life that it goes on for ever increasing in true love and good uses, and in constant drawing us nearer and nearer to the Divine Original. Hence, instead of Heaven being a price paid us for our sufferings here, it is a state of life for which, while here, we are constantly paying the cost. The commodity we are seeking to gain is the highest aim of human endeavour—to be Godlike—to become an image in the likeness of our Maker—to enter into life eternal. And any idea of recompense, of ease, pleasure and happiness entering in, pollutes the very air and strikes at the heart's core of heavenly blessedness.

By self-denial—by unceasing combat against evil—by unceasing prayer for strength to do and suffer, we prepare ourselves for Heaven—not to sit down there in idle beatitudes, but to carry out more fully the ends of our being in works of good uses towards all creation. The ministrations of angels entering deeply into human sympathies, must have their sad as well as joyous aspects—we go there to work, not to sit supinely and enjoy a flow of pleasure. And the cost we are paying daily is to fit us for the work.—*The Crisis*.

Notices of Books.

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES.*

To those who were present at the delivery of these Addresses, or who have read the former series, this book will need no commendation, either from us or others. It has all the characteristic excellencies of the former volume, from which, however, it

* *Extemporaneous Addresses*. By EMMA HARDINGE. Spoken at the Winter *Soirées*, held at Harley Street, London, 1866. Second Series. London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell; SCOTT, Warwick Court, Holborn.

differs in consisting mainly of Answers to Questions selected by the Committee from those received for the purpose; no previous notice being given to the speaker of such questions, or of the subject of her Address, according as the Committee might arrange the programme for the evening. The subjects so dealt with are various, including The difference between Instinct and Reason; Re-incarnation; The uses of Pain and Suffering; Sanity and Insanity; Mediumship; The Law of Faith as a Practical Principle of Life; Time and Space with reference to the Spiritual World; The Law of Temptation; The Philosophy of Prayer; the Perception of Things Future; Mystery; The Metempsychosis; The Process of Death and of Birth into the Spirit-World; The Philosophy of Spiritual Possession; The Difference between Soul and Spirit, &c.

Some of the thoughts on these topics are barely suggested; others are wrought out more fully, and with ample illustration; but in no case are they trivial or common place, or of mere temporary interest. Indeed, were it not so much the habit with our press-men, and the public generally, to give to books a reception in the inverse ratio to their merits, we should anticipate for this volume a wide popularity. It will, at least (which is far better) be useful and prized in proportion as it is known; and this, irrespective of its claim, to have been given under the inspiration of spirits. We believe this; but its value would not necessarily be enhanced to us on that account. We judge of it, as all works (like men) must in the end be judged of, by its own intrinsic merits. But whatever may be thought of these Addresses as to their origin, considering them only as Extemporaneous Addresses, as an intellectual phenomena they rank as one, and that not the least, of our "Modern Mysteries."

REPORT OF THE SECOND CONVENTION OF "PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS."*

ARE the distinctive characteristics of "Progressive" Spiritualism a pugnacious hostility to the Christian name and faith, and to all creeds and churches;—the adoption, by preference, of that powerful and convincing kind of argument which consists in the habitual employment of strong language, and the free attribution of unworthy motives to those not so "progressive" as themselves, and, the establishment of a new and exceedingly narrow sect to denounce all Sectarianism in the tallest of tall talk? That, at

* *British Association of Progressive Spiritualists. Proceedings of the Second Convention, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 25th and 26th, 1866. London: Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell.*

all events, is, we think, the first impression which most persons would receive from the report of this and of the former Convention of "Progressive" Spiritualists. First impressions, however, are not always correct; and it may be that our "progressive" friends only mean by the title they have taken, their desire to "progress" out of the unhappy condition of mind in which they find themselves; their first step in this direction being to rid themselves of all this perilous stuff which weighs so heavily upon them, and disagrees with them so badly. In this case, we heartily sympathise with them, and wish them safe deliverance and speedy progress out of their present very "rudimental sphere."

Or are we to take another hopeful view of the case, and believe that, after all, our "progressive" friends are not fairly represented by the few speakers and correspondents (who, it may be, form only a small minority of their number) who pertinaciously press their pale imitation of the Pagan phase of American Spiritualism upon the Convention? In an assembly of some score of persons, gathered from all parts of the country, with little or no knowledge of each other, and convened for no practical purpose in particular, that we can discern, much difference and even contrariety of opinion may be expected; and we are, therefore, not at all surprised to find that the labours of the "Resolution Committee" ended in failure. The spirit of antagonism and theological controversy is not by any means conducive to harmony, and generally leads to divergent action through differences, rather than to unity of effort from a common basis of agreement.

We think it would have been far wiser to recognize, and, in a friendly spirit, take into account these religious differences, and not to suppose that Spiritualism is, or can for a moment be, exclusively identified with any special theological beliefs or unbeliefs. It is not in the sole charge of the disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg, of Andrew Jackson Davis, of Ann Lee, of Joseph Smith, of Thomas Paine, or of any other sect or coterie whatsoever. Heaven is not a rotten borough, nor the spirit-world a close corporation in which some have a special vested interest, which others have not. Communion with it may be enjoyed alike by Romanists, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, as well as (to quote the classification in the Litany) "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics."

We protest against all attempts to give up to a party what is meant for mankind. There can be no truly "progressive" Spiritualism which does not recognize this broad purpose in it. What is so called, at least as expounded by some of its advocates, means "going backward"—backward to Heathenism, which

is going back very far indeed; and is what we should call not *pro-gressive*, but *retro-gressive*.

If, in the foregoing remarks, we have unintentionally done the Conventionists any injustice, we must plead that our impressions have grown out of a careful perusal of their own Reports; and we trust that in any future Convention they may call, their sentiments may be more worthily represented. We acknowledge and commend their earnestness; we only wish them a sounder judgment, and a more catholic spirit.

Amid much that is crude and undigested in the papers and speeches here reported, there are some well worthy a better companionship, especially one by Mr. Etchells, on "THE ATMOSPHERE OF INTELLIGENCE, PLEASURE, AND PAIN; or a Chapter from the Harmony of Matter, as unfolded in the Circles of Spiritualists who meet at Brothers Chapman, Varley, and Etchells', Huddersfield." This paper has evidently been prepared with great care; the facts it relates, especially those concerning the phenomena of "the Double," are of great interest; and the circles named by Mr. Etchells can hardly be better employed in the interest of Spiritualism than in the further prosecution of these investigations.

CHRISTMAS INVOCATION.

Oh, God, our God!
 Faint and weary are thy children,
 Toiling up the steep of time,
 Seeking for the Eastern token,
 Listening for the morning chime;
 Waiting, waiting, ever waiting
 For the voice of long ago,
 With its soft, melodious accents,
 Soothing every human woe.
 Know they not the star has risen,
 And its glory gilds the earth?
 Hear they not the song of angels
 O'er this glorious second birth?
 "Peace on earth! goodwill from Heaven!"
 Sing that white-robed angel band,
 "Peace on earth! goodwill from Heaven!"
 Echoes over all the land.
 Oh, thou God of Past and Present!
 As the Ages onward roll,
 May the Peace of Christ be with us,
 Filling every human soul.

